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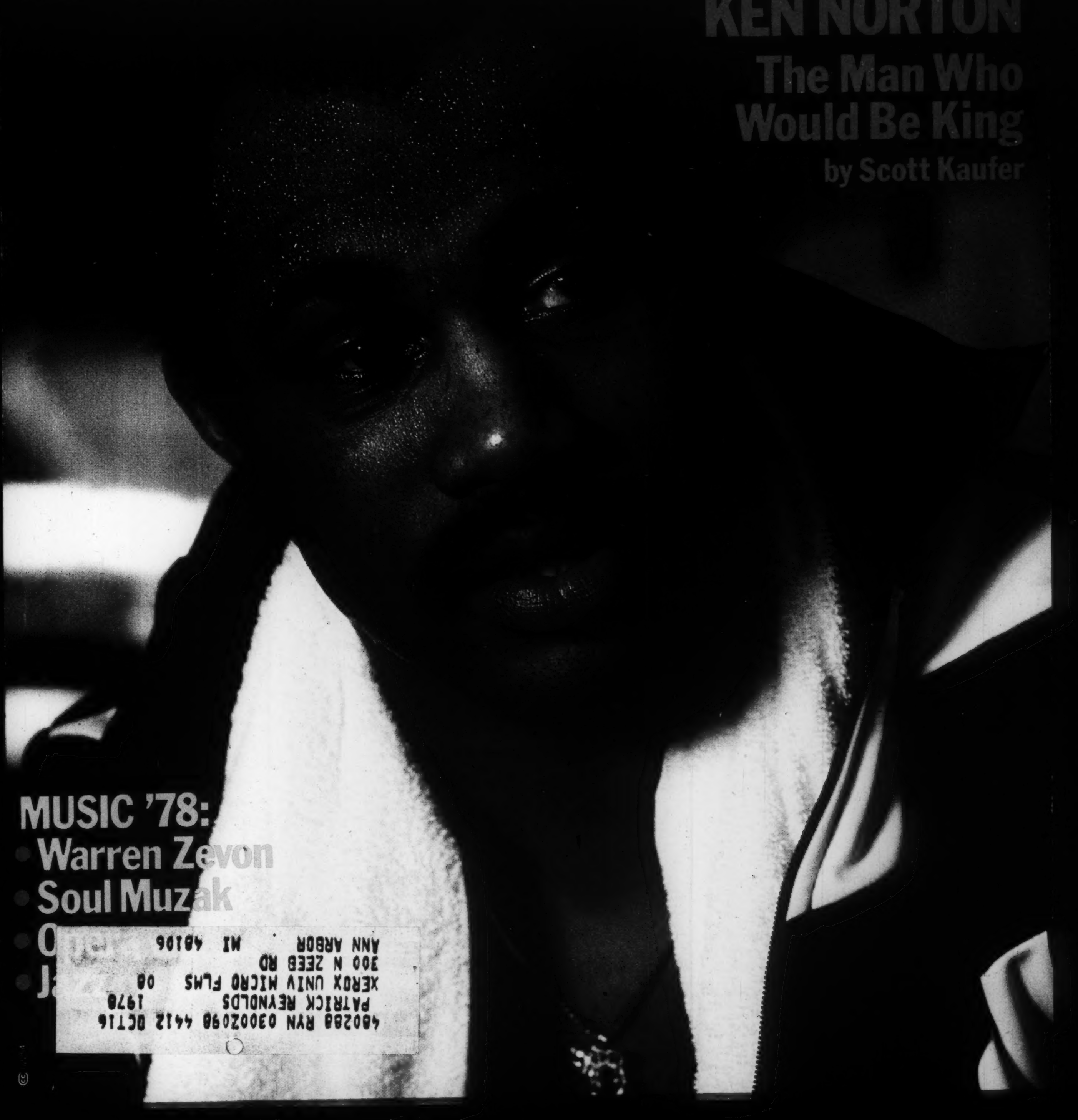

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The Man Who Would Be King

by Scott Kaufer

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- Soul Muzak
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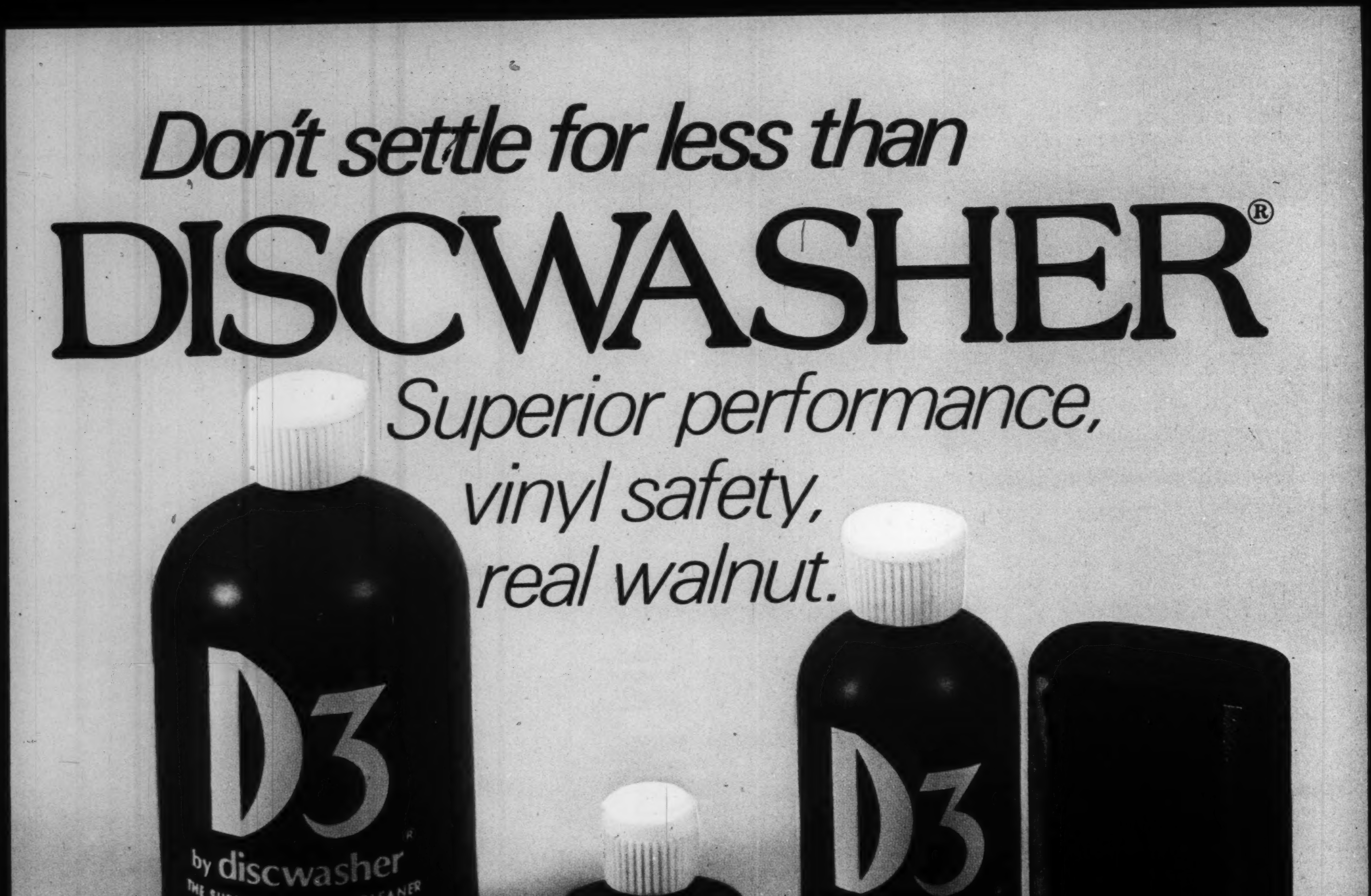

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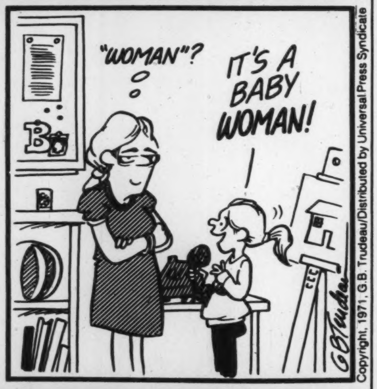
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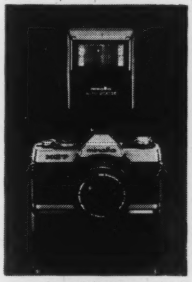

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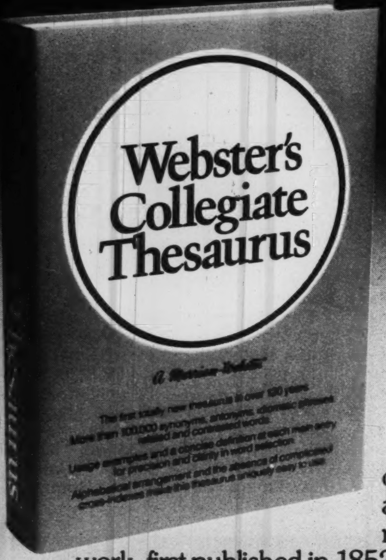

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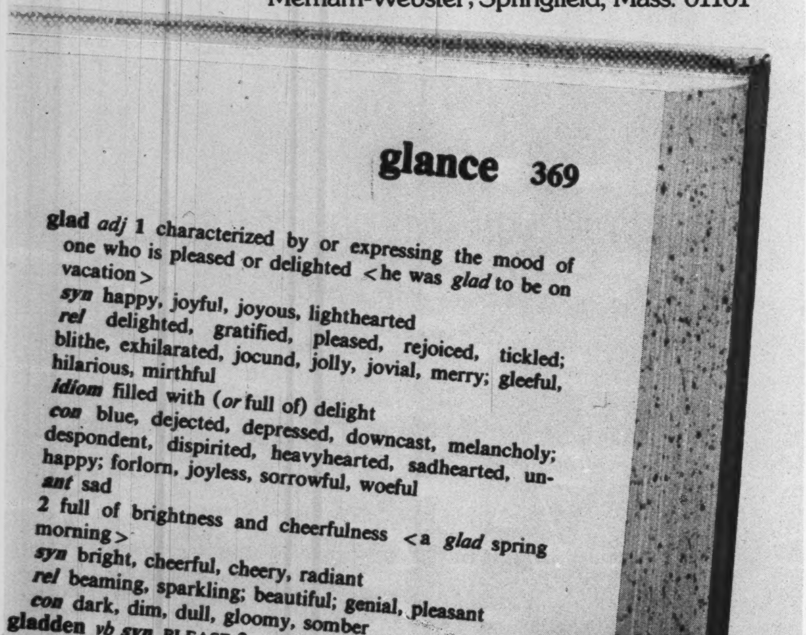

glance 369

glad *adj* 1 characterized by or expressing the mood of one who is pleased or delighted <he was *glad* to be on vacation>
syn happy, joyful, joyous, lighthearted
rel delighted, gratified, pleased, rejoiced, tickled; blithe, exhilarated, jocund, jolly, jovial, merry; gleeful, hilarious, mirthful
idiom filled with (*or* full of) delight
con blue, dejected, depressed, downcast, melancholy; despondent, dispirited, heavyhearted, sadhearted, unhappy; forlorn, joyless, sorrowful, woeful
ant sad
2 full of brightness and cheerfulness <a *glad* spring morning>
syn bright, cheerful, cheery, radiant
rel beaming, sparkling; beautiful; genial, pleasant
con dark, dim, dull, gloomy, somber
gladden *vb **syn*** PLEASE 2, arride, delect
ify, hannif

ADDENDUM & ERRATUM

Clearing the Air. Two years after *New Times* ran a cover story, "What's being done about those killer aerosol cans? Nothing" (March 7, 1975), the federal government has finally come to the aid of the ozone layer. On March 15, EPA administrator Douglas Costle announced a ban, effective December 15, 1978, on the manufacture of practically all aerosol products containing clorofluorocarbons, used as propellants in deodorants, hair sprays, household cleaners and some pesticides.

For years scientists have warned that the gases from aerosol cans are depleting the ozone layer, a blanket that shields the earth from the sun's harmful ultraviolet rays. Destruction of this layer, some researchers fear, could lead to a higher incidence of human skin cancers and cause damage to plant and animal life.

The EPA ban will take the pssssst! out of the chlorofluorocarbon propellant industry, which is expected to lose more than $200 million in sales within two years of the phase-out. But it's good news for environmentalists and consumers too: Alternative sprays are cheaper to produce.

The Imperial Congress (Part XIX). The latest recipient of Senator William Proxmire's monthly Golden Fleece award turns out to be none other than the U.S. Senate. The Senate earned its dubious distinction by agreeing to spend $122.6 million on a new office building "that would make a Persian prince green with envy." Proxmire's specific gripes include a "Senators Only" rooftop dining room, a gymnasium and pool, $400,000 worth of art and $500,000 in landscaping. The Wisconsin gadfly has calculated that $4.4 million could be saved on the atrium-style lobby if plaster and masonry were substituted for marble and bronze—and if his colleagues would forego the wood-panelling planned for their private offices.

Credits for album covers on pages 69-71. Page 69: design by Hipnosis/John Blake. Courtesy of EMI and Capitol Records. Page 70 (left): design by Nancy Donald, Ron Coro; photograph by Moshe Brakha. Courtesy of Columbia Records. (Right): cover photography by David Alexander; art direction, Don Henley and Kosh. Courtesy of Asylum Records. Page 71 (left): design by John Berg; illustration by Abdul Mati Klarwein. Courtesy of Columbia Records. (Right): art by R. Crumb. Courtesy of Columbia Records. ●

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Americana / by James Gleick

THE MIDDLE-CLASS REVOLT

Something unforeseen and unsettling is happening in the New York City borough of Queens: Its predominantly white, middle-income citizens are being radicalized. The revolt of the middle class is what Queens residents are calling it, except in a few neighborhoods where they say it's just good old-fashioned racism dressed up and taken for another stroll around the block. The men and women of Community School Board 26, who until recently oversaw 27 schools with 14,700 students, prefer the revolt theory. They are the vanguard, they insist, of a movement that soon will sweep the nation, a movement of people who are angry about rising taxes and government give-away programs—people who are mad as hell and aren't going to take it anymore.

The saga of School Board 26 began in January, when it voted 5 to 4 to turn down some $40,000 in federal funds that would have provided after-school jobs at minimum wage for certain "disadvantaged" students, including the handicapped, potential dropouts and youthful offenders, most of whom were bused in from black neighborhoods outside the district. As it explained in a letter to President Carter, a majority of the board felt it was time for the government to stop catering exclusively to the poor; if the board couldn't spend the job money on middle-income students, it wasn't going to spend it at all.

New York officials were outraged; having flirted with bankruptcy for years, the city is hardly in a position to turn down free money from Washington. But $40,000 was only the beginning. A month later School Board 26 announced that it was going to pass up *$1.1 million* in federal funds for remedial-reading laboratories and full-time kindergartens, because to apply for the money the board would have had to disclose the ethnic make-up of the district's schools. That smacked of quotas, said the board, and as a matter of principle it refused to cooperate.

New York City's community school boards were set up in the name of decentralization after a 2½-week citywide teachers' strike in 1969; board members are elected (and unpaid), and the actual extent of their power is somewhat vague—as New York School Chancellor Irving Anker lost no time demonstrating in March. When School Board 26 refused to back down on its refusal of federal aid, he summoned all nine members to his office and suspended them indefinitely, appointing a trustee to act in their place. The trustee, Alfredo Mathew, Jr., quickly voted to apply for both the job money and the remedial-reading money, and a few days later loaded seven boxes full of ethnic data into a car, to be rushed to Washington.

District 26 and its schools are predominately white. It lies on the northeastern edge of the borough abutting Long Island, and it comprises mostly middle-income neighborhoods, with street after street of small single-story houses on tenth-of-an-acre plots. Lee Goldman, who calls herself the "grand old lady" of School Board 26, lives in one such house, which the board decided to make its "office-in-exile."

"We're finally stiffening our backs," says Mrs. Goldman. "We've raised the consciousness of a fairly apathetic community. With all the federal give-aways the middle class is saying, hey don't forget about me. There's a lot of anger here, there really is—and it's happening all across the country.

"Just look at this," she says, pulling a government form out of a file folder. It's a sheet for providing numerical breakdowns by race, and it seems forbiddingly complex, demanding among other things cross-tallies of American Indians, Alaskan natives, Asian or Pacific Islanders, Puerto Ricans, other Spanish-surname Americans, and whites not of Hispanic origin. Mrs. Goldman doesn't like it; she doesn't like the bureaucratic intrusion into her schools, and she doesn't like the implications of an ethnic census. Racism, she says, has nothing to do with it.

"The district isn't all white," she says. "There's a pocket in Bayside—they've been there for years, as long as I can remember. And our schools have always been integrated. We educated them the same as we educated our own. But the philosophy of this government has to change. You have to start rewarding success and not always failure. You can't forget that you have bright youngsters and they have to be taken care of as well."

Some sense of destiny, perversity, or theatrics persuaded trustee Alfredo Mathew, Jr. to hold the regularly scheduled public meeting of School Board 26 on the eve of St. Patrick's Day. Before he arrived at the auditori-

NYT PICTURES/CHESTER HIGGINS, JR.

Majority members of Queens School Board 26: "Grassier than us you can't get."

um of Public School 179, the members of the ousted board turned out with hundreds of supporters to greet him.

At a press conference in a school office, board chairman William Caulfield, a tall, beefy man with a rolling voice, announced that School Board 26 was sending Lee Goldman to Anaheim, California, for a national school board conference, and that there she was going to turn the revolt of the middle class into a national movement. "This little school board recognizes that it has had notoriety thrust upon it," he told reporters. "If you want to talk to the grass roots, grassier than us you can't get." Off to one side, the four minority members of the board—who had voted against rejecting the federal money—stood sullenly out of range of the television lights.

When Alfredo Mathew walked into the packed auditorium, he was greeted by a deafening round of jeers that lasted five minutes and ended with the spontaneous singing of "The Star Spangled Banner." During the seven hours that followed, speaker after speaker, beginning with members of the ousted school board, decried the "authoritarianism," "totalitarianism," "dictatorship" and "tyranny" of the city hall administration that removed the community's elected representatives. The populist rhetoric was unrelenting. "What we see today one would expect from an authoritarian regime in Russia, but not in these United States," said one P.T.A. president, and her words were echoed by dozens of parents, some quoting Jefferson and Paine. When a black man from a neighboring district, the father of a student bused in to a District 26 school, took the microphone and began to speak, a wave of heckling made it impossible for him to continue.

A survey made later that week by the *New York Times* revealed that families in District 26—about as homogeneous an area as exists anywhere in America—have a median income of close to $25,000. Yet the school board and its legion of supporters in Queens are acting dispossessed, like a people with little power and little to lose.

Even as School Board 26 was struggling for power to the middle class, another Queens community group was engineering a confrontation with New York's new liberal mayor, Edward Koch. The group invited Koch to a meeting, then baited him until he stormed out only minutes after the meeting began, saying they were holding a kangaroo court and that he didn't choose to be their kangaroo. As if by instinct, the group had scored a textbook public-relations victory by adopting the tactics of the radical left.

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LETTERS

Dispatches

Richard Turner, in his excellent article on the new Vietnam movies ("The Worst Years of Our Lives," March 20), makes a very common error when he says that John Wayne's *The Green Berets* was "the only fictional Vietnam movie made on location."

Let the record show that no part of Wayne's film was shot in Vietnam (most of it was made in Georgia) and that portions of Joseph L. Mankiewicz' *The Quiet American* and much of Marshall Thompson's *A Yank in Vietnam* were actually shot on location in Vietnam (as were other films that never found release).

The reason Wayne did not shoot in Vietnam is probably the same reason Michael Cimino claims stopped him from doing *Deer Hunter* there ten years later: the prohibitive cost of insuring a major project against the dangers of that particular location. The ultimate celluloid irony of the war may be that some smart producer will realize that Vietnam is full of the right faces, settings and military hardware—and will get in touch with a smart bureaucrat in Hanoi who will see the economic advantages of turning the whole country into a huge backlot.

Julian Smith
Associate Professor of Film Studies
University of Florida
Gainesville, Florida

Sometimes A Not So Great Notion

I was elated to read such a fair report of the latest Redwood Park acquisition "Redwood Redux," (March 20). Arthur Zich captured what local loggers and environmentalists failed to capture all along—objectivity. Yes, it is as possible for a logger to be a caretaker of his environment, in practice, as it is for his city neighbor through political activity. Compromise is called for, and accurate information is imperative. Congratulations on an excellent reporting job.

Linda Eckert
Orleans, California

Your man Arthur Zich has done a commendable job of explaining how the National Redwood Park bill was sluiced through Congress at an enormous cost to the public and to the detriment of a timber community.

Zich scores the politicians, the eco-evangelists and the redwood owners for their performances. He might have added the national media. Supposedly always concerned about the "public interest," few newspapers or magazines or wordy commentators brought out any of the basic facts of costs, scenic values or economic consequences listed by Zich.

Now the deed is done and people who want to enjoy the redwoods will still go to California's superb state parks which surround the National Redwood Park. Congress has its bill, the Sierra Club is happy, the timber owners will be well paid, and the working people of Humboldt County are the losers. As the uncaring fellows back in D.C. say, let them eat food stamps.

Dave James
Bainbridge Island, Washington

Don't Make Microwaves

I want to thank you for Scott Kaufer's "The Air Pollution You Can't See" (March 6). Suppression of information, cutting off government funds to halt studies, arbitrary radiation standards—all are happening as we get zapped by microwave ovens, radar and the like.

All this and the probability of increased levels of cancer, genetic damage and cataracts, etc., sounds very much like the hush-hush circumstances surrounding our nuclear power program.

Robert L. Horn
Elmont, New York

The FAA Goes Overboard

Re the March 20 Insider item "FAA Throws Life Rafts Overboard": National Airlines' estimated $149,000 savings in fuel costs will hardly be felt by a person purchasing an airline ticket. You can be sure, however, that the miseries of an airline accident over water, without those life rafts, will be felt.

[FAA spokesman Jack] Barker's stand that planes will not crash or fail over water is absurd, no matter how small the body they transverse. No one complains about the excessive baggage or cost. The rafts are simply a safety measure to save lives if the need arises. I wonder how much Barker and supporters of his "idea" spend on personal insurance each year.

D.V. Tobias
Instructor/Escape Training Tank
Naval Submarine School
Groton, Connecticut

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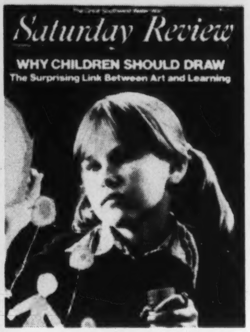
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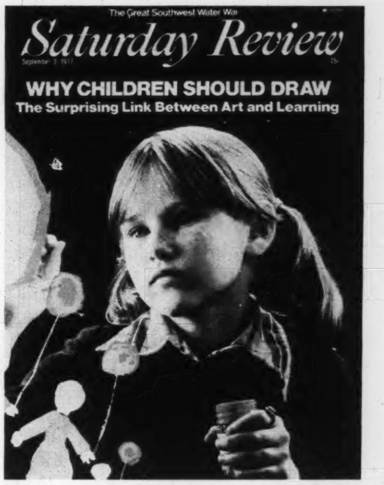
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Party Lines/by Robert Shrum

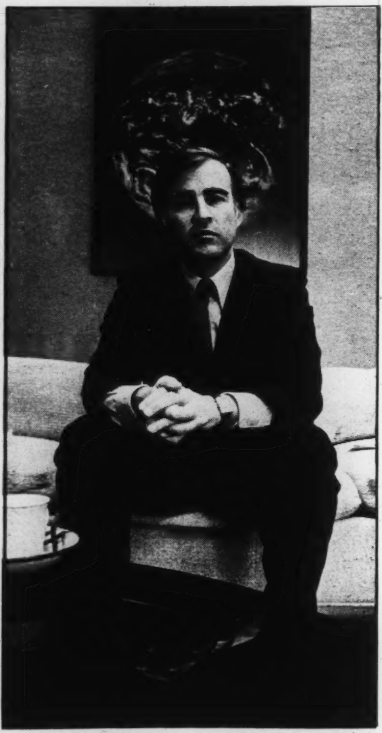
JERRY BROWN GROWS UP

Ensconced in a worn wooden booth at El Adobe, his favorite Mexican restaurant in Los Angeles, Jerry Brown was having—what else?—the "Jerry Brown Special" (chicken with tomatoes, chilis, onions and green peppers). Probably no other politician in America has a Mexican dinner named after him. But like most political figures of the TV age, Brown worries about his waistline, so he ordered his special "without the rice or beans." Over lunch, he recounted some ancient history that reflected his finely tuned political sensitivities.

The story was the first one he had translated from Greek as a Jesuit novice. It was about the citizens of ancient Athens voting to exile Aristides the Just. As one Athenian dropped a pottery shard, the standard ballot in that first democracy, into the vase used as the ballot box, Aristides, who was anxiously standing by, asked him why they were exiling him, of all people. "Because," the citizen replied, "we are sick of hearing about Aristides the Just."

Deciphering Jerry Brown—Greek scholar, walking epigram, anti-politician politician—has become a thriving cottage industry for national journalists. The *Washington Post*'s David Broder, for one, has decided that Brown is more than superficially different: He is the first powerful figure to represent the post-World War II generation. Only Broder has the wrong war. One can sense that he's 30 years off just by walking through the park surrounding the California State Capitol in Sacramento. Ronald Reagan had Muzak playing on the park's loudspeakers; now, at Brown's orders, they feature rock. (A State Assembly official says that he really knew governors had changed when he heard Linda Ronstadt's voice wafting across the park one noontime, singing, "And if you give me Weed, whites and wine. . . Then I'll be willing.")

Both in style and substance, Jerry Brown is the first major post-Vietnam politician. The sixties revealed the terrible fallibility of our governing institutions, as well as the limits of legislation or demonstration to effect change. Brown, who went to Mississippi during the civil rights movement, who campaigned for Gene McCarthy in 1968, now says: "I'm skeptical of everything, including my own ideas." He is not Aristides the Just, nor does he pretend to be; he doesn't know for sure the path to justice, and he doesn't think anyone else does either.


KARIN VISMARA/BLACK STAR

His public skepticism, especially about government, suits the temper of the times. Yet between the rhetoric and the reality falls a shadow. Jerry Brown is growing programmatic. His state of the state address last January featured eight specific governmental initiatives. And in his budget message later that month, Brown mentioned the negative, but emphasized the positive, side of government: "Though faced with fundamental limits, state government has untapped possibilities." In short, sometimes more is more.

This vocabulary sounds distinctly non-Brownian. So do his concessions that "increased mileage on cars—it was government that did it; cleaning up the air—that was government; protecting the coast—that was government; nuclear safeguards—that was government."

It is hardly coincidental that his examples of good government are staples of Brown's own record. He is up for re-election this year, and it's difficult to run against government from the governor's office. At a St. Patrick's Day dinner of the Orange County Democratic Party at the Disneyland Hotel, Brown was running hard on the liberal part of his record. To a cheering audience, he spoke of the farmworkers, of higher unemployment compensation, of occupational health and safety—of "stepping on a lot of powerful toes."

Brown and his associates insist that this doesn't represent a new Brown, but "the natural process of evolution," as the governor himself puts it. Gray Davis, his executive secretary now on leave to manage the campaign, says that Brown "is still very pessimistic about government's ability to modify individual behavior." Thus, he opposed a punitive smoking tax and held funding for drug rehabilitation programs at Reagan levels. "If someone's family and friends can't change him," asks Brown, "then how can a bureaucrat do it?"

But there are many areas, Brown now believes, in which government can break new ground. Energy policy is one. He pushed hard for a solar tax credit, and he expects between 5,000 and 10,000 solar installations in California this year. His program encourages a mix of energy sources. "Windmills are only part of it," he says a trifle defensively, referring to a proposal that has been widely ridiculed. "We have solar, coal, coal gas, biomass conversion and geothermal." His energy plan, he says, isn't the "hard program of central planners with one idea. It has lots of elbow room."

This, then, is the Browning of activist government. It reflects Brown's distrust of any single answer, institution or ideology. It is, in a sense, his attempt to work the system against itself. And, for a skeptic, it may be the best compromise; a governor, after all, can't advocate anarchy.

Yet the major Brown program to be enacted into law this year appears at first glance to fit his simpler anti-government image of the past. It will cut property taxes 30 percent across the board. But in effect, the new program is *pro*-government. It's a defensive maneuver to ward off the Jarvis initiative, a measure to be voted on in this June's primary, that would slash property taxes by 60 percent and devastate local services; most of the tax relief would

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go to corporate landowners. Brown is assailing the Jarvis plan in words that sound as though he's debating his younger self. "There is now rising a concentrated attack on the role of the public sector," he told a March convention of the liberal, activist California Democratic Councils. "But government does have a role to play."

Such contradictions don't bother Brown. They never have. "Life is full of contradictions," he says. Society has "to keep innovating, reversing its field; if not, it's in danger of being lost, either to one group in the private sector that creates a monopoly, or to a public sector that just smothers everybody with yesterday's conventional wisdom. . . .It's crazy for a politician to think he really knows the answers. St. Paul said you work out your salvation in fear and trembling. You think you're on the right track, but you're never sure."

One place where Brown himself stirs plenty of fear and trembling is in the Carter White House. A presidential adviser concedes that "the best thing that could happen to us this year would be for that s.o.b. to lose." Brown has been using his own programs to draw political contrasts between Carter and himself. With the White House struggling to shape an urban policy at minimum cost, and facing a likely hail of criticism from blacks and other minorities for its troubles, Brown suggested that the Administration take his 45-point "Urban Strategy for California" as a national model. With the energy bill dragging through Congress, he observes that "the energy problem—I don't call it a crisis—is very correctable, with other things on the agenda, such as nuclear proliferation, being a lot more important." On nuclear power itself, Brown scores the federal government "for just fiddling around while nuclear waste just piled up"; now, he says, California is "forcing" Washington to "accelerate nuclear safety."

In recent weeks, Brown has eased his precampaign campaign against Carter. Several of his strategists worry that the talk about his presidential ambitions may hurt him in his re-election race, and have advised him to soft-pedal criticisms of the President. But Brown doesn't pull it off very well. Though he quarreled privately with Carter's Middle East policy during a New York meeting with Jewish leaders in February, he now sympathizes that "the Middle East is a tough one. There are just some things that are beyond anyone's capacity." But he couldn't resist at least implicit criticism. "The President has to play a delicate role. That's one where you have to work behind the scenes—and keep your mouth shut." Brown tries, half-heartedly, to deflect talk about 1980. Being mentioned for president just goes with being governor of California, he says: "Warren, Reagan, my father—they all went through this." If that's all there is to it, why won't Brown give the traditional disclaimer that he won't run under any foreseeable circumstances? "I don't think it would be honest," he replies. And while his campaign manager, Gray Davis, pleads that speculation about 1980 is "premature," he obviously doesn't think it's foolhardy: "If Carter does a bad job, the primaries will look like the Boston marathon."

Even Brown is finding it difficult to run against government from the governor's office

In an electoral confrontation with Carter, Brown's most likely base would be minorities, urbanites and liberals—though he strenuously resists the liberal label. Indeed, he has forcefully adopted one position that is a liberal anathema: He not only favors "more" of a space program than Carter, he's also proposed that California orbit its own satellite. He has little patience with the standard liberal response that we have limited resources for problems on earth: "When Queen Isabella sent out Columbus, I'm sure the problems of Madrid seemed serious—a lot more serious than New York City today." Brown sees space exploration as a source of technological innovation, limitless energy and jobs. Putting up a space platform, he says, would be a real moral equivalent of war.

Brown regards space as a place to reclaim a sense of national purpose. He even casts the case in terms of nationalism: "If we don't explore the universe, the Russians will, the Japanese will, the Chinese will, the Brazilians will." The danger for Brown, though, is that the idea will make him seem even odder than some already see him. His flexible, experimental activism, along with his windmills and his satellite, could leave him looking like Hubert Humphrey in a spacesuit. The difference is that while Humphrey really believed government could do almost anything, Brown doesn't know how much, much less how—and he admits it.

He won't endorse even the hallowed liberal goal of national health insurance. Ultimately, he says, we have "to have a more humane program, but without reform of medical practices, it would just be "a pot of gold" for "the medical-industrial complex." Brown worries about overdoctoring —he's interested in holistic medicine; he's read with interest Ivan Illyich's *Medical Nemesis*, which contends that the medical profession diminishes the well-being of its patients. Brown recently assembled a phalanx of state doctors, psychiatrists and bureaucrats in his office to hear from psychiatric critic Thomas Szasz. He thinks Szasz makes "a persuasive case" that "mental illness is a myth."

But before he gets to national health insurance—or to Jimmy Carter—Brown has to be re-elected. And while that still seems very likely, it's no longer a sure thing. "I may have taken too many controversial positions," he says. Among others, he signed marijuana decriminalization into law; he favors public funding of abortions; he opposed the death penalty; he opposes an initiative to write restrictions on homosexuals into California's Constitution. State Senator John Briggs, running for the GOP gubernatorial nomination, denounces Brown's Democrats as "the party of grass, gays and godlessness."

But California isn't Miami, and the double-knit Briggs isn't Anita Bryant, and he's far down in the polls. Brown might easily best the run of the Republican mill candidates—former L.A. supercop Ed Davis and state Attorney General Evelle Younger; he could have a tough race, however, against Ken Maddy, a young assemblyman from Fresno with a moderate record, a pleasing TV presence, and hundreds of thousands of dollars from the state's corporate farmers, many of whom hate Brown for his alliance with Cesar Chavez' farmworkers. Brown has fallen in the highly respected California Field Poll, but Gray Davis gingerly volunteers that a close win shouldn't hurt him: "In terms of any future national ambition, he's already established his credentials."

At that Orange County Democratic dinner at the Disneyland Hotel, while the orchestra blared out "Granada," Jerry Brown went from table to table shaking hands, with flashbulbs popping all around him. Each time a local politico draped his arm across Brown's shoulder, the young governor winced almost visibly. There's a reserve about Brown, a distance he keeps from politics even while immersed in it. He refers to Martin Buber's distinction between "I-Thou" and "I-It" relationships: "Most of government is I-It—papers, programs, rules. It's not art, it's not love; it's just a small part of being. The best things in life aren't usually connected with government."●

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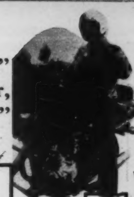


WIDE WORLD

"He put his hand on my shoulder,"
said chunky Ron Ziegler,
"and said, 'I'm sorry for that.'"

The Insider

WIDE WORLD

GEORGE T. KRUSE

Obledo and Brown: Immoral support

Chicano chicanery

Ob-la-di, Obledo, Life Goes On for Jerry Brown

Latins, California's largest minority group, have long been a key element in Governor Jerry Brown's political strategy. Since his election in 1974 Brown has worked hard to keep up his Chicano connections, showing his fealty by appointing Mario Obledo a Mexican American lawyer, secretary of California's huge $11.7 billion health and welfare agency.

Now facing re-election and slipping in the polls, Brown needs his Latin troops more than ever. But recent revelations about connections between drugs programs in Obledo's agency and the Mexican mafia, a criminal group credited with 160 murders, are putting Brown's Latin loyalty to the test. Making matters worse, the continually annoying FBI probe of Sacramento's seamier side has revealed some possible wrongdoings by four of the state's six Chicano state legislators, putting the governor further on the hot seat.

So far, Brown is sticking with Obledo and other Chicano allies, protecting them with racial rationale: "As people come into the system who haven't been a part of it, it takes them a while to learn the rules. It takes a while for people on the block to welcome the new neighbors."

To clean up Obledo's fouled-up agency, Brown has forced out Jerome Lackner, his health director, and has begun restructuring the entire health and welfare monolith. But Brown and his campaign manager, Gray Davis, are making sure that the Chicanos know that the governor will stick in place behind Obledo at least until election day.

Politics

Meanwhile, sources close to the FBI report that the state is trying to deemphasize the Mexican mafia probe and in the process allow Brown to avoid a possibly fatal embarrasment during the campaign. Gray Davis insists the whole issue of the Mexican mafia has been overblown by the establishment press: "For years the government has been run by an old boy network, but there were never any cries about an Anglo Mafia."

—Joel Kotkin

Whaleboat speaks

Ziegler's Bombshell: Nixon Says 'I'm Sorry'

When the *Washington Journalism Review* got Ron Ziegler to talk to the press for the first time since he'd *had* to, the chunky scamp was his old beetle-browed self. At 38, looking somewhat like a cross between Richard Nixon and Andy Kaufman, Ziegler was as helpful as ever. He's a senior vice-president at Syska and Hennessey, an international consultant firm. He travels a lot and lives in Virginia with his wife and his two daughters. "In retrospect," he feels that the press didn't treat him unfairly. H.R. "Bob" Haldeman's best selling *The Ends of Power*, he opines, is "in many ways shallow from the standpoint that he did not seem to have, even at this point, a grasp of what happened during Watergate, what the causes were, what it's impact was and what the result was."

He says that he was "used as part of the coverup . . . I was told to say things that we now know as part of a plan to withhold information. So as chief spokesman, yes, I was used. Chief spokesmen or press secretaries should learn a lesson from that." (Don't work for Nixon?) Someday, Ziegler wants to write—guess what—a book(!) and he wants everyone to know he never "flatly said something that I thought was incorrect. I gave political answers. I gave answers that circumvented the questions, which were (Oh Dick! You're back!) "political."

And best of all, he gave a post-script to one of the most graphic little episodes showing The Leader under strain—the day President Nixon shoved his friend, Ron Ziegler in New Orleans. Everyone saw it, thanks to CBS, whose cameras preserved the moment for the Evening News. "When we got back on the plane," Ziegler remembers, "the Former President—in front of the staff—put his hand on my shoulder and so that everyone could hear, apologized. He said, 'I'm sorry for that.'"

Don't you miss the both of them? ●

HACKING THROUGH THE WASHINGTON BRUSH

WIDE WORLD

Hartsy-crafty: Gary Hart (D-Colo.) looks like he won't be running for President in 1980. Hart's accepted an invitation to speak at the New Hampshire Jefferson-Jackson Day Dinner, but his speech will be ringingly pro-Carter. He has an excuse, however: he believes Governor J. Brown of California is running and prefers Carter to Brown whom he refers to as a "phony." He has to run for re-election to the Senate in 1980, and would prefer to put off any national race until 1984. Hart would like to keep that as the year Jimmy Carter retires, not the year President Brown seeks re-election. ●

Newestspeak: What is the Office of Defense Cooperation? The Pentagon's new home for budget-cut refugees. Instead of shuffling military advisers off to the unemployment lines, they are simply transferred. Carter's cutbacks may not mean much, but some folks have a catchy new title: "Defense Cooperators." ●

INSIDER SPECIAL REPORT

THE ISRAELI LOBBY GOES BEGGIN'

CONFERENCE OF PRESIDENTS

UPI

"This Begin is a fanatic," says a northern Democratic senator; in 1975 he, along with two-thirds of his colleagues, had signed a letter blasting the Ford-Kissinger "reassessment" of Mideast policy. Since then, a lot has changed, including the senator's attitude. Not only has Anwar Sadat set his courageous toe in Jerusalem, but Menachem Begin has gone through stages of being thought of as (1) a fringe extremist to (2) statesmanlike Prime Minister, and to (3) an intransigent extremist.

Experienced Mideast policy makers fault the Carter Administration—in part—for the return to this last phase, by initially hailing Begin's "peace plan" (for permanent control of the West Bank of the Jordan River). "Apparently they didn't know much about Begin," a Senate International Relations Committee expert says. "That was his final offer, not his first negotiating position."

But despite the fact that some members of Congress see the President as naive in evaluating Begin, they are also surprised at Carter's strength in standing his ground. The fact that they tend to express their private dismay with Begin off the record, helps explain their sympathetic admiration for Carter's tough stand.

The Israeli lobby, composed of a host of Jewish organizations and prominent Jewish leaders, appears to be well wired even into private deliberations of the International Relations Committee; senators have found themselves being lobbied vigorously to change or strengthen the view they expressed just hours before in a closed session. The lobby has been especially energetic in trying to bust what it sees as the threatening arms sales package that mandates interdependent arms sales to Israel, Egypt and Saudi Arabia.

ONE EXASPERATED OFFICIAL OF AN AMERICAN JEWISH ORGANIZATION ASKED: "WHY SHOULD WE BE MORE ISRAELI THAN ISRAELIS?"

When the administration announced the arms deal, the Israeli lobby opposed it, assuming that if the House and Senate disapproved the arms for Arabs, the President would proceed with the Israeli part of the bargain. Cyrus Vance smashed that assumption by proclaiming all parts of the package linked. Briefly, the Israeli lobby drew back—Israel would be worse off militarily if the entire program was cancelled.

After days of indecisiveness, however, the lobby's leaders decided on an all out confrontation with the administration—to push for rejection of arms for Arabs, especially the sale of F-15 jet fighters to Saudi Arabia—then attempt to force the arms bill for Israel by attaching an amendment to the Foreign Assistance Act requiring the sale. The lobby mounted a massive letter-writing campaign, directed at influential legislators: Edmund Muskie, George McGovern and Morris Udall, all received letters from contributors to their past Presidential campaigns.

The day after Palestinian terrorists seized civilian buses inside Israel, the lobby moved quickly to turn the impact of the violence against the Saudi sale: The American/Israel Public Affairs Committee, the lobby's political arm, sent a memorandum to congressmen headlined, "Saudi Arabia accomplice in PLO terror." It referred to "the Saudi Shiekdom" and cited a notorious Saudi radio report characterizing the latest terrorist attack as "a courageous act" (despite a Saudi government official statement that the government "condemns terrorism in all its forms").

Begin came to Washington in late March, and the morning after his last negotiating session, Carter was disconsolate. The President met with the Senate and House Foreign Affairs Committee. He was somber. "I've never seen him like that," said one participant. Carter flatly stated, that given Begin's position on the West Bank, the peace talks were through and a new Mideast war was more likely.

The grimness stunned the congressmen. They emerged from the session with expressions of support for the President. One member of the House leadership now judges that the administration's prospects of winning approval for the arms sales package have "gone up a hell of a lot because of Begin." Connecticut's Senator Abraham Ribicoff, one of Israel's best friends in the Capitol, has privately given Carter a promise to vote for the package. And New York's Senator Jacob Javits has told colleagues that he might support "some kind of package" including arms for Saudi Arabia and Egypt.

The Israeli lobby is not nearly so monolithic in private as it seems in public. Begin's visit deepened the questions about unconditionally backing his policies—but it seems impossible to express divisiveness in public for fear of undermining the Israelis. A poll in Israel has found nearly 70 percent willing to give up occupied territories for a secure peace, and one exasperated official of a Jewish organization asked, "Why should we be more Israeli than Israelis?"

The question affects the Lobby's future influence and its ties to Jimmy Carter. "The President is mad," reports an administration source, who adds that Carter now sees the Jewish vote as possibly a hopeless cause—and at some point "down the road" he might use the threat of an arms cutoff to bring Israel around. Carter has discussed the option of going over the heads of the Israeli lobby with a fireside chat on Mideast policy. It would be an unprecented move, especially for a Democratic President. But a raw Jimmy Carter believes that he has little Jewish support to lose, and that he can't afford to lose the chance for peace in the Mideast.

—Robert Shrum

Okay, okay, I'll buy the damn country!

Vesco Vexes Costa Ricans

When we talked to Costa Rican presidential candidate Rodrigo Carazo last May, he said, "Vesco will leave Costa Rica the day I am inaugurated." Carazo, elected February 12, is due to be sworn in May 8, and Robert Vesco and his associates are maneuvering like mad to arrange a way to stay safe in their beloved adopted land.

Holed up in Costa Rica for five years, Vesco would have been in good shape had the ruling party's Luis Alberto Monge—in whom he'd reportedly invested—taken the election. When Carazo won, Vesco's security vanished. On March 18, a long-standing indictment against Vesco, charging him with misuse of IOS mutual funds, was filed in Costa Rican superior court. The indictment alleges that Carlos Rechnitzer, a diminutive 79-year-old "tico" architect, was dunned out of his life savings by Vesco in the IOS scandal of 1970–72. The case will come to trial shortly. It won't make things any easier for Vesco, but he might slip his oily form out yet.

For one thing, it may be impossible for the new president to force a man on trial to leave the country before the conclusion of the case. Local observers say it could take months. Also, if Vesco is found innocent of the charges—and the case is of a complexity that might confound an innocent juror—then the impetus to force him to leave will have to be changed. The bum may out.

—*Steve Diamond*

UPI

Vesco: He's leaving home, bye-bye

From Each According to His Abilities, To Each According to His Needs

Congressman Jack Brooks' staffers gave him a party. Everybody wanted to help pay for the favors—after all, Jack had given out enough of his own. As chairman of the Joint Committee on Congressional Operations and the powerful Government Operations Committee, Brooks, a Texas Democrat, has many people working for him; none of them was anxious to be noticed missing his party.

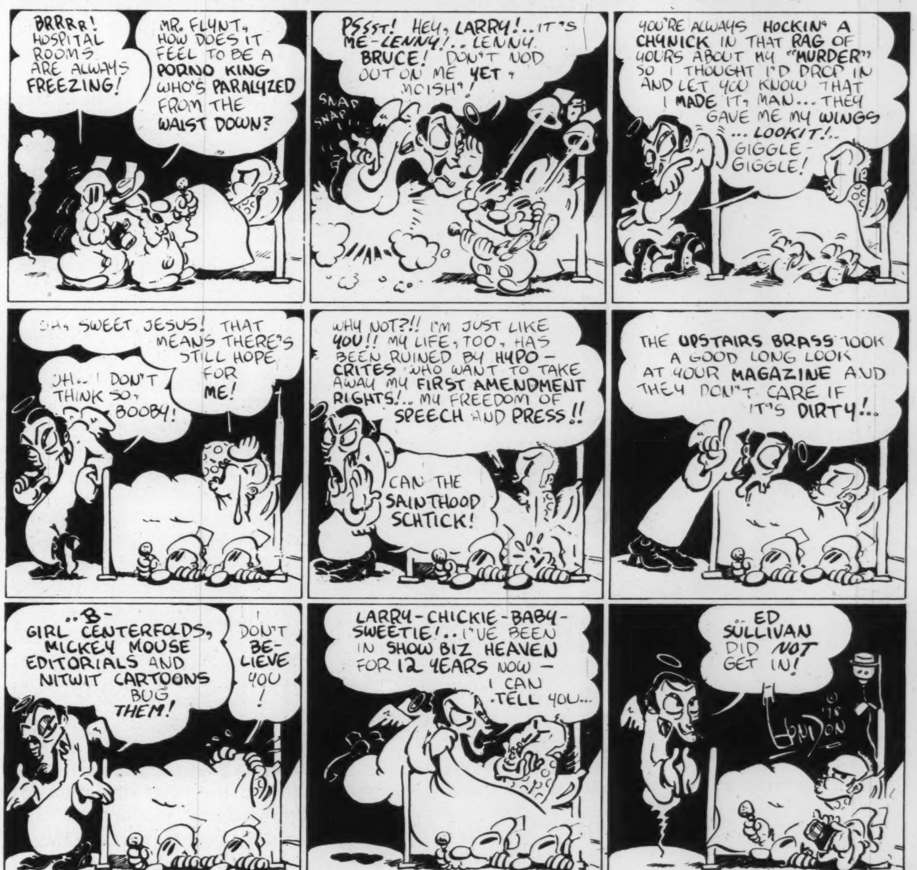
To make sure the party was well-catered, Government Operations administrative assistant John Moore let the guests know how much they had to kick in. At a meeting of Committee staff directors he laid down the law: Aides drawing $20,000 reportedly were advised to kick in $10; the scale ran to accommodate $5 to $20 donors. The word sifted and nobody liked it. "I'll give you another story, but shut up about Brooks," one unwilling party-thrower told us. He had a reasonable justification for contributing, however—he was afraid that if he made waves he'd get dragged down with them. Moore conceded only that he might have suggested staffers give various amounts, depending on their salaries. "There was," he nevertheless said, "nothing mandatory about it." Just recommended.

WIDE WORLD

shag sale!
Mr. BROOKS

Brooks: Party boy gives favors

CLOAK AND DAGGER VISIT LARRY FLYNT By Bobby London


BRRRR! HOSPITAL ROOMS ARE ALWAYS FREEZING!
MR. FLYNT, HOW DOES IT FEEL TO BE A PORNO KING WHO'S PARALYZED FROM THE WAIST DOWN?
PSSST! HEY, LARRY!.. IT'S ME-LENNY!.. LENNY BRUCE! DON'T NOD OUT ON ME YET, MOISH!
SNAP SNAP
YOU'RE ALWAYS HOCKIN' A CHYNICK IN THAT RAG OF YOURS ABOUT MY "MURDER" SO I THOUGHT I'D DROP IN AND LET YOU KNOW THAT I MADE IT, MAN... THEY GAVE ME MY WINGS ... LOOKIT!.. GIGGLE-GIGGLE!
OH, SWEET JESUS! THAT MEANS THERE'S STILL HOPE FOR ME!
OH.. I DON'T THINK SO, BOOBY!
WHY NOT?!! I'M JUST LIKE YOU!! MY LIFE, TOO, HAS BEEN RUINED BY HYPOCRITES WHO WANT TO TAKE AWAY MY FIRST AMENDMENT RIGHTS!.. MY FREEDOM OF SPEECH AND PRESS!!
CAN THE SAINTHOOD SCHTICK!
THE UPSTAIRS BRASS TOOK A GOOD LONG LOOK AT YOUR MAGAZINE AND THEY DON'T CARE IF IT'S DIRTY!..
..B-GIRL CENTERFOLDS, MICKEY MOUSE EDITORIALS AND NITWIT CARTOONS BUG THEM!
I DON'T BELIEVE YOU!
LARRY-CHICKIE-BABY-SWEETIE!.. I'VE BEEN IN SHOW BIZ HEAVEN FOR 12 YEARS NOW — I CAN TELL YOU...
.. ED SULLIVAN DID NOT GET IN!
© '78 LONDON

Sorry about that, chief

Tonight's Episode: Fidel's Beard Falls Out

It's been four years since the popular TV series *The FBI* went off the air and since then the intelligence community has had its reputation dragged out to sea and back. If Gordon McLendon, a wealthy Dallas conservative who once tried to be a senator, can work things out with the Agency, there'll be a new TV series glorifying the American agent. This time it will be on the CIA and planned by former intelligence agents.

Recently, McLendon went to visit CIA head Stansfield Turner and brought with him David Phillips, head of the Association of Former Intelligence Officers, a traditionalist ("We prefer the old word, patriotic") 2,300-member organization that hopes to provide technical assistance and dreams of a credit line at the end of each show. Some members are already preparing story ideas at McLendon's request.

The discussions, says a CIA spokesman who participated, are "very, very preliminary. We have not promised any advice, technical assistance or endorsement." Even so, they're listening intently: The ex-agents desperately want to portray the Agency favorably, to "emphasize a need for the intelligence community." Others have come to the CIA with such projects but McLendon's great asset seems to be his assets—he's the first who hasn't asked for money.

A Naval intelligence officer during World War II, McLendon's had to deny allegations that he was a close friend of Jack Ruby (a handwritten letter Ruby smuggled out of prison mentioning McLendon was reportedly sold by Hamilton Autographs for $950 in 1966). That hardly matters to the CIA which, full of its "new openness," is talking to all sorts of people, from Dan Rather to the ABC television network to Gordon McLendon—who's scheduled to reappear at the Agency soon, carrying a freshly baked set of story ideas about the wacky adventures of those zany guys at the CIA. ●

MOVIE STAR NEWS

Bee-bee-beep, Bee-bee-beep:

OVERSEAS BULLETINS

Old acquaintance: When Francis Gary Powers had a little accident over the USSR in 1961 (and was captured) it marked the downfall of the U-2 spy plane: It lost face and was put out of production. Satellites took over, and the sleek, sophisticated SR-72 Blackbird became the rage. Poor little U-2. The SR-72 flew twice as high (100,000 feet) as the old U-2 and seared the sky faster than any other manned aircraft—2,000 mph. But several weeks ago, like the rediscovered Chuck Berry, the U-2 saw a revival, and went back into production. It wasn't nostalgia, however, that brought our old flying-spy back into use—it was economy. The SR-72's overwhelming cost spurred the agencies into building about 20 updated U-2s to fly over "low threat environments" like the Mideast, where a Powers-like debacle would be remote to the nth. ●

Full of holes: America's outmoded radar systems were pierced nine months ago when Soviet long-range bombers nearly grazed the Atlantic coastline—flying within 40 miles of land. Last summer Russian planes fairly brushed Norfolk, Virginia, coming within 60 miles of the Norfolk naval base, before getting picked up by American radar. And *closer:* last month, when American planes came to greet and "escort" the Soviet fighters away, the Russians had gotten bold and close enough to wave to the pilot of one of the U. S. F-106s and hold up his curve-hipped Coke bottle. ●

A war by any other name . . .

Unknown Soldier Missing in Action

Even these long years after, the spectre seems as horribly confounding as ever: No body from the Vietnam War will be interred in the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier because no body has been deemed fit for the honor. According to Lt. Col. Michael Jenks, military assistant to the Assistant Army Secretary for Civil Works, the Army has only three bodies from the Vietnam War period at its Central Identification Laboratory in Hawaii, none of which meet requirements for interment in the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier. One of the three still-nameless bodies stands a chance of being identified, while the other two, referred to as "30-percent bodies,"are deemed too unrecognizably ruined.

"There's question of whether 30 percent should represent an unknown soldier," says Jenks. "The general criterion is a majority of the remains. For the three previous wars (World Wars I and II, and the Korean War), we required 80 percent."

Seventies

Although 2,348 servicemen who served in Vietnam remain unaccounted for, Army spokesmen doubt that any of these would qualify for interment at the national monument because modern, efficient identification techniques would make them 'known.' "Vietnam is the first major conflict we've been involved in in which there wasn't an unknown," observes Jenks. "This is desirable from the standpoint of relieving the anxiety of families."

Lacking an appropriate body, the Army has urged the erection of a plaque and medal display in the trophy room of the Memorial Amphitheater adjacent to the Tomb of the Unknown Soldier to honor those who died in Vietnam. (Army spokesmen say they do not want a plaque placed inside the Tomb itself—where a crypt had been prepared a few years ago for the Vietnam entry—because "it might indicate to the public that there was a body in there.") It will read: "Let all people know that the United States of America pays tribute to those members of its armed forces who served honorably in Southeast Asia during the Vietnam era."

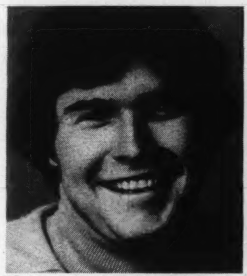
The wording scrupulously avoids mention of "war" because Congress never made it official. "We've always referred to it as the Vietnam era conflict," said a senior member of the Veterans Affairs Committee staff.

According to the proposed plaque inscription, the 55,000 who died fighting in Vietnam will be the first officially acknowledged victims of an 'era.' May they rest in peace, even without a U.S. tomb.

—Josh Martin

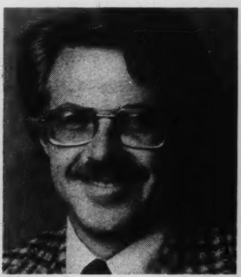
9 OUT OF EVERY 10,000 AMERICANS PREFER CAMPARI

Compared with Europeans, Americans are meager consumers of Campari & Soda. But a few new converts are won every day by its unique bittersweet taste.



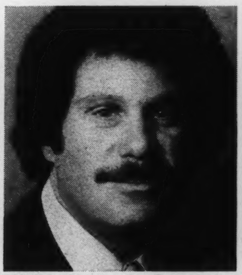
"Sometimes I like to drink Campari with soda. Other times I like it with tonic. But mostly, I like to drink Campari with Melissa."
—Steve Gibson, San Fran.

"I still haven't gotten Fred to drink Campari. But I'm hopeful. After all, last month I got him to give up suspenders."
—Joan Gringer, N.Y.C.



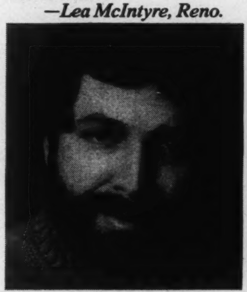
"Yesterday, when everybody ordered cocktails, I said, 'Campari' instead of what I usually say ('Martini'). I found it improved my articulation."
—Mort Goldstein, Boston.

"A Campari & Soda prepares my palate for a good meal. After I finish the drink, I go to bed, and my palate goes out to dinner."
—Lea McIntyre, Reno.

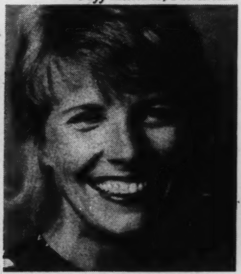


"With a lot of soda, Campari is a perfect before-dinner drink. With a little soda, it's a great cocktail. With nothing at all, it's in a glass by itself."
—Jeff Landis, Atlanta.

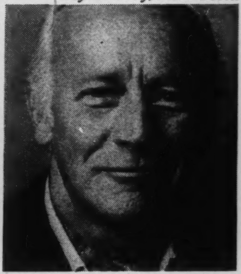
"I allow myself one drink before dinner. Since I discovered Campari & Soda, I've been eating six dinners a day."
—Iby Korody, New York.



"Whenever I spot another Campari drinker I always honk my horn and wave."
—John Gray, Seattle.



"I first tried Campari on the Via Veneto in Rome and didn't care for it. But that was before I met Marcello."
—Greta Westfall, L.A.



"I never knew a foreign agent who didn't drink Campari."
—James Barker, Wash., D.C.

ITALY
CAMPARI
G. Campari

CAMPARI & SODA

Pour a jigger (1½ oz.) of Campari over ice in a tall glass. Add 4 ounces of club soda. Squeeze in a wedge of lemon or lime to taste, if desired.

Imported, prepared and bottled by Austin, Nichols & Co., Lawrenceburg, Ky. 48 proof bitter liqueur.

We Can Attack a Symbol...
Or We Can Solve a Problem.

A Total Solution to the Trashing of America

Forced deposits on beverage containers or "bottle bills" are hailed by some as *the* answer to the problems of litter, solid waste, energy and resource conservation. We think that's wrong.

How can a program that addresses less than 25% of litter and only 4.6% of solid waste be effective? What about paper, metal, plastic, rubber and other valuable materials that could be recycled?

We in the glass industry recognize that our products are *one* part of the problem. And we want to help solve it. That is why we have been working with environmental organizations, public officials and concerned citizens in the development of a superior alternative to forced deposits. We call it the Litter Law.

1

Remember when returnable bottles were a source of revenue for children and an incentive for people not to litter glass beverage containers? We want to go even farther—to attack *all* litter by creating statewide programs of multi-product recycling. Not just beverage bottles and cans. But all glass, all metal, all paper—all valuable materials. One such state recycling program paid the public over $2 million in 1977 alone! And that's new money; not the consumer's funds tied up in deposits.

2

LITTER
LAW
ENFORCED
HELP KEEP
YOUR CITY CLEAN

We believe in public education. Under our plan, educational programs are carried out in schools and through public service announcements on radio and television. Uniform trash receptacles and stricter enforcement of litter fines are designed to educate the public about the importance of conservation. Finally, the state employs litter crews—a good source of employment for youth—to pick up *all* litter; not just bottles and cans.

3

This would be funded by a broad-based fee assessed on all manufacturers and distributors whose products end up as litter. As the State of Washington has proven, this total litter approach yields dramatic results. Since the voters of the Evergreen State chose a Model Litter Law over a bottle bill in 1972, *total* litter is down 66%. Other states have followed this example—Virginia, Colorado, and, most recently, California.

Symbol or Solution?

A Litter Law makes more sense than deposits because it attacks the *total* problem. Still, bottle bills continue to receive support by some because of their symbolic value.

Symbols are important. But not when a real solution is at hand. As was stated by Rep. Morris K. Udall in recent congressional testimony: "Proponents of deposit legislation advocate it as a starting point, a place to begin to reverse the psychology of our throwaway society. I am beginning to doubt that it is the right place to start. Too often, the starting point in government becomes the ending point. If deposit legislation is enacted, how great will be the temptation to sit back and think we have solved the problem because we have put it out of sight?"

We agree. What's needed is a comprehensive, total solution to litter, a program that encourages the recycling of *all* reusable products.

Please contact us for more information about how the Litter Law can be enacted in your state.

THE GLASS PACKAGING INSTITUTE
1800 K Street, N.W.
Washington, D.C. 20006

INTRODUCING EUROPE'S MOST SUCCESSFUL* NEW CAR IN HISTORY.

The new Ford Fiesta. It's outsold every new car nameplate ever introduced in Europe, based on a comparison of sales in the first six months.

It's assembled by Ford in Germany, now available in America for the first time. Fiesta was engineered to give an exciting level of automotive performance. With front-wheel drive for traction. With rack and pinion steering and Michelin radials for precise control. And a 1.6 litre engine for quickness: 0-50 MPH in an average of 8.8 seconds in Ford tests (9.1 seconds for California emissions equipped models). Yet for all its performance, Fiesta was engineered to be simple and *easy to service*. With room and comfort for four adults. The new Fiesta is available from more than 5,000 Ford Dealers. One test drive can show you why it's Europe's most successful new car in history.

46 MPG† HWY
34 MPG† CITY

†EPA estimates. Your mileage may vary depending on your car's condition, optional equipment and where and how you drive. California ratings are lower.

FIESTA

FORD FIESTA
FORD DIVISION

Ford
75th ANNIVERSARY

Some call him Pig!
EMERGENCY
Dial 911
PARKING
TUXEDO RENTAL
WESTERN WEAR
UNIFORMS
WORK CLOTHING

Car 54, where are you?

Is that a nightstick in your pocket, or are you just glad to see me?

The sexual revolution in California finally came to a little head last month when the police chief of the small San Francisco Bay Area town of Livermore was arrested on three felony counts of committing illegal sex acts with teenage boys.

According to the charges, Police Chief Ronald Lindgren performed oral sex acts with three youths aged 15 to 17 in his private office at the police department. In one instance, Lindgren reportedly paid a youth for his services with money ($20) drawn out of the police chief's informant's fund. Lindgren has pled no contest to the charges.

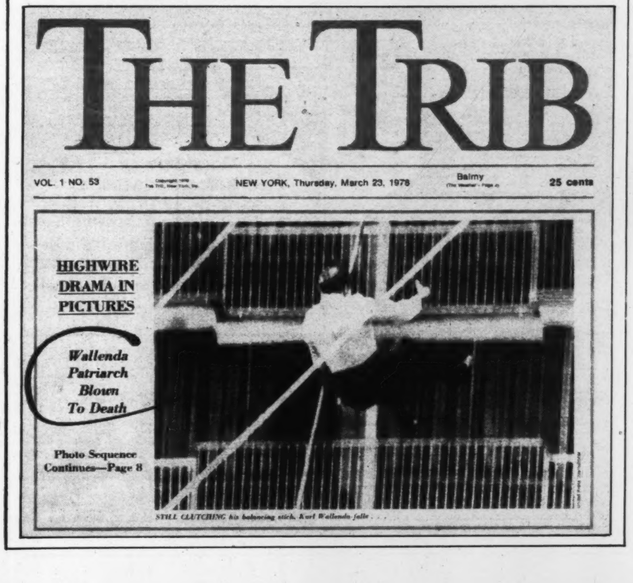
The police chief had been actively involved in Livermore's Boy Scouts program and was instrumental in setting up a new Law Enforcement Scout Unit. "He was very highly thought of for his work with youth groups," commented one resident.

The chief also was praised for his efforts to modernize the Livermore police department, including a plan to modify policy dealing with juvenile offenders. "We are emphasizing counseling, not arrest," he said when announcing the new approach. "I feel strongly that we should individualize our dealings with young people."

"He was a very progressive police chief," remarked a reporter for the local Livermore newspaper. "We didn't know how progressive."

—Paul Grabowicz

HEADLINE OF THE WEEK



THE TRIB

VOL. 1 NO. 53 NEW YORK, Thursday, March 23, 1978 Balmy 25 cents

HIGHWIRE DRAMA IN PICTURES

Wallenda Patriarch Blown To Death

Photo Sequence Continues—Page 8

STILL CLUTCHING his balancing stick, Karl Wallenda falls . . .

Breaking out of breakfast boredom

New Magazine Shatters Sexual Stereotypes

> *A tour reveals the care and thought Carol puts into decorating, from the curtains held up by a drain pipe, to the needlepoint wall hanging of Picasso's "The Three Musicians" that she made.*
>
> —*Your Place* magazine

That Carol Smoler—when she's not reproducing "Guernica" in nailheads and popsicle sticks, she's fixing her special moussaka or playing tennis with husband Chip, her "best friend." The young-married lifestyle of the Smolers is featured in the debut issue of *Your Place*, a new monthly published by *McCall*'s aimed at urban men and women between the ages of 20 and 29.

Anne Mollegen Smith, the managing editor of *Your Place*, says that the magazine is for young people "who are on their own, but without children yet. For people not bound by traditional sex stereotypes—the men may be interested in cooking, for example. These people are interested in getting ahead, and in finding out just who they are." *Your Place* readers, judging by the first issue, have found they are interested in buying lots of primary-colored furniture at Azuma, and in soft rock, tax breaks, "stocking your home bar" and "breaking out of breakfast boredom." But don't get the wrong idea; *Your Place* is not for the spoiled young bourgeoise of the "Me Decade," relentless consumers attempting to live as well in their own plant-filled apartments as they did on Daddy's money at college: as Ms. Smith notes, "Our readers are interested in more than just career ambitiousness—we plan to feature several poems in every issue."

Media

Your Place is the brainchild of *McCall*'s publisher Raymond Eyes; a preview issue was included in the parent magazine. The staff for *Your Place* was drawn from the *Ladies Home Journal*, *Redbook*, *People* and *Home Decorating*. They claim the magazine not directed solely at a white, middle-class, college-educated audience, but the only black person appearing anywhere in the first issue polishes a car in a Windex ad. *Your Place* is one of the first *Family Circle*-esque magazines aimed at both men and women; *Redbook* tried a similar experiment in the fifties as "The Magazine for Young Adults," but soon returned to the women-at-the-A&P audience. *Your Place* will attempt to prove that, in these liberated days, men and women alike will be fascinated by the bubble-gum dispenser in Carol Smoler's "den" (Chip does not approve when Carol draws a blue gumball and he's stuck with pink), and the fact that Chip and Carol often hold hands when they load the dishwasher.

YOUR PLACE

APRIL 1978

Understanding the opposite sex in a new age: Do you know the other physical differences?

Together on $30,000 a year
How one couple lives "the good life"

Getting to the top before 30 without burning out
How the superachievers do it

Down with singles bars!
Easier & better ways to meet somebody nice

Living together
Should you worry about "forever"?

Visiting home when you're not a kid anymore

which one has...
the harder head?
more heart?
stronger legs?
looser joints?
better hearing?

PLUS
- Offbeat Breakfasts
- 6 Easy Pine Projects
- Buying That First Home
- Europe via London
- What Your Office Says About You

Your Place may be just the thing for young people fed up with *Rolling Stone*, *High Times* and other publications which refuse to acknowledge the importance of matching place mats in American life, or the return of the word "dating" to the "relationship/communication" vocabulary. In these troubled times, it will be a comfort to know that *Your Place* may indeed show us, as Editor Smith claims, "just what a vegetable looks like when it's at its best."

—Paul Rudnick

Photography News

A Brief History of Yashica Electronic Technology.

1964

Yashica changes the course of photography with the first electronic camera . . . the Electro 35 GSN.

1974

Yashica shocks the top-of-the-line camera manufacturers with the creation of the Contax RTS . . . its precise Electro/Magnetic release system and world-renowned Carl Zeiss optics.

1976

Yashica introduces the Yashica FR . . . the beginning of a whole family of SLR's that would incorporate the precision electronics found on the Contax RTS, and the adaptability of Carl Zeiss optics.

1978

Yashica completes its electronic family introducing the new FRI and FRII . . . two of the finest cameras ever produced.

FR's Can Take on Carl Zeiss Optics.

All three FR's can take on both the superb Yashica ML multi-coated lenses and the renowned Carl Zeiss T* lenses. (Ask your camera dealer about Germany's Carl Zeiss lenses.)

The Yashica FR Family. Pure State-of-the-Art.

Yashica's FR's were inspired by the highly-advanced technological design innovations built into the Contax RTS.

All FR's use the same Electro/Magnetic shutter system. Not just part electronic like some systems now being used in competitive cameras.

FR's are sleek. Compact. And, crafted from machined metal. No plastic here.

The Yashica FR. This popular camera operates in the matched-needle mode with simple Led-o-Matic decision-making in the viewfinder.

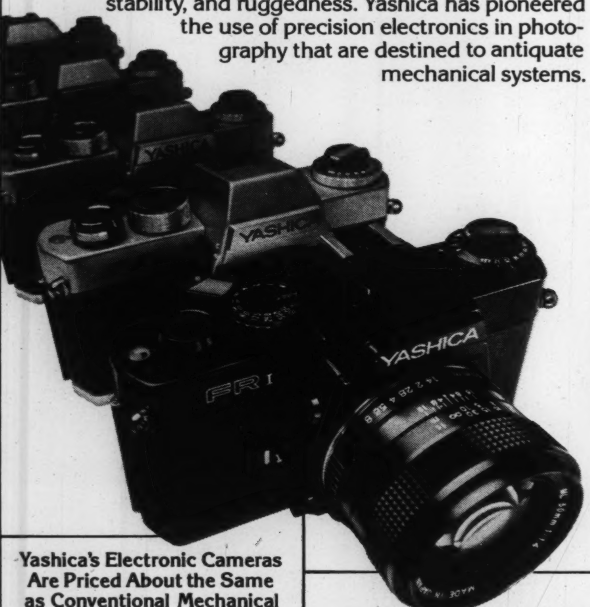
The new Yashica FRI. Yashica's top-of-the-line. You get a choice of fully-automatic or full-manual override. The ultimate in creative freedom.

The new Yashica FRII. A fully-automatic camera with automatic exposure compensation. The least expensive of the Yashica FR family, yet it accepts most available accessories.

Yashica's New Electronic Cameras Leave Conventional Mechanical Systems Behind!

Yashica's popular FR model and the brand new automatic FRI and FRII complete the first photography system to be completely automated by electronics. The system's uniqueness revolves around the sophisticated Electro/Magnetic shutter release system. We've replaced friction-producing cams, rods, springs and levers found in conventional mechanical releases with much faster firing electronics and electro/magnetics.

Yashica's electronics give you increased shooting speed, stability, and ruggedness. Yashica has pioneered the use of precision electronics in photography that are destined to antiquate mechanical systems.



Yashica's Electronic Cameras Are Priced About the Same as Conventional Mechanical Systems.

Compare Yashica FR's with any other competitive system. These highly-advanced electronic cameras are priced about the same (and sometimes less) as conventional mechanical systems.

Kiss Good-bye Some Conventional Mechanical Problems.

Good-bye Camera Jerk

Yashica's unique Electro/Magnetic shutter release eliminates "camera jerk" by reducing firing pressure on the shutter release. You don't push the release button. You touch it!

Good-bye Internal Vibration

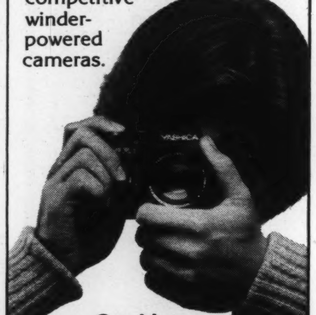
Mechanical parts were designed out of the Yashica body. Most internal vibration problems were designed out as well. The mirror and shutter curtain is pneumatically air-cushioned. Shutter rebound and film advancement operate smoother, and more consistently.

Good-bye Remote Control Hassle

Remote control accessories can be plugged directly into the release socket on the FR camera bodies. The Electro/Magnetic release assures efficient remote-control operation.

Good-bye Slow Winders

All Yashica FR's accept the Yashica compact motor winder that is activated by the same electric pulse that trips the shutter. You can shoot sequences up to 20% faster than competitive winder-powered cameras.



Good-bye Mechanical Accessories

Electric-pulse firing makes possible a whole series of technologically-advanced system accessories, unavailable in conventional mechanical systems.

YASHICA

411 Sette Drive/Paramus, New Jersey 07652

*FR is a Registered Trademark of Cinemagnetics Corp.

NewTimes

Jimmy Carter's Tet Offensive

The Administration says it has busted a Vietnamese spy ring, but civil libertarians are more concerned with the case's Nixonian echoes

by Judith Coburn

What we need, Zbigniew Brzezinski, the President's National Security Adviser, was saying, is a quick little war. Brzezinski was closeted at the White House with aides of key Senate supporters of the Panama Canal treaties, briefing them on the Administration's tactics for passage. Brzezinski had the American body politic on the couch, analyzing how opposition to the Canal pact was really misplaced anger over Vietnam-inflicted wounds to American pride. What we need to restore the nation's self-confidence, he joked with a tight-lipped Prussian officer's smile, is a quick little war we can win.

Six weeks later, on the eve of President Carter's address to the nation on the Panama Canal, Brzezinski had his quick little war. It broke out during Tet, the Vietnamese New Year and the 10th anniversary of the Vietnamese communist nationwide offensive that broke the spirit, if not the back, of the American war effort. On February 3, 1978, the Carter Administration demanded the expulsion of Vietnam's chief U.N. representative, Ambassador Dinh Ba Thi, for alleged complicity in a spy ring. It was the first time in U.N. history that the U.S. had expelled an ambassador.

Three days earlier, FBI agents had paraded two men in handcuffs up the front steps of the Alexandria, Virginia, courthouse past scores of jostling reporters who had been alerted for the occasion by the Justice Department. The two prisoners were David Truong, 32, a Vietnamese prominent in the American antiwar movement, and Ronald Humphrey, 42, a heretofore obscure analyst at the United States Information Agency (USIA). Within hours, the Administration's message had gone forth on network newscasts and in banner headlines: U.S. BUSTS VIET SPY RING! Named in the indictment along with Truong and Humphrey as unindicted co-conspirators were Ambassador Thi and four other Vietnamese officials in Paris and Hanoi.

For a week, diplomatic war raged between Washington, New York and Hanoi, in press conferences, in the United Nations diplomats' lounge and in notes between the two governments. At first Thi, denouncing the charges as "slanderous fabrications," refused to leave. Antiwar activists called a hasty demonstration, wondering if, à la draft-card days, Thi would take sanctuary in the U.N. But after a week, Hanoi bowed to tradition and recalled its ambassador.

Just as quickly as the case had exploded onto front pages, it disappeared. "A diplomats' version of an old-time slapstick movie," one *Washington Post* dispatch from the U.N. called it. In Washington, there was not a peep on Capitol Hill or within the Administration from people who had been outraged by the Spock and Pentagon Papers cases. The word was: This is routine, they've got these guys cold.

But it turns out that this case is far from "routine." From its inception, it has been handled with extraordinarily close attention by the Administration's top policy makers; President Carter, Attorney General Griffin Bell, CIA Director Stansfield Turner and Secretary of State Cyrus Vance all have been personally involved. Top Administration officials say that Carter and Bell consider this a test case of the President's ability to act swiftly, without judicial encumbrance, to protect the national security. Carter himself authorized warrantless electronic surveillance—by television camera of Humphrey's office and by wiretap and bug of Truong's apartment—even though warrants could have been obtained from a judge. Carter also approved the opening of scores

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Judith Coburn is a New York-based free-lance writer who covered the war in Vietnam from Saigon and Washington.

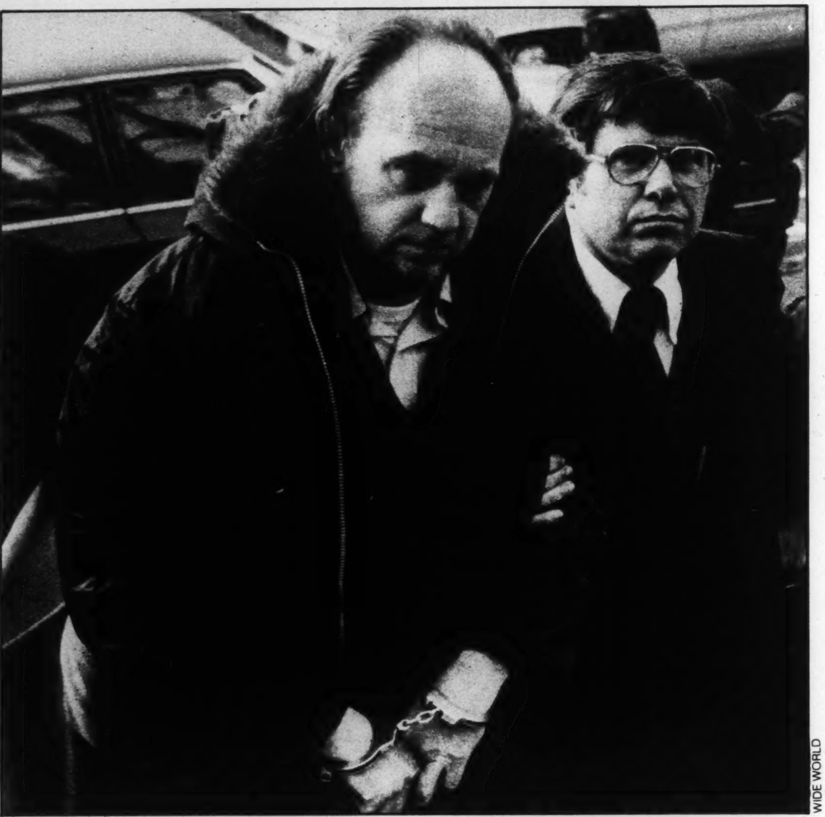
> **"If anyone thought about Truong as being a spy, they thought of him as CIA"**

of packages which Truong was sending to the Vietnamese; it is the first time the government will try to use such openings to prosecute a case. Also unusual is the involvement in the case of a CIA double agent, whose cover the government is willing to blow to ensure conviction.

The case is odd in other respects as well. The documents that Ronald Humphrey is accused of stealing from his office at USIA and passing to David Truong, who allegedly sent them on to Vietnamese officials, hardly seem worth an international incident; they are mostly low-level State Department cables assessing postwar conditions in Southeast Asia, and all but two had been given the lowest security classification. Samples: a cable from the American Embassy in Bangkok about "a conversation with the Australian ambassador to Hanoi" and a cable from the same embassy detailing "French flights from Saigon during the month of March." The relative insignificance of the stolen material raises the question: Why wasn't this case handled the way similarly inconsequential ones have been handled in the past—by firing Humphrey, deporting Truong and sending a stiff note of protest to the Vietnamese?

Truong's friends insist that even if the government can prove that Humphrey took the documents and passed them on to Truong, and that Truong in turn delivered them to Vietnamese diplomats, that doesn't prove the men are spies. And even if the two *were* spies, why bother to indict them for stealing such unimportant material? And why go the extra step of expelling the ambassador?

To civil libertarians and former antiwar activists, the Truong-Humphrey affair has the inflated quality of the red-baiting cases of the fifties. They see it as a Carter Administration attempt to legitimize many of the techniques of covert surveillance so discredited during the Nixon years. They also believe that along with the Justice Department's prosecution of Frank Snepp (the ex-CIA officer who blew the whistle on the U.S.'s final retreat from Saigon), the case represents a sharp warning to government bureaucrats about leaks. To veterans of the antiwar movement, it's just another chapter in the U.S. war without end against Vietnamese communists and their American friends. To everyone concerned, whatever their



WIDE WORLD

Humphrey and Truong at January arraignment: For the USIA analyst and the diplomat without portfolio, the war didn't end with the Paris peace accords

WIDE WORLD

politics, it is clear now that this case, which goes to trial May 1, is anything but a "slapstick comedy."

If the FBI was tailing David Truong one afternoon a few weeks before his arrest, its agents would have followed the chubby Vietnamese down into the bowels of Washington's new subway. There, Truong would have been observed hurriedly exchanging a few words and some scraps of paper with a tall, middle-aged man in a rumpled trench coat, then rushing to board a train. "We were both in a hurry, so we just exchanged cards and agreed to meet later," says ex-CIA Director William Colby. It was the last time Colby would see Truong before his arrest.

Colby first met Truong, he recalled recently, in the late sixties, when Truong was approaching anyone who might be able to help get his father out of a Saigon jail. Over the years, he cultivated friendships with scores of prominent Americans, including Colby, Ramsey Clark and Senator Barry Goldwater. It was his acquaintance with people like Colby that made some radicals dismiss him as an opportunist and others feel nervous about him. "The irony is that if anyone thought about David Truong being a spy," said one antiwar activist after Truong's arrest, "they thought of him as CIA. Who else could stomach having lunch with the likes of Colby? But David thought we had to talk to these people to stop the war."

Truong grew up Truong Dinh Hung in the cosmopolitan, Francophile world of the Saigon rich. It was to give him a passport to both the sophisticated whirl of international diplomacy and the ambiguities of life behind the simplistic slogans of the Vietnam War. As his friends describe him, his background and his later antiwar activism eventually would leave him straddling cultures and ideologies: a Vietnamese patriot exiled to the U.S., neither communist nor anticommunist.

When Truong first arrived at Stanford University in 1965, he was just another of the young, spoiled Saigonais who waited out the war in Paris or America, perfecting their backhands and driving fast cars. But then, in 1967, David's father, Truong Dinh Dzu, Rotary International's Vietnam representative and a lawyer for several American oil companies, was jailed by newly elected President Nguyen Van Thieu. Dzu's crime was in challenging Thieu in the election on a platform of cessation of the bombing, negotiations with the NLF and formation of a coalition government. The war had caught up with David Truong. He mounted an international campaign to free his father. During the eight years that followed, Truong spent most of his time campaigning for the release of Vietnamese

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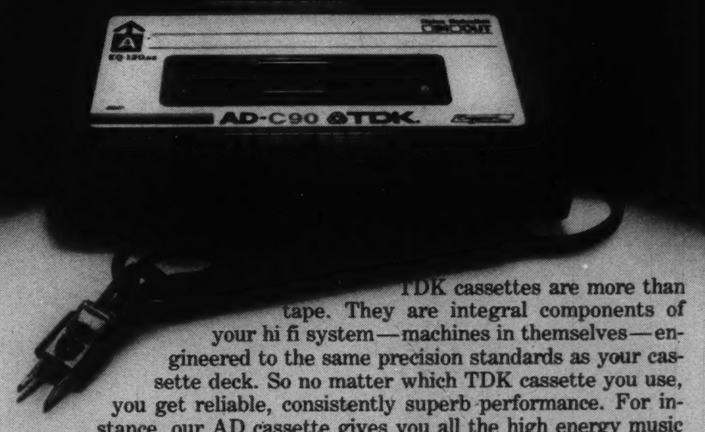

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WIDE WORLD

Ambassador Dinh Ba Thi: "This couldn't come at a more convenient time"

political prisoners and an end to the war. (His father was released in 1972.)

Truong had become a member of the self-appointed corps of diplomats without portfolio who plied the world between Washington, Saigon, Paris and Hanoi, trying to halt the Vietnam combat. While they saw themselves governed by a higher patriotism than party or nation, to the ideologues of both sides they simply were trafficking with "the enemy." They lobbied senators to cut off funds for the war and raised money from U.S. businessmen to buy medicines for refugees in the South and hospitals in the North. In audacious end runs around the State Department, they negotiated the release of American pilots. Meeting repeatedly with North Vietnamese officials, American diplomats, antiwar congressmen, reporters and Buddhist monks, interpreting and reinterpreting each side to the other and back again, they inhabited the hall of mirrors that is the world of the go-between. They traded Pentagon reports on Agent Orange, tested rumors about bombing pauses and floated new peace proposals. Documents were exchanged—copies of government hearings, newspaper clippings, memos, cables—as they routinely are in Washington between congressional aides, their allies in the executive branch and reporters. Some of these documents would eventually find their way to Hanoi's Paris mission.

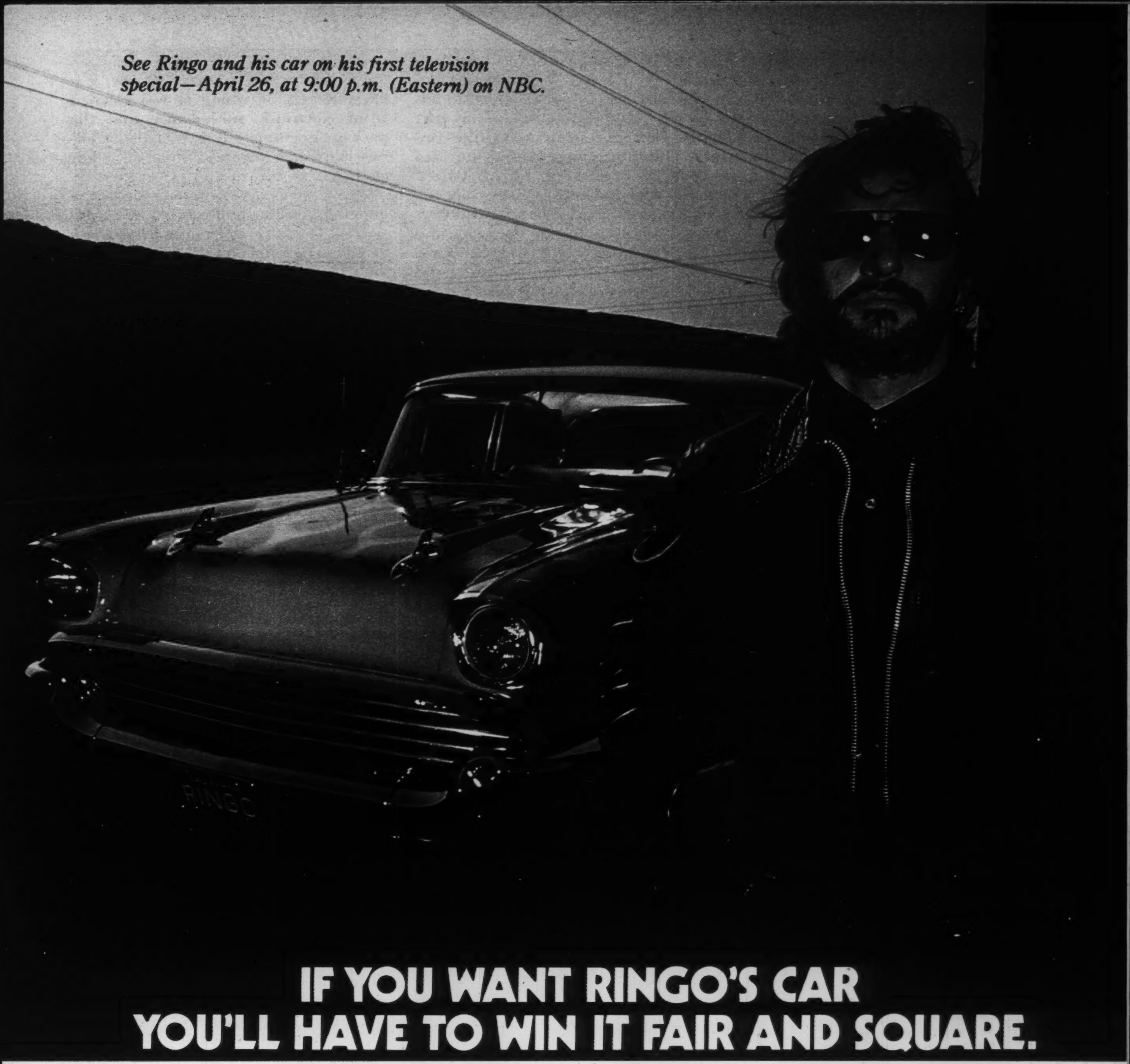
As the war dragged on, Truong became more radical, joining demonstrations that earlier he had watched from the sidelines. Like many antiwar activists in those years, he met now and then with Vietnamese communist officials. But on several occasions he showed himself to be anything but *au courant* with their thinking. Once, for example, he caused a flurry on Capitol Hill and at the State Department by incorrectly insisting that Hanoi was ready to make major concessions on MIAs; some antiwar activists think Truong actually undermined communist diplomats by his misinterpretation.

By January of this year, Truong was living on a shoestring in Washington, D.C., studying economics and working for normalization of relations between his country of birth and his adopted one. He spent long hours discussing with his close Vietnamese friends how difficult it would be for people like themselves—the well-educated children of wealthy Saigonais—to adjust to life in destitute postwar Vietnam after so many years of international travel and excitement. He fantasized some kind of go-between role and was laying plans for a company to help American businessmen invest in Vietnam should the trade embargo be lifted.

It was in that world of the antiwar go-between that Truong met Ronald Humphrey, a USIA employee since 1966. Like Truong, and unlike most Americans, the Vietnam War did not end for Humphrey with the signing of the Paris peace accords in 1973. Both men had strong family ties there, although for Humphrey they dated only to 1969 when he was first posted to the war zone by USIA. Separated from his American wife, he fell in love with Chieu Thi Nguyen, the widow of an ARVN officer. When Humphrey was reposted by USIA to Germany, Kim (as Humphrey calls her) followed and in time became his common law wife. But in 1975, as Vietnam teetered between two regimes and it appeared that the doors were finally closing on the Americans, Kim rushed back to Saigon to take her four children out of her homeland. But her planned escape by boat failed, and, like most other stymied escapees, she was jailed. Once this news reached Humphrey in Germany, he launched an international campaign to reunite his Vietnamese family, a campaign which was to introduce him to Truong and many other antiwar activists. Finally, four months ago, through the intercession of Swedish diplomats and the State Department, Kim and her four children were reunited with Humphrey in Washington, D.C., where he was working as a $30,000-a-year analyst on night duty in the USIA communications room.

Ronald Humphrey remains an enigma, known by few people and described by his neighbors as "a quiet man obsessed by his Vietnamese family." Humphrey's lawyer, Warren Miller, describes him as a man "passionate about his innocence, an anticommunist loyal to his government." In a pre-trial hearing, Miller revealed that during the period Humphrey is charged with spying for Hanoi, he played a key role in nabbing a Russian spy. At a party, TASS reporter Vladimir Alekseyev approached Hum-

"It's the chauffeur who's supposed to take the stuff, not the ambassador"



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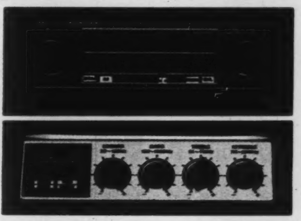

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phrey for classified information, a contact which Humphrey immediately reported to his superiors. Under their supervision, Humphrey continued to meet with the Russian to see what he could learn about Soviet operations. In early 1977, Alekseyev was expelled for spying.

When he was arrested on January 31, Humphrey admitted to the FBI that he had indeed given a score of classified State Department documents to David Truong. At their arraignment, government prosecutors told reporters that Humphrey's sealed "confession" to the FBI conceded "all of the essential items of the indictment," and was key to their case. But according to sources who have read the "confession" (actually a Q and A with FBI agents), it contains no admission by Humphrey that he was part of an espionage conspiracy. On the contrary, Humphrey says he had no idea Truong was working for the Vietnamese, and that before giving him the cables, he, Humphrey, had carefully removed their classification markings and recopied the documents. Indeed, David Truong's lawyers will argue Truong did not know he was receiving classified papers.

However, government prosecutors say that they may not even use the FBI statement in the case. Although the prosecutors naturally are reluctant to discuss the evidence they will use, it is likely to rest on whatever was gleaned from electronic surveillance and the package openings—if they are ruled admissible—and the testimony of a key government informer.

According to government sources, a general counterintelligence investigation of Truong was already in progress in 1976. In February 1977 Truong met with Dung Krall, a Vietnamese woman whose father once was Hanoi's ambassador to Moscow. At that meeting, Truong allegedly asked Krall to take documents to Vietnamese officials in Paris. Unknown to Truong, Krall was a long-time CIA double agent, and she promptly reported his request to her agency handlers. Then began a process whereby Truong allegedly gave Krall packages of documents to deliver to Paris, which she first took to the FBI for photographing and fingerprinting. Last May, FBI wiretappers overheard a man who turned out to be Ronald Humphrey telling Truong, "I have some things here I want to show you." From then until their arrest, the FBI mapped Truong's and Humphrey's every move, photographing them, overhearing their conversations and opening Truong's packages to the Vietnamese.

Today, Humphrey and Truong are being held on bails of $150,000 and $250,000 respectively, and so far have made no statements about the case. So exactly what they did, and why, is unclear. Their friends believe that even if they gave the documents to the Vietnamese, they might have been acting as antiwar "diplomats" trying to ease the way for normalization of relations between Vietnam and the U.S. The government's prosecutors, however, believe Truong and Humphrey were recruited as spies because the Vietnamese had a hold on their relatives. They believe Humphrey's cooperation was the quid pro quo for getting Kim and her children out. The prosecutors suggest that Truong joined "the spy ring" in exchange for a visa back to Vietnam, as well as to protect his brother who is in a re-education camp. But at the time of his arrest Truong was pursuing permanent resident status in the U.S. He also had told friends that his brother was not being mistreated in Vietnam.

Last week, Truong and Humphrey were still in prison, unable to post their high bails. Humphrey reportedly spends his time worrying about Kim and her four children. Truong is reading a copy of Lillian Hellman's *Scoundrel Time*, a present from an American friend.

Mike Tigar, David Truong's lawyer, is a veteran of the Chicago Eight trial and has handled more draft cases than he can count. Tigar is sitting with his feet

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Bell and Carter: A decision to claim inherent power, a club to discourage liberals from tightening wiretap legislation

on his desk, his boots planted in the center of a pile of copies of Title 18, U.S.C., section 794, known in Tigar's circles as "the Rosenberg Law"; it is also the law under which, if found guilty as charged, Humphrey and Truong could be sentenced to prison for life.

Bell, along with Brzezinski, is emerging as one of Carter's two most conservative and powerful advisers

It may be 1978, but Tigar is talking like he's got a vintage Vietnam case by the tail. He has just read this morning's Tom Wicker column in the *New York Times* about Truong and Humphrey titled "Inherent Power Again." Wicker is one of only two or three reporters who has questioned the government's handling of the case. "Once again the dread words *inherent powers of the Presidency* are being uttered in our nation's capitol," says Tigar. "This case involves the central issue of the last 10 years, culminating in Nixon's impeachment—the systematic violation of the rights of Americans by the government. Nixon and Mitchell believed *their* idea of national security justified *anything*. Now Carter, he'd like a few of those imperial trappings himself."

By all indications, the Carter Administration agrees with Tigar about one thing: This case is not peanuts. Not only did Carter personally authorize warrantless electronic surveillance and the package openings, but Griffin Bell, in the first court testimony ever given by an attorney general, appeared at a pretrial hearing last week to justify government handling of the case. Bell told the court that he had met with CIA Director Stansfield Turner and top State Department officials about the case. Justice Department lawyers report that the case has been the most carefully researched in recent memory, with detailed legal memos prepared to justify the decisions taken each step of the way. Most federal criminal cases are pursued jointly by a local U.S. Attorney and FBI investigators. But the two-year investigation in this case was handled from the start by top officials in the internal security section of the Justice Department's criminal division and was personally supervised by Bell in dozens of meetings. The Department presented a finished indictment to the U.S. Attorney in Alexandria, Virginia, just one week before Truong and Humphrey were arrested. The grand jury had even less time to consider it: two hours on the very day the arrests were made. "It's true," says one top Justice Department official. "We're out for blood on this one."

Much more is at stake in this case than Truong's and Humphrey's scalps. High level Justice Department officials make it clear that President Carter and Bell decided specifically *not* to seek warrants in the case because they want to frame a test case on warrantless covert surveillance. (Former Attorney General Edward Levi reportedly wouldn't let the FBI open Truong's packages earlier in the case.) The defense is arguing that the warrantless surveillance and the package openings are illegal under the Fourth Amendment's prohibition against "unreasonable search and seizure." But a Justice Department memo on the case argues, "Every President since Franklin D. Roosevelt has asserted the power under Article Two of the Constitution to authorize warrantless electronic surveillance to protect the national security from foreign powers or agents of foreign powers." In recent years, however, the Supreme Court has ruled warrantless wiretaps in *domestic* security cases to be unconstitutional; whether warrants are needed in cases specifically involving alleged *foreign* agents will be the issue in the Truong case.

Claims of inherent power run counter to President Carter's earlier record on such issues. In his first year in office, Carter seemed genuinely committed to bridling the FBI and CIA. The Administration is on record in support of each intelligence agency having a charter written by Congress, which would specify what powers and responsibilities each agency has. Carter also ordered aides to work with Capitol Hill liberals in framing restrictive wiretap legislation; last May, Attorney General Bell announced in a White House press conference that the Administration supports legislation requiring court-ordered warrants for electronic surveillance of American citizens. But recently, Senate aides working for passage of their version of the bill say Administration muscle behind it has gone slack. In addition, the Justice Department was reportedly ready to withdraw support from one title of the proposed Senate CIA charter because Bell found it too restrictive, but the Senate Intelligence Committee's release of the charter preempted the retreat.

Lawyers like Jerry Berman of the American Civil Liberties Union (ACLU) believe a complicated bait and switch game may be going on. "The Administration may well have changed its mind on warrantless wiretapping," says Berman, "but given the post-Watergate fears most Americans have about Big Brother, Carter doesn't want to go on record withdrawing support." Justice Department sources say Attorney General Bell is displeased about the ACLU's and other liberals' continuing attempts to strengthen wiretap legislation. Bell is said to believe the Administration will get a more sympathetic reception from the Supreme Court on warrantless wiretapping than it is getting from Congress. Thus the Truong case represents both a decision to claim "inherent power" and a club to discourage liberals from tightening wiretap legislation.

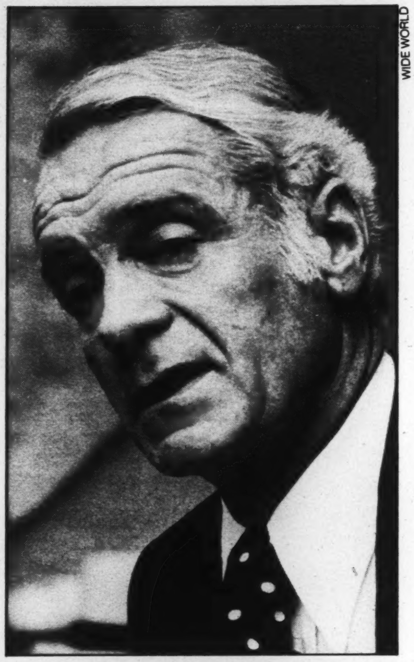
"This case involves the systematic violation of the rights of Americans by their government"

To civil libertarians like Berman and Morton Halperin, Director of the Center for National Security Studies, a sure sign of Administration backsliding was Carter's Executive Order on Intelligence, which was issued one week before the Truong-Humphrey indictments. Some liberals were surprised by the order's formulation of new procedures for presidentially authorized warrentless wiretapping in certain cases; as it turned out, they were exactly the procedures followed in the surveillance of Truong and Humphrey.

Attorney General Bell (who, as a district judge, upheld Georgia legislators' 1965 refusal to seat Julian Bond because of his antiwar views) is emerging with Brzezinski as one of Carter's two most conservative and powerful advisers. In the wake of such law enforcement decisions as the Snepp and Truong cases, liberals in Washington are beginning to look back on the reign of Bell's predecessor, Ford-appointee Edward Levi, with genuine nostalgia.

Besides its provisions for warrantless electronic surveillance, the Carter order includes another item which distresses civil liberatarians: It permits intelligence agencies to target Americans as subjects for investigation even if they are not committing (or are not even suspected of being involved in) a crime. As long as the Attorney General has reason to believe a "foreign agent" might be involved, surveillance can proceed. As Halperin puts it, "All this in secret and with no definition of that talismanic phrase."

Observers like Berman and Halperin fear that the rubric "agent of a foreign power" may be the latest way intelligence agencies and the White House are trying to camouflage operations which violate Americans' civil rights. (Berman points out that since Watergate, the FBI has been trying to sell itself as a counterintelligence agency, instead of focusing on "domestic security" as in the past.) Under the Carter Executive Order, someone like Daniel Ellsberg could be "suspected" of being a Russian agent, at which point many of the surveillance techniques used by the FBI under Nixon could go right ahead.


WIDE WORLD

Montgomery: "I was pretty surprised"

The phrase "to the advantage of any foreign nation" sends shivers especially down the spines of David Truong's friends from the antiwar movement. Could meeting with the Vietnamese and advising them about the prospects for American reconstruction aid qualify? Could, for that matter, a whistle-blowing bureaucrat be arrested? Or a newspaper reporter who prints stories based on leaks? Such actions could all help the Russians, for example, learn more about America.

All these questions will be tested in the Truong case, according to Mike Tigar. "Look at the espionage statute. It says someone is a spy who passes information 'relating to the *national defense* . . . which the possessor has reason to believe could be used to the injury of the United States or to the advantage of any foreign nation.' This is the first spy case I know of that doesn't involve military secrets—troop movements, codes, lists of agents or plans for the atomic bomb. The government is going to have to prove to a jury that a schedule of French flights to Hanoi damages 'the national defense.' The documents involved here are the kind of thing Jack Anderson gets by the truckload every day."

Another Truong lawyer, Marvin Miller, points out that the State Department has agreed to make the "stolen" documents public. "It hardly helps their case that the stuff's secrecy is crucial to the defense of the Republic," says Miller. Perhaps to meet just such arguments, the Justice Department last week filed an additional charge. The new count—conspiracy to embezzle government papers and give classified documents to unauthorized persons—does not require proof that the documents' dissemination would injure the national defense.

"Jesus," says Mike Tigar, swinging his feet off the desk and wadding a clump of papers into a briefcase, "to think

DENNIS BRACK/BLACK STAR

Colby: Some scraps in the subway

we've got to fight the Vietnam War all over again in 1978."

Late one afternoon a few days after Truong and Humphrey were indicted, Congressman G.V. "Sonny" Montgomery tipped back the big leather chair in his Capitol Hill office and brooded about the case. A conservative, middle-aged Mississippi Democrat, Montgomery three years ago took on the politically thankless task of heading up a House investigation of the MIA question, during which he made two trips to Hanoi. The experience had a deep effect. Montgomery now sees the Vietnamese as something far more complex than enemies, and the slow pace of normalization of diplomatic relations as regrettable.

"I was pretty surprised about this whole thing," he says of the indictment. "Why would the Vietnamese be involved in spying? They're not at war with us. They're trying to get their economy going after thirty years of war. They need trade and relations with the U.S. Why would they risk something so important for such insignificant documents?"

Why indeed? According to some Administration officials, it was sheer incompetence on the part of the Vietnamese. "Christ, I'd have thought their Cuban and Russian friends would have clued them in to the realities of espionage in New York City," says one top State Department official. "It's the chauffeur or the third secretary who's supposed to take the stuff, not the Ambassador."

But the question still remains: Why handle the Vietnamese involvement by throwing out their U.N. Ambassador? Why not send a stiff diplomatic protest note or expel lower echelon officials, as is routine in cases involving even the Russians? State Department officials say that once Justice had decided to name Thi as an unindicted co-conspirator, they had no choice. But this begs the question: Why name him at all? It wasn't necessary to make the case against Truong and Humphrey. Some Washington observers suspect the Administration would in fact have embraced any opportunity to throw Thi out. "This couldn't come at a more convenient time for the Administration," says one prominent Democratic senator. "So convenient that I smell a rat. The Administration has a score of issues heating up on which throwing out the Vietnamese ambassador will have a salutory effect, not a damaging one. It needs votes from the right on the Canal treaties and SALT. The intelligence agencies are facing a whole series of challenges and reforms—the wiretap law, the charters, the new federal criminal code; what better time to beat back liberals by uncovering a master spy plot? What better way to show how the country needs a strong FBI and CIA to protect us?"

John McAuliff, a Washington lobbyist on Vietnam aid for the American Friends Service Committee, suspects that Thi's expulsion was pressed by those in the Administration who want to stymie growing pressure for improved relations with Vietnam. Last summer Congress passed a series of restrictive amendments blocking aid to Vietnam. But shortly before he died in January, Senator Hubert Humphrey managed to corral 17 other senators to sign a letter to the President asking for emergency food relief for Vietnam. A similar letter signed by 67 church, labor, farm and social work groups was sent to Carter in mid-December.

There were other signs of growing support for humanitarian aid. A CBS *New York Times* poll last summer found that 66 percent of those Americans surveyed supported sending food and medicine to Vietnam. In early January, 73 railcars of a 10,000-ton shipment of wheat being sent to Vietnam by Church World Service, a third of which had been donated by American farmers, began to wend its way toward Houston; press coverage in conservative corn-belt towns was surprisingly favorable.

Whatever the motivation of the still-mysterious decision to expel Ambassador Thi, there is some evidence that the move had just the effect John McAuliff feared. On Capitol Hill, if legislators' attitudes about Vietnam were lukewarm before the case broke, they are downright chilly now. "Sonny" Montgomery, for one, says he was testing the waters for a Humphrey-like letter on the House side before the spy case came up. Now he thinks he'd better wait.

"This is the first spy case that doesn't involve military secrets"

In the wake of the Thi expulsion, the Vietnamese have postponed indefinitely a visit by Hanoi officials to a U.S. government training center in Honolulu that schools specialists in locating the remains of victims of catastrophes like airplane crashes; the training was announced in Paris last December by U.S. and Vietnamese negotiators as part of the Vietnamese on-going commitment to continue the search for MIA remains.

State Department officials, not surprised by such retaliatory gestures, scoff at charges that Thi was expelled to stop any momentum toward aid or normalization. Normalization is proceeding at a snail's pace, they acknowledge, largely as a result of what one Congressional aide calls "the Panamization of American foreign policy." Expelling Thi "couldn't derail normalization," says one high-level State Department official, "because it wasn't on the tracks anyway." The definite impression given at State is that the Vietnamese ambassador was expendable.

Ambassador Thi may not be the only one who's expendable. Except for a small defense committee, some friends and a few reporters, no one is raising questions about what is happening to David Truong and Ronald Humphrey. The Capitol, like the nation, is suffering from apparent amnesia. A case which would have raised a firestorm of protest if brought to trial in the sixties now is barely causing a whimper let alone a bang.

But a few people like "Sonny" Montgomery can't quite let it go. The Congressman stands up abruptly and wanders over to a table with an array of hats on it—a Vietnamese conical hat, a U.S. army fatigue cap, a blue Navy one with golden leaves that the brass give to VIP visitors on aircraft carriers. He picks up one of the helmets made of banana leaves that peasants in the North wore to protect themselves from shrapnel. "This Vietnam thing does have its way of popping back up, doesn't it?" he says sadly.

For Truong and Humphrey, the Vietnam War never ended. If they are convicted of the charges against them, the Administration will be able to say it won a battle. But everyone knows who won the war—and that may be exactly the problem. ●

Ken Norton is Spoiling for a Fight

...with Leon Spinks or promoter Bob Arum— he don't care which

by Scott Kaufer

Waiting in an airport lounge recently, Ken Norton opened a copy of *Sports Illustrated*, only to find Leon Spinks staring back at him. One of those full-page close-ups where the eyes follow you everywhere. Norton began reading the accompanying story, all about Leon's childhood in the ghetto and how his mother spent hour after hour reading to him from the Bible. ("My momma, I love her so deeply I cannot find the words to express it.") When he'd had enough, Norton tossed the magazine aside. "I don't want to read about that fucker," he said.

He may not have to read about Spinks, but there is little Norton can do to get away from him. There have been reminders of Spinks everywhere, ever since that February night in Las Vegas when Norton saw Muhammad Ali lose his championship in what was supposed to be a can't-lose bout. Norton had been promised the next shot at the title, right after Ali polished off Spinks. But that night in Vegas, a startled Norton watched Spinks pound the champ again and again and again.

And then, in the weeks that followed, people asked Norton, "Have you signed to fight Spinks?"

"No, not yet."

The question made him uncomfortable. Spinks had promised in writing that should he beat Ali, Norton would get first crack at the title. But Norton was worried—he had been given the run-around before.

When promoters offered Norton a paltry $200,000 to fight the new champ (supposedly hoping that he would be insulted enough to refuse, freeing Spinks to fight easier game), and when Norton *accepted*, people then asked, "When are you fighting Spinks?"

"I don't know." The question almost made him cringe.

And when Spinks started wriggling out of the fight, saying he'd rather face Ali again (more money in that), people came up to Norton, over and over, to ask him about it.

He tried to be polite, but it wasn't easy. Jesus! Couldn't people see that he *didn't know*?

During all this, Norton displayed as much equilibrium as he could muster. He often reads books about positive mental attitude, W. Clement Stone stuff, and he likes to imagine there's a drawbridge controlling access to his mind. When negative thoughts come thundering toward him like soldiers on horseback, he just cranks up the drawbridge and they can't get in. It works about nine out of every ten hours, Norton figures, but that tenth hour...

In that tenth hour, he complains, "They keep putting buckets over my head and covering them with sheets."

"Yeah, they're pulling you every which way, aren't they?" someone says.

"Well, life is strange," Norton says. "But I'll get there one day. Everything happens for a reason, you've got to believe that. If you don't, you get crushed."

But they *were* pulling him from all sides. And each day seemed to bring a bizarre new twist.

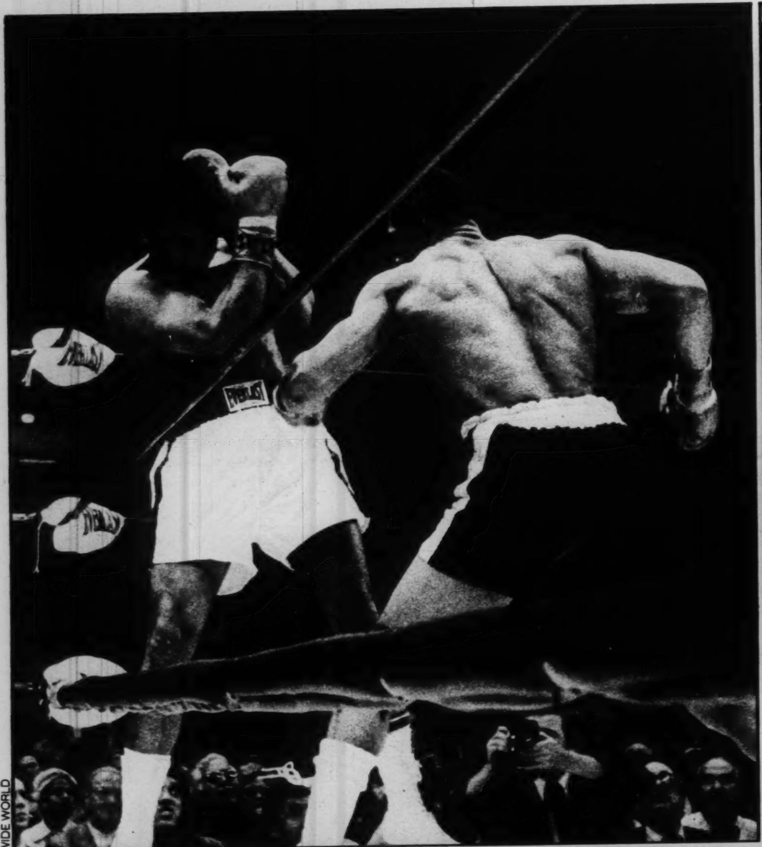
It all began when Norton's manager, Bob Biron, flew to Las Vegas for a summit with boxing's potentate of the moment, promoter Bob Arum of Top Rank, Inc. The man who controls the champ, the old saw goes, controls the sport—and Arum, many believe, controls Spinks. He's not his manager—and Spinks' handlers, for what it's worth, insist Arum does not make decisions for their man—but there's no denying that Arum and Spinks have more than the usual promoter/fighter relationship.

He is an Ivy League lawyer who wheels and deals from a posh New York office, and he has signed to promote Spinks' next three fights and has options on three more. If Spinks stays champ through those six fights, Arum could make a lot of money. If Spinks loses, Arum does too. And a lot of people think Norton would eat Spinks alive.

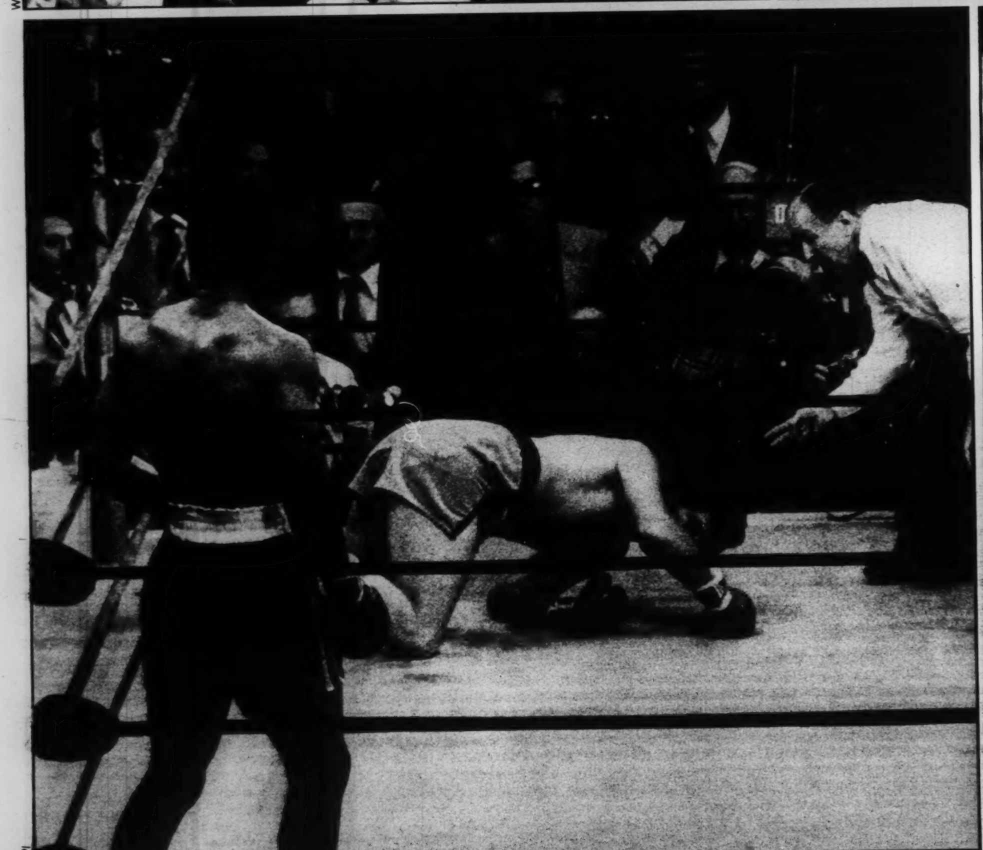
So when Bob Biron arrived in Las Vegas to negotiate a Spinks/Norton fight, Arum was in a bind. Unless he offered Norton a shot, the World Boxing Council (WBC) would strip Spinks of the title. But if he did offer Norton a shot, the oft-rebuffed challenger might strip Leon himself.

Arum is not a stupid man, and when it came time to talk turkey that day in Vegas, he made what many consider an insulting, and clever, offer: Norton would get $200,000 for a Spinks fight. That may seem a good chunk of money

PHOTOGRAPH BY CHAS GERRETSEN/LIAISON



WIDE WORLD



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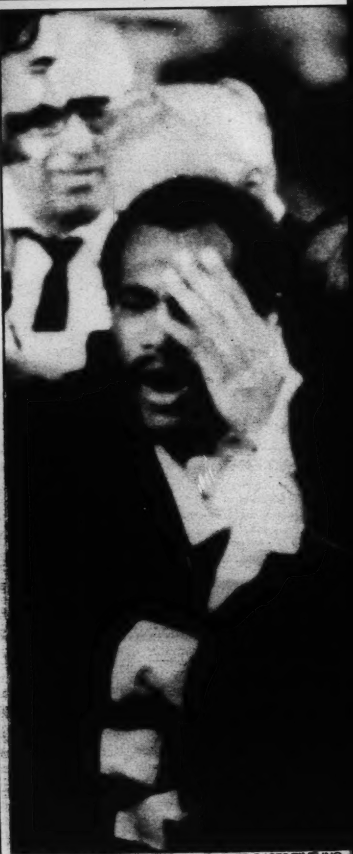
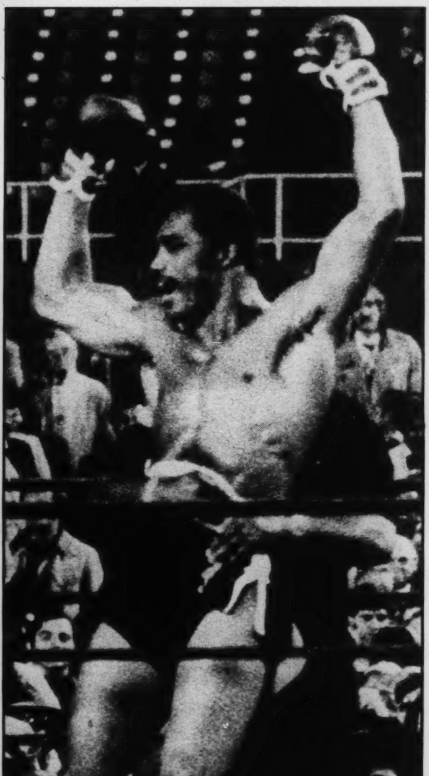


HERB SCHARFMAN/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED © 1978 TIME INC.

TONY TRIOLO/SPORTS ILLUSTRATED © 1978 TIME INC.



UPI

for a night's work, but it really isn't. A lot of people have to get paid—manager, trainer, sparring partners—and there are taxes and training expenses to consider. Even Spinks, a virtual amateur, took home $300,000 the night he beat Ali. And for fighting Jimmy Young in last year's non-title bout, Norton earned $1,750,000.

But it was a shrewd offer. Norton is known for his pride, and a proud man who is the number-one contender does not take chicken feed for a title bout. Would the vainglorious Norton decline out of pique? "When I indicated that I would give it serious consideration," Biron recalls, "Arum was panicky. He started to come up with an alternate deal, which would have put us off until late in the year and permitted an Ali/Spinks fight. They invited us up there with the fond hopes that we would stalk out of the room and reject their offer." (Top Rank spokesmen have subsequently maintained that the offer was made in good faith.) Biron told Arum he didn't want to discuss any alternate deal; he would talk over the $200,000 with Norton.

Two days later, Biron wired Arum accepting the terms. Norton was exultant. It didn't matter about the money, he said. He'd make plenty once he was champ. The important thing was that he had beaten Arum at his own game.

"He tried to screw me," Norton said one day, lounging around the coffee shop at the inn where he stays in Gilman Hot Springs, California. He had just come from the gym and was wearing a navy jogging suit, zippered open at the chest, and a towel around his neck. "Well, I called his bluff. Now after I beat that young man [Spinks], Bob Arum won't have anything to do with my fights as long as I have the title."

But it wouldn't be that simple, as Norton had feared all along. As he likes to say, "Boxing is a great sport and a dirty business." Arum returned to New York, where a few days later his associate, Butch Lewis, told reporters, "They have accepted the $200,000, but there are other terms to discuss. We might ask for certain options, and we have to set the exact date and time."

A stall, said Biron.

A Norton newsreel: (Clockwise from upper left) Muhammad Ali cowers as Norton slugs away in the 1973 fight that left Ali with a broken jaw. A year later in Caracas, Norton plays punching bag to heavyweight champ George Foreman. In Yankee Stadium, Norton leaps for joy, believing he's taken the title from Ali in their 1976 rubber match—only to break into tears moments later at the news that he's lost. And Norton watches Duane Bobick paw the canvas in their mercifully brief encounter last May.

And Lewis said, "Boxing owes Muhammad Ali a rematch. Ali gave a quick rematch to Sonny Liston when he won the title, and I'm sure Leon wants to give him one."

Biron could see it coming. Arum was trying to get out of the Norton fight. There would be a lot more money for all concerned if Spinks fought Ali. And Spinks stood a better chance of keeping his title that way.

Around the table, all eyes scan Arnold Schwarzenegger's body, transparently muscular under his civilian garb. But Norton looks bigger and tougher

But in New York, Arum told a reporter that Norton would be "the easiest guy for Spinks to fight. He's a piece of cake."

Then why don't they get it over with? Biron asked from San Diego. And he told a reporter, "We have all the essential elements of a contract."

"Says who?" Arum huffed to a sports columnist in New York. "I'd love to see Biron take me to court..."

And so began a coast-to-coast pissing contest that ended in a partial victory for Norton. The World Boxing Council voted to strip Spinks of the title for breaking his promise and gave his belt to Norton. Now, for the first time since Ali lost his title for refusing induction into the Army, there is doubt about who the champ really is.

Is it Ken Norton? The Spinks camp, clinging to its World Boxing *Association* title, sputters about the illegal actions of a "Mexican dictator" (WBC president Jose Sulaiman makes his home in Mexico City). And millions around the world will undoubtedly consider Ali the champ until the day he stops breathing. There are also people who think a crown fits more securely when it's won in the ring. Accordingly, the New York State Athletic Commission says Spinks is still the champ. But the other day Norton flew to Las Vegas, where an ailing Joe Louis, who admires him and wanted to lend his support, leaned over from his wheelchair and placed a crown on Norton's head. It's all very confusing. Still, the WBC—the larger and more prestigious of boxing's two major governing bodies—has given Norton its blessing, and that will be good enough for a lot of fight fans.

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In crowning Norton, the WBC has handed the world a supremely enigmatic champ. He is an articulate man who won't waste a full sentence when a monosyllable will do; an egotist with a self-effacing sense of humor; a loner who parties with zest. In the ring, Norton is a tough and relentless fighter who wears his opponents down—but he admits to a complete lack of the killer instinct.

He is, says Nat Loubet, editor of *The Ring* magazine, moody and intolerant, a "feisty kinda guy." But ask the people in D.J.'s coffee shop to describe the new heavyweight champ and you will likely hear a different story. D.J.'s lies a few miles down the road from Gilman Hot Springs, the small mountain town near Palm Springs where Norton trains. He spends four days a week at his training camp, and most mornings, after running three miles (eight when a fight is near), he will drive into the town of Hemet for breakfast at D.J.'s. He feels comfortable with the people there.

Heads turn when Norton walks in, and acquaintances call out to him. "Are you in training?" a woman asks.

"I'm keeping my weight down."

"You fooling around?"

Norton laughs. "A little," he says. "I'm only human, you know."

He sits down and orders breakfast. Four eggs over easy, wheat toast, ham, hash browns and an OJ with two eggs in it.

Then he hunches forward and scans the restaurant, looking for people he knows, people to play around with. He spots two friends, Ginger and Cher, heading for the next booth. "Why don't you sit with us?" he says. "'Cause if you don't, I'll feel like an orphan." They join Norton. He introduces them as beauticians. "Hair stylists," Ginger corrects.

Norton's orange juice with raw eggs arrives. He gulps it down and says it doesn't taste so bad—kind of like an Orange Julius. "It gives me oomph!" he says. "Only bad thing is, if you don't burn it off it can make you quick on the trigger sexually. Get you in bad trouble." He imitates an irritated woman: "Is that all there *is*?!" And then he laughs.

"When we get back to the shop," Ginger says to Cher, "I'd like you to cut my hair."

"I'll cut it," Norton says.

"Are you good?"

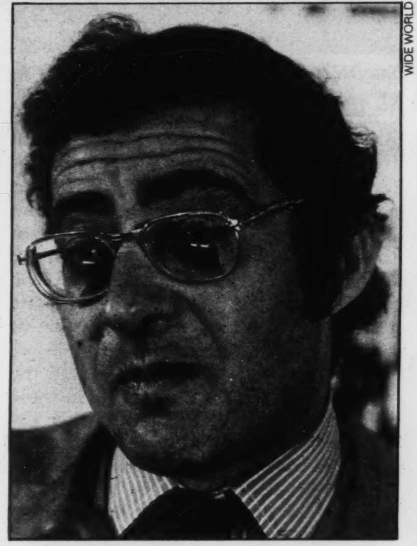
Norton arches his eyebrows with perfect Groucho lechery.

"As a *hair stylist!*" Ginger says.

"Well, everything's confidence, right? I know I can do it."

Ginger looks unconvinced, but it doesn't matter. Norton's attention is soon elsewhere. He calls for Mary, a short, middle-aged waitress who is clearing off a nearby table. When she doesn't come over fast enough he teases her. "We can go next door, you know, where the waitresses are better. Where the waitresses are younger. Go next door where the waitresses are *younger*."

WIDE WORLD


WIDE WORLD

Grudge match: Norton agreed to face Leon Spinks for $200,000, but he'd fight Bob Arum (bottom) for free

"You're treading on thinner and thinner ice," Mary says. "Keep it up and you won't have to wait for Spinks or Ali."

The next time she passes the table he grabs her hand and bites it. "How am I gonna explain those teeth marks?" she says, basking in the attention.

"That's your problem, baby." Norton laughs. He watches her walk away, his expression suddenly serious, and then he mutters, "I should have given her a hickey."

Norton enjoys breakfast at D.J.'s. It helps get rid of the pressure.

The pressure. When people ask Ken Norton why he trains in Gilman Hot Springs—certainly there are gyms near his house in L.A.—he answers that it's nice and quiet in Gilman, that people don't bug him there. Gilman Hot Springs is a hard place to find, Norton will say.

And a good thing, too, because if ever there was a time Norton didn't want to be bugged, it has been the last few weeks, with all the confusion and intrigue that has overtaken the heavyweight division. In Gilman he can escape—and the best escape of all is in the gym. Whatever happens out there—in New York and those other places—Norton will drive every afternoon the short distance from his room at Massacre Canyon Inn to an old auditorium that has been fitted with a boxing ring and punching bags. It is a small building, hardly bigger than the ring itself, with a hardwood floor and windows running the length of all four walls. Lots of natural light here, and a nice view of the surrounding mountains. The rest of the world seems very far away.

Ken Norton brings his suitcase-sized stereo cassette player to the gym every afternoon and plugs it in before he does anything else. Then he pops in a tape and comes alive as disco music bounces off the walls at a level just below the pain threshold. Norton peels down to trunks and a T-shirt and walks to the full-length mirror at the far corner. He starts to dance and shadowbox at the same time, as though in a prize fight choreographed by the Bee Gees. All the while he is checking himself out in the mirror. Jab, jab. Looking good. Bob, weave, jab. Looking good, looking good. Norton's look is one of . . . pride. Sort of an earnest, hungry pride. Studying himself in the mirror, swaying to the music, he seems oblivious to the dozen or so rapt spectators who have started to fill the gym.

When Norton finishes shadowboxing, Bill Slayton, his trainer, helps him into a pair of red Everlast gloves and the two men climb into the ring. Over the cassette player, "Brick" is singing "Feeling happy, so happy!" Norton sings along while jabbing and punching at the flat brown gloves that look like catcher's mitts which Slayton wears on his hands. As Norton dances around the ring, sweat flowing down his high brown forehead, Slayton mumbles commands. Uppercut. Combination. Jab. Norton's fists slam into Slayton's mitts with terrific force—especially the right uppercut. Slayton figures that's his man's best punch, but he wishes Norton would use it less often. "Too many uppercuts leaves you open too much," he tells Norton. And Slayton also wants Norton to work on keeping his right hand up when throwing the left hook, another potent weapon in his arsenal. Norton tends to drop his right, which leaves him open for a good left hook in return. Norton has a strange ring style. It is alternately graceful and awkward. The grace comes from his sleek strength, the gawkiness from his unusual stance: right foot planted behind him, body turned at an angle to his opponent. But while it's not boxing's most elegant pose, it makes him a tough target to hit.

After slugging Slayton's mitts for the equivalent of several rounds, Norton moves over to the heavy bag for a while, then to the double-end bag (it looks like a medicine ball that's been rooted to the ceiling and floor by elastic straps) and finally on to the speed bag. He starts slowly, hitting first with one hand and then the other, the small, teardrop-shaped bag popping against the wood on top and bouncing back to Norton's massive fists. Then he steps up the pace. His bulging arm muscles glisten with sweat. The sound and sight of the speed bag are almost hypnotic. Ka-thump. Ka-thump. Ka-thump. Ka-thump. Ka-thump. With a final flurry—the bag sounds like a machine gun now—Norton is finished. He is soaked with sweat and looks happy.

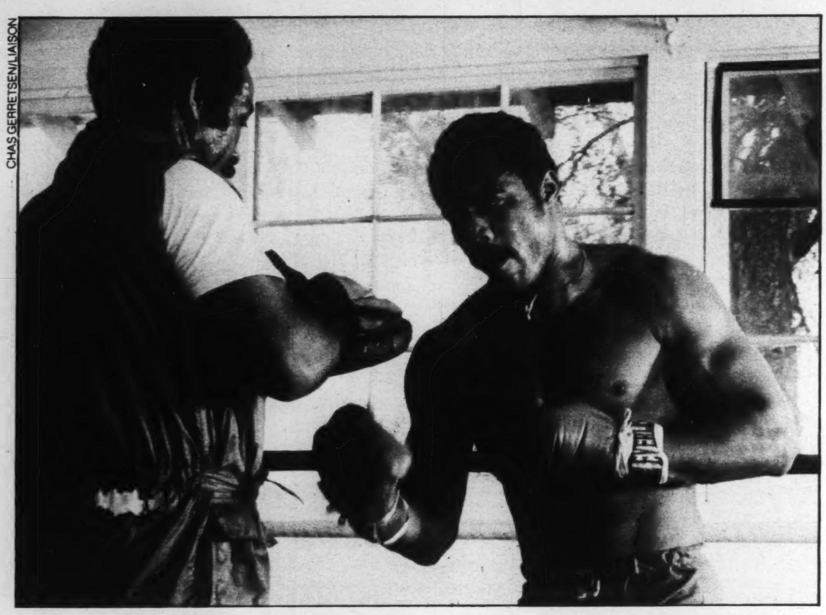
But this afternoon, like most others, Norton has only to drive back down the hill to be reminded of all the insanity. There's a radio reporter from L.A. waiting for Norton in the cocktail lounge at the inn when he returns. Bob Arum had just told Red Smith of the *New York Times*: "Personally, I would be delighted to see Norton on his back on the canvas and his career ended for $200,000. This will be one of the most hate-filled fights in history."

What about all this stuff that's going on, Kenny? the reporter asks. Norton calls Arum "very corrupt" and adds: "He's corrupting Spinks' career, he's just ruining it for Spinks, and Spinks doesn't know it." Norton's drawbridge is open now—negative thoughts coming in as they do in that tenth hour. (The other day, zooming down the freeway, Norton suddenly blurted out, "Spinks can't fight. There are other guys in the top ten who are better than he is. He was just in the right place at the right time. It's frustrating." The day before, the tenth hour found Norton hinting—but only hinting—that Ali might have thrown the Spinks fight as part of a plan to stage a big rematch.)

Today the radio reporter is curious about what Norton will do next. "I don't know what's gonna happen in the future," he says. "First of all, we're going to court, and we're gonna put an injunction on them, and their money will be so tied up that they'll never get the money. I won't get the money, but they won't see the money, either. I don't know what I'm gonna do yet. I'm just sittin' here..."

"Staying in shape?" the reporter asks.

"Staying in shape," Ken Norton says, "and letting the days go by."



Stayin' Alive: With disco music blaring in the background, Norton and his trainer work out in the gym

Now that they've known a champ like Ali, people are apt to expect a great deal from any man wearing the heavyweight crown. No longer will fans be content to ask simply, "Can he punch?" and "Can he go the distance?" They will also want to know, "Can he dance?" and "Can he rhyme?" and "Is he pretty?" They will want to know the man's politics. Anyone remember Liston's politics? No, of course not, but that was pre-Ali.

Ken Norton will never fascinate the way Ali did, but once he settles into the title, once he's comfortable with the public role, he should put on a good show, in and out of the ring. For what it's worth, he is like Ali in some ways. Vanity, for example; Norton, too, is a handsome man who dreads getting hit, particularly in the face. When he was hit in the early days, he'd often become so pissed that he'd stalk the man around the ring, forgetting about strategy and trying to unleash a killer punch. (He thinks he's shed that habit.) Like Ali, Norton is a boxing stylist. He is a crafty fighter who will bob and weave as much as he will slug. If he can't match Ali's grace, exactly, it is also true that Ali could take lessons from Norton in the art of punching well with both hands. Outside the ring, Norton, like Ali, is an agile talker. And his diction is usually perfect—he corrects himself with a vengeance if a "don't" slips out where a "didn't" belongs. Can Norton rhyme? When he wants to. ("For a million-two I'll fight Scott LeDoux," he told a reporter curious about his future bouts.) But he doesn't aspire to replace Ali as the poet of pugilism. In fact, living in Ali's shadow seems to make Norton uncomfortable. He turned down a role in the film *Rocky* (Norton is a sometime actor) because the producers wanted him to play Apollo Creed, the cocky, jive talkin' heavyweight champ. "It was *Ali*," Norton says. And he is not Muhammad Ali.

Norton has no politics to speak of. At about the same time Ali refused induction into the Army, saying he had no quarrel with the Viet Cong, Norton enlisted in the Marines and tried, unsuccessfully, to land a combat assignment. Not that Norton believed in the war. He just hadn't thought about it much. He still doesn't think about politics much, although in San Diego recently he accompanied American Indian Movement leader Dennis Banks to a meeting called to support an Indian rights cross-country walk. Norton was very secretive about the whole thing and was chagrined to learn he had been announced as an attraction at a fund-raising dance scheduled for the next night. "Those people are using my name too much," he complained. "I've got to give them a call, those Indians. Put an end to this shit. I agree with a lot of their positions, but not all of them. Some of them are too left-wing."

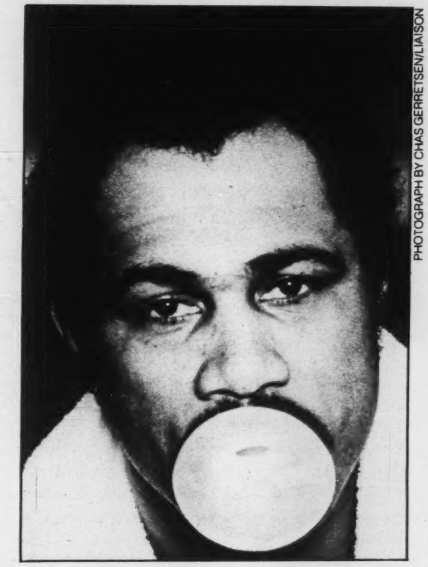
Ali travels with an entourage that would fill a small stadium. Norton, who calls himself a loner, generally travels by himself. In camp there is only Bill, his trainer; Norton likes to say he doesn't need an army of sycophants telling him constantly what a great guy he is, as he says Ali does. It's also cheaper when you don't have an entourage to support, and Norton is one fighter with a keen eye on the bottom line. He prides himself on his financial acumen. Expensive cars and gaudy jewelry are his only admitted weaknesses. Otherwise, the money is tied up in real estate and other sober investments.

Look Ali in the eye and he seems always on the verge of some bit of clowning. Norton, too, is constantly joking—"like a big kid," one of his friends says. But there are what another friend calls the "dark moods" that can last weeks at a stretch. To pull out of them, Norton likes to drive. Tonight, for example, he is taking the darkened mountain curves at 80 m.p.h. in his white Rolls Royce Silver Cloud. Outside, stiff Southern California winds buffet the car, causing a slight fishtailing. Norton is staring straight ahead, absorbed in thought. On the small finger of each hand he wears a gigantic gold ring of his own design, studded with diamonds. He is heading to Palm Springs to party, to forget about boxing for a few hours.

That's why, walking into Pal Joey's disco, he brushes past people asking about his upcoming fights with a terse "I don't know." He sits at a table in the back, but soon finds himself shaking hands ("I love you," gushes one man), signing autographs, accepting wine sent over by people at another table. Through it all he is extraordinarily patient. Then this guy in an ice cream suit heads across the dance floor toward Norton's table, a big grin on his face, his hand reaching for Norton's. *Will it never end*? But wait . . . it's Arnold Schwarzenegger, the body builder. Norton rises, smiling, and Schwarzenegger grabs his hand and shakes it, which is as close to pumping iron as you can get. Schwarzenegger asks how things are going, commiserates about the losses to Ali and wonders what Norton is doing these days. Staying in shape, Norton says—"I can't afford to take time off. Anything might happen."

Around the table, all eyes scan Schwarzenegger's body, transparently muscular under his civilian garb. But while he is formidable enough—while you wouldn't want to suggest that he was sitting in your seat, as someone did before recognizing him ("Are you *sure* of that?" Schwarzenegger asked)—while he is certainly big and tough, Norton looks bigger and tougher. He is taller, for one thing (6'3"), and his body is perfectly proportioned—Superman to Schwarzenegger's Superman caricature. Journalist Dick Schaap tells of the Los Angeles sportswriter who once asked Norton, "Ken, can I borrow your body for five days?"

"The inside opinion is that Norton can be mugged mentally, might even do it to himself without provocation"



PHOTOGRAPH BY CHAS GERRETSEN/LIAISON

Clean living: Norton eschews booze, chews gum

"Sure," Norton said. "Why?"

"Because there are three girls I want to fuck, and two guys I want to beat the shit out of."

After Schwarzenegger departs, Norton takes to the dance floor. Left at the table, Arthur Lyons, a California novelist and one of Norton's few close friends, talks of the book he hopes some day to write with Norton. It would be Norton's biography—if he ever agrees to do it. Right now Lyons isn't sure, although he thinks Norton will agree once he is secure in the championship. But then there will be the problem of getting him to open up. Norton is guarded about his life and his feelings, even with friends.

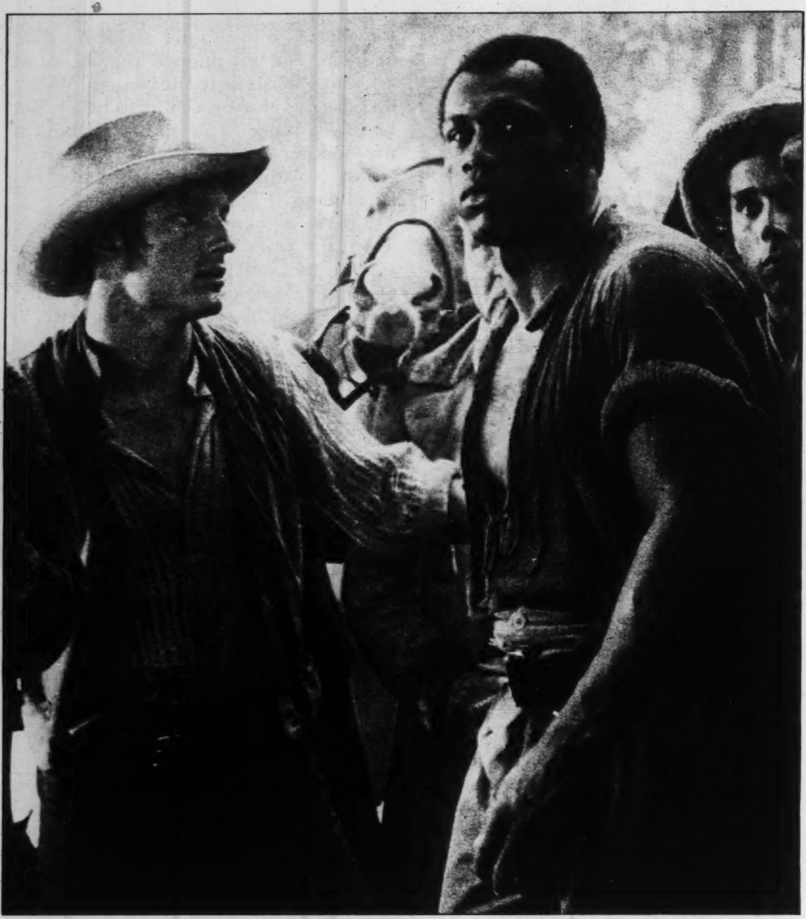
The Norton biography, Lyons says, will focus on how a man overcomes adversity to reach a particular goal, and won't dwell on where Norton grew up, when he was born and that sort of detail. It's a good thing, too, because nobody seems sure just when Ken Norton *was* born. His publicists list his date of birth as August 9, 1945. But *Official Boxing Record*, a magazine of ring statistics, says he was born in 1944, which would make him 34 this year. That's right, says trainer Bill Slayton, he's 34. But Bob Arum, trying to make the point that Norton is washed up and would therefore be easy pickings for Leon Spinks, says, "He's 37 years old. Any young, halfway-decent fighter would take him apart." Norton, of course, could clear this all up, but he likes his age kept a secret. Fighters, like movie stars, have a professional stake in remaining young as long as they can. Once, when he learned a reporter planned to call Jacksonville High to inquire about his date of birth, Norton phoned the school to ask that officials lie to the woman. With a broad grin, Norton claims to be 31, but he also admits: "I lie so much about it my mother doesn't know for sure." (Ruth Norton says she *does* know but isn't telling.)

There is considerably less dispute about the rest of Norton's life. He grew up in Jacksonville, Illinois, the only child of middle-class parents. He didn't have to fight his way out of a ghetto, as some boxers do, but that doesn't mean Norton looks back on Jacksonville with any special fondness. In fact, he's bitter about the town, considering it a bastion of racism. There was the time, for example, a restaurant fired the waitress responsible for serving his mother a meal. And there was the ice cream parlor that didn't serve blacks. Norton didn't *care*, really—wasn't outraged or hurt—but he and some friends thought it would be good, on principle, to heave a rock through the store's window, and so they did.

Otherwise, Norton's heaving was done for Jacksonville High's baseball team, for which he pitched and played center field. He also won letters in football, basketball and track. Norton's ring reputation is not that of a speedster, but in high school he ran the 100-yard-dash in 9.9, quite fast for those days and good enough to help land him a full scholarship to Northeast Missouri State College, where he played wingback on the football team.

Northeast Missouri recently named Norton an outstanding alumnus. But if the truth be known, he was more interested in panty raids than scholarship and dropped out, bored, after two years. He went to St. Louis and joined the Marines; he was put through Morse code school (it drove him crazy—the constant dot-dot-de-dot) and then sent to Camp Lejeune, North Carolina. At Lejeune Norton became a member of the football team but didn't see much action; the officers, he thought, had things rigged so that they would play even though he was better. Around Camp Lejeune these days you hear the rumor that Norton's boxing career began when he slugged a referee on the football field and someone said, "Hey—that kid can punch!" Not so, Norton says—a friend suggested he try boxing, and it sounded like a good idea.

He started boxing at the relatively advanced age of 20 (or 21 or 22 or whatever he was then). And he took to it instantly. He liked not only the man-to-man competition, the macho stuff, but also the emphasis on strategy. It reminded him of a chess game. Norton did very well on the Lejeune boxing team: a one-round knockout in his first fight, ten more in his next ten fights, All-Marine Champion in 1965, 1966



MOVIE STAR NEWS

The pugilist as thespian: Norton plays a slave in *Mandingo*

and 1967. As it came time to leave the service, he thought of becoming a cop; he says he had an offer to become a stud (judging from the stories he tells of his past, there are women all over the country who would say Norton missed his calling). But when he had thought it all through, Norton decided to become heavyweight champion of the world instead.

After he was discharged in San Diego, a group of businessmen bought themselves a piece of Norton and paid him $100 a week plus his share of the purses. Norton's career was on its way, but this was also a difficult period. He had just won custody of his son (Norton was married in the Marines) as part of a divorce that he won't talk about, and he found it almost impossible to raise a child on little more than $100 a week. In those days, friends would ask him out to clubs or parties and Norton, because he was too proud to tell them the truth, would decline by saying he had to stay home to wait for a call, or that his son was sick. In fact, he couldn't afford to go. He didn't even have the right clothes.

Norton is remarried now, with closets full of the right clothes and enough money to go wherever he wants. But none of that might have happened if not for the dizzying night of March 31, 1973, when he came from nowhere to break the jaw of the greatest heavyweight in boxing history.

The last time Norton had fought before that encounter with Muhammad Ali, he had won a purse of $300 in front of 700 people in San Diego. So the Ali bout was an enormous break, a real-life slice of *Rocky*. Ali wasn't heavyweight champion then—he would regain the title in Africa a year later—but he was something more: He was "the people's champ." Norton trained harder for the fight than he ever had before. And he made what for him was the ultimate sacrifice: no women for the last five weeks before the bout. ("I allowed them to come and see me, but there was no sex, no nothin'. And I kept strict hours.") It all paid off in the ring.

Norton has a TV cassette unit in his room at Massacre Canyon Inn, and one recent afternoon, lounging in his jogging suit after a workout in the gym, he was watching an excerpt from that fight.

"This is the last round," Norton says as the bell rings. He is stretched out on the bed, watching impassively as his video alter ego stalks toward Ali and unloads a thundering right to the face.

"That's where I hit his jaw. See that?"

Howard Cosell is beside himself. "*That right hurt Muhammad Ali! That right hurt Ali!*"

"That's where he stopped fighting, right there," Norton says. And indeed Ali looks stupefied, wobbly. Norton is punching with impunity.

Cosell is yelling now. "*There's blood in Ali's mouth! Norton is all over him!*"

Ali would later claim his jaw had been broken in the first round, not the twelfth, and that it was an act of courage to have lasted through the fight. When Norton went to visit him in the hospital the next day, Ali said, "I was pretty brave to fight like that. I had pain with every punch I threw." Norton was very polite in the hospital room that day, but now he says Ali was just trying to find an excuse for losing.

"Put it this way," he says. "If the dude's jaw had been broken early—in the *fifth* round, say—the way he was getting hit through the fight, can you imagine how big the break would have been at the end of the fight? Can you imagine the pain he would have been in? And regardless of who he is—Supernigger or whatever—he cannot endure that pain. It's impossible. The mind would have taken over, and he would have passed out."

But these are small matters. What counted was that Norton had beaten Muhammad Ali—and more than that, had forced the wiring shut of the world's most famous mouth. Ali was talking through metal and clenched teeth for weeks afterward.

They fought again five months later, and this time Ali won by a controversial split decision. But Norton had a bigger fight to think about: his upcoming bout with heavyweight champ George Foreman, Norton's first shot at the title. These days, Norton doesn't like to talk much about the Foreman fight. It must not be a very pleasant memory—not only the fight itself, which he lost in the second round, but the whole experience in Caracas, Venezuela, where the fight took place. There were death threats, and soldiers with machine guns standing around all the time. For all his deter-

Foreman slammed Norton hard under the heart. "I heard him grunt," Foreman said later, "and I knew I had him"

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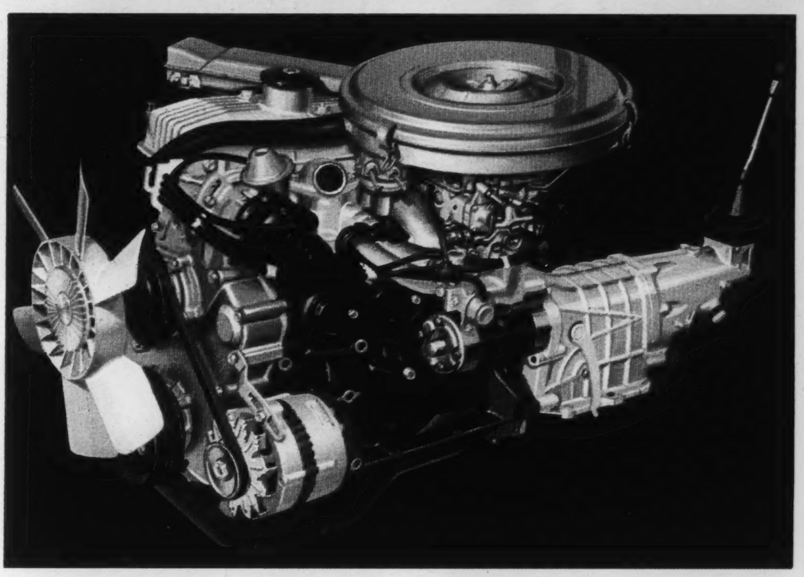

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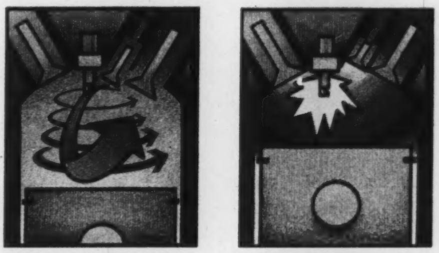

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mination and discipline, Norton has a fragile psyche. "He is a spooky heavyweight," a sportswriter once wrote of him, "a fighter who can be likened to a horse that is thrown off stride by shadows. Put simply, the inside opinion is that Norton can be mugged mentally, might even do it to himself without provocation." That's what happened in Caracas—mugged mentally—although there was certainly lots of provocation. Foreman contributed mightily to the psych job by suddenly developing a "pinched nerve" the day of the fight. It was widely seen as a ploy by Foreman's manager to win leverage in the battle between the Norton and Foreman camps over who the referee would be. Later that day, after Norton's people capitulated, Foreman left the hospital, crediting his speedy recovery to the miracle of prayer. He was now ready to fight, but Norton was not. He had waited in his hotel room until an hour before the bout, not sure it would come off. It was then that manager Bob Biron called and told Norton to rush to El Poliedro arena. All things considered, he should have stayed put. Nerves, confusion and the specter of Foreman (39–0 going into the bout) had ganged up on Norton. "Ken wasn't there," Biron recalls. "His eyes were glazed. He was totally psyched out, blanked out."

The fight was a mismatch from the start. In the second round, Foreman slammed Norton hard under the heart. "I heard him grunt," Foreman said later, "and I knew I had him." A few more uppercuts and Norton was on the canvas. He struggled to his feet just before the ten count, but the referee had seen enough and stopped the fight.

With Foreman now planning a comeback, the talk in fight circles is that Norton dreads a rematch, that he is afraid to get in the ring again with "the Executioner," as Foreman calls himself. Is it true? "A lot of people say that," Norton concedes. But no, he says, he's not afraid of Foreman and actually would like another shot at him. "I owe him one," he says.

Norton adds that if he were to fear any boxer—*if* he were—it would be a man like Jose Luis Garcia, who can startle you with a knockout punch (as he did Norton in 1970); or a man like Jimmy Young, who's so damn elusive that you go to thump him and he's gone; or a man like Muhammad Ali, who's *smart*. Still, Norton says, "I think I'm as smart as he is, if not smarter. I think I'm as quick as he is, if not faster. And I know I'm stronger than him."

Most fight watchers would disagree, giving speed to Ali, strength to Norton (in a close contest) and smarts, once again, to Ali—not for any intellectual edge, necessarily, but because he can out-pysch an opponent at 50 paces. Editor Nat Loubet thinks Norton blew the third Ali fight (September 1976, Yankee Stadium) because he fooled around in the 11th, trying to duplicate Ali's "rope-a-dope." "He wanted to be as great as Ali and show the people he could do what Ali did," Loubet says. "And lost the fight, in my book, because of it." That shows, Loubet says, how Ali can mess with your mind.

The loss to Ali in the third fight was perhaps toughest of all for Norton to bear. He thought he had the fight won—and the heavyweight title with it. At the final bell he was ecstatic, yelling at Ali, "I beat you! I beat you!" That's how the crowd had seen it, too. When Ali's unanimous—but paper-thin—victory was announced, the stadium erupted in a chorus of boos. Norton wept unabashedly in his corner. His trainer, Bill Slayton, a soft-spoken man who prides himself on staying calm, fell into an uncharacteristic rage. He spat out a string of obscenities, then said to Norton, "If I was you, I'd quit. I wouldn't fight again."

It hadn't been a great bout—Joe Garagiola called it "the first no-hitter in the new Yankee Stadium"—but most reporters agreed that Norton had been robbed. For a while he considered taking Slayton's rash advice and quitting, but that dark mood eventually passed. Eight months later he returned to annihilate Duane Bobick, then went on to knock out Lorenzo Zanon and beat Jimmy Young in a 15-round "elimination match" to see who would face Ali. (The victory brought Norton's pro record to 39–4, with 32 knockouts.) He was finally ready for another crack at the title—but that, of course, wasn't to be.

The champ, no fool, wanted nothing more to do with Norton. Ali stalled, meanwhile fighting "a bum a month," as one commentator put it. Finally, at the insistence of the WBC, Ali signed a letter promising to fight Norton next—right after he finished with Leon Spinks. The night of that fight, Norton saw his potential $4 million purse disappear as Spinks beat Ali. Later, in Ali's dressing room, Norton grabbed the ex-champ's hand and said, "Don't feel bad. You weren't the only loser. I lost, too."

Now the title (or at least a share of it) is Norton's by default. Norton accepted the WBC crown enthusiastically, but he knows as well as his detractors (who call him a "paper champion") that the title won't really be his until he whups the other champ. Whether or not he gets the chance is up to Bob Arum as much as anyone. And Arum says he's not interested in promoting a Norton fight—not now, and not later against the winner of the Ali/Spinks rematch. "No," Arum says, "I think that Norton has made his bed by pressing the WBC into precipitous action. I don't think Norton figures in anyone's plans."

But Norton says he is eager for a fight ("I'm getting itchy"), and it looks as though he will simply defend his WBC title as if it were the only crown around. First in line to challenge Norton is Larry Holmes, probably in June. Holmes, an agile young heavyweight, outclassed Earnie Shavers in their bout March 25, although Shavers is the only substantial opponent Holmes has faced. Norton says he's ready for Holmes—Holmes and anyone else. "I will fight everyone around," he says. "I can afford to fight the top contenders. Spinks can't fight them. He'd get beat."

Sooner or later, of course, there is bound to be a public groundswell for the WBC champ to meet the WBA champ. And the sooner for Norton the better. He doesn't want to stay in the game much longer—another year or so should do it. You tempt fate when you stay around too long, you invite injury. Boxing, the late sportswriter Jimmy Cannon once wrote, "is a filthy enterprise and if you stay in it long enough your mind will become a concert hall where Chinese music never stops playing." None of that Chinese music for Norton.

Although one of Norton's publicists says "there's no fighter in history who's been victimized like he has" (Has the man never heard of Jack Johnson? Or, for that matter, Muhammad Ali?), the plain truth is that Norton's life isn't half bad.

In Jacksonville, North Carolina, recently, where Norton had gone to help NBC television broadcast the Interservice Boxing Championships from Camp Lejeune, people were tripping over themselves to keep the man happy. A local car dealer gave Norton the free use of an Olds 98 while in town, hoping only that the "Rex Kennedy Oldsmobile" signs on either side of the Nortonmobile would bring some high-class publicity. (After two days, Norton suddenly said "I'm tired of this shit" and pulled the signs off.) A local baker presented him with a monstrous cake bearing Norton's likeness in frosting and the salutation "The Real Champ, Ken Norton." The mayor of Jacksonville awarded him a plaque—"in appreciation for your inspiration to the men of the armed forces." ("I'm very flattered by this," Norton told the mayor during the presentation at Camp Lejeune. "When I left here they ran me out.")

On his final night in Jacksonville, Norton headed for the Club 500, a black disco. The dance floor was packed as he walked in, the music deafening. When the club's disc jockey spotted Norton, he yelled into the microphone, "Yeah—Ken Norton is the people's champ!" The people's champ, huh? Well, that's not half bad. It helps to take the pressure off. Smiling, Ken Norton wiggled out of his jacket, opened the drawbridge and danced till closing time. ●

Ms. Understood

After ten years of in-fighting, a unified women's movement is ready to take on the enemy

by Grace Lichtenstein

On March 22, in a ceremony in the White House East Room packed with women from around the country, Bella Abzug handed Jimmy Carter a document called *The Spirit of Houston*. On its cover is a photograph of three women holding a symbolic torch; within its 250 pages, a collection of words representing 10 years of the feminist movement—the National Plan of Action resoundingly approved by delegates to the first National Women's Conference held in the Texas city last fall.

"We welcome what you've done," Abzug told the President and the crowd, which included Era, an infant girl so named because her mother had gone into labor on the Houston convention floor. "But it's not enough." Everyone cheered. The President promised to work hard for the Equal Rights Amendment, Rosalynn smiled, and Amy was given a Women's Year T-shirt.

In Congresswoman Barbara Jordan's words, the goals of this Plan of Action are so reasonable they sound like stanzas of "America the Beautiful." But they are also strikingly similar to those set forth in the 1968 "Bill of Rights" proposed by the then-fledgling group called the National Organization for Women. Published a decade ago, that document called for passage of the Equal Rights Amendment, a ban on discrimination in employment, laws covering mothers' and homemakers' rights, equality in education, child care centers and legal abortions—the very same things called for in Houston.

The Houston plan, however, is far more detailed, incorporating major planks for non-white and lesbian women, two factions of the feminist movement with which the early NOW members were uncomfortable. It outlines specific ways to mandate equality for older women, rural women, women in the arts, in business and on welfare as well. Where the NOW program merely demanded government-funded child care centers, the International Women's Year (IWY) plan spells out "comprehensive, voluntary, flexible hour, bias-free, non-sexist, low-cost, quality child care."

A more sophisticated plea, perhaps, but one that says American women are again knocking on government's door, asking the bureaucrats, among other things, to please mind the kids. Moreover, the key item in the IWY plan, the plank that drew the most enthusiastic endorsements from all sectors, is the Equal Rights Amendment, first proposed not ten years ago, but in 1923. It is an issue that Kate Millet wryly characterizes as "a hoary old biscuit that should have been digested long ago and hasn't even been cooked yet."

By law, Carter must in turn present Congress with ideas for implementing the plan. And before the summer, we can expect a major presidential statement on the status of women, probably embracing some, but not all, of the IWY resolutions.

So far, so good. The plan, admirable and sober, may be to the women's movement what the hymnal is to born-again Christians—minus the foot-stomping revivalist spirit—but what does it really mean? Has the women's movement

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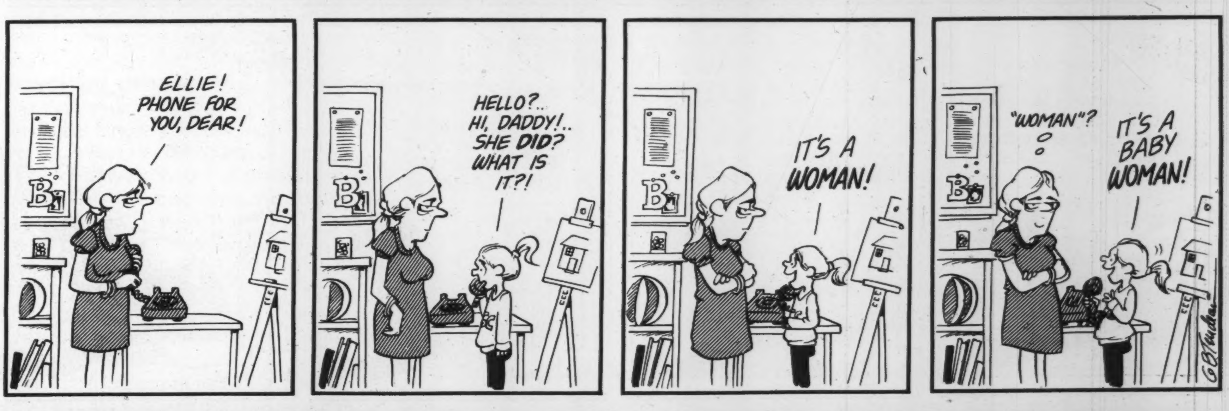
Grace Lichtenstein, a reporter for the New York Times, *is the author of* Desperado, *an account of her experiences in the modern American West.*


ELLIE! PHONE FOR YOU, DEAR!
BJ
HELLO?.. HI, DADDY!.. SHE DID? WHAT IS IT?!
IT'S A WOMAN!
"WOMAN"?
IT'S A BABY WOMAN!
G.B. Trudeau

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turned our heads 180 degrees, or are we back where we were nearly a decade ago—without an ERA, without child-care centers, without lesbian rights, without equal pay for equal work. What did the Houston conference signify?

Another landmark in the progress of feminism, surely; a rousing four-day pep rally of 15,000 female souls that rekindled the fires of a movement some had prematurely pronounced dead. But a more important message came out of Houston: The success of the women's movement, regardless of how many people attend a convention, rests not on the "hard" economic gains pursued by what is now a mass movement of moderate reformers but on the "soft" attitudinal gains nurtured by vibrant leftists a decade ago.

There were always two branches of the movement, the reformist, or women's right wing, and the revolutionary, or women's liberation wing. Out of the former, spurred by the publication of Betty Friedan's *The Feminine Mystique,* grew the demands of postwar middle-class women for equal pay, equal promotions, an equal shot at the American dream of success. Out of the latter, spurred by the civil rights and antiwar movements of the sixties, came the younger, more political, more theoretical women.

Without the reformist moderates to push for a $5-million government grant for International Women's Year, there would have been no Houston Conference. Still, the moderates came to the meeting with little progress on pocketbook issues to show for their efforts over the decade. The very women who were in charge in Houston last November—business, professional, government and academic women—have benefited the least from their efforts.

Consider the statistics. In private business, women 10 years ago earned, on average, only 60 percent of men's salaries for comparable jobs. The figure is nearly the same today. Since 1966, women have jumped from 16 percent of the "managers and administrators" to 25 percent nationwide. But men in this category earn an average of $16,674; women earn only $9,804.

The record is nearly as dismal for those at the very top of the heap—corporate executives and professors. "On average, women executives' salaries run about 20 percent behind those of men in comparable jobs," a *Business Week* study revealed recently. Another recent study indicates that female college professors earn $3,000 less than their male counterparts.

Bureaucrats often call attention to statistics that show more and more women entering the labor force, especially in fields once considered male preserves, such as engineering and medicine. It is true that women made up only 33.9 percent of the labor force in 1950, and that the figure had climbed to 47.3 percent by 1976.

The gains in professional job categories have been small. In 1950, 95.9 percent of the lawyers and judges in this country were men; in 1976, the percentage had dropped only slightly, to 90.8 percent. Almost 99 percent of all engineers in 1950 were men; in 1976 the percentage was 98.2. In 1950, 93.5 percent of physicians were men; in 1976 the percentage was 87.2.

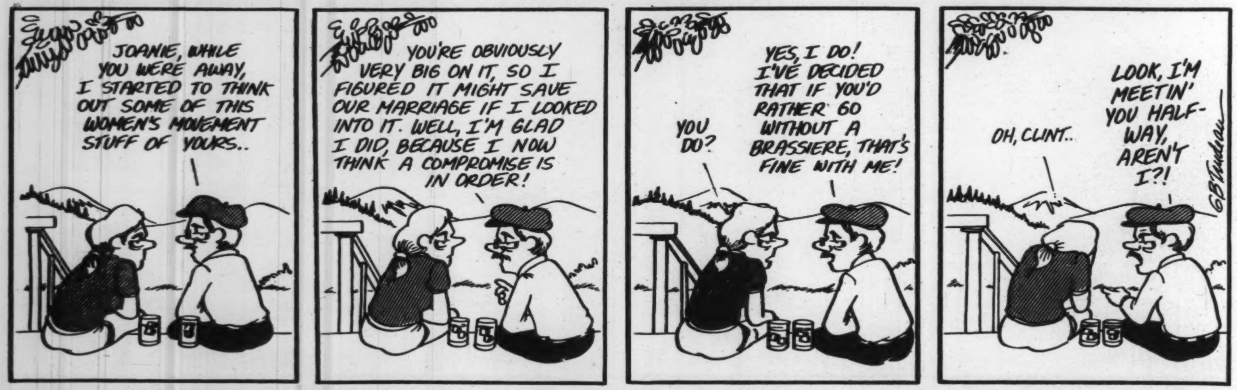
The government, it seems, is an even poorer equal opportunity employer than private business. While the Carter Administration brags that 14 percent of the top federal jobs are now held by women, the statistic is suspect since only a year before it was 2.8 percent. Ten years earlier, women made up 1.7 percent of the top federal bureaucrats. In 1975 women held 35 percent of all government white-collar jobs and 50 percent of all white-collar jobs in the private sector. It is little wonder that Alan Campbell, chairman of the Civil Service Commission, said recently that he was "not satisfied" with his department findings. The occasion for his remark? The 10th anniversary of the executive order that was supposed to have banished sex discrimination in federal employment.

In nonstatistical terms, it means that a Juanita Kreps in the Cabinet, a Patricia Schroeder in Congress, a Hanna Holborn Gray in education, a Rosalyn Yalow in medicine or a Rosie-the-Riviter in a telephone company advertisement continues to be as unique as she was when women's rights groups first began their big lobbying efforts.

The revolutionaries, on the other hand, did make strides. Thousands of women came to Houston because their consciousness had been lifted irrevocably by the ideas of radical thinkers from early movement days. They have gained something much more subtle—a stronger self-image—and can identify themselves with other women, can separate their lives from the lives of their husbands, all because of a "revolution in the mind."

It was the loose collection of dissidents far to the left of the Friedanites who coined new phrases such as "sexism," "consciousness raising" and "sisterhood is powerful"; they talked not of discrimination but of oppression, not of equal employment but of the "myth of the vaginal orgasm."

They wrote and they demonstrated, often shocking their moderate sisters. Venturing into the uncharted world of new sex roles, they invented forms of expression to deal with their experiences. The most important, the consciousness-raising session, pushed women into speaking of personal experiences as they related to the political issues of male domination. Anyone who reflects on her first consciousness-raising meeting recalls the electric charge that could course through a living room when 10 women who had each felt the humiliation of a wolf whistle suddenly began pouring out emotional tales of suppressed hostility. They discovered after so many years that their feelings were not unique but shared by women just like them. Within these small


JOANIE, WHILE YOU WERE AWAY, I STARTED TO THINK OUT SOME OF THIS WOMEN'S MOVEMENT STUFF OF YOURS..
YOU'RE OBVIOUSLY VERY BIG ON IT, SO I FIGURED IT MIGHT SAVE OUR MARRIAGE IF I LOOKED INTO IT. WELL, I'M GLAD I DID, BECAUSE I NOW THINK A COMPROMISE IS IN ORDER!
YOU DO?
YES, I DO! I'VE DECIDED THAT IF YOU'D RATHER GO WITHOUT A BRASSIERE, THAT'S FINE WITH ME!
OH, CLINT..
LOOK, I'M MEETIN' YOU HALF-WAY, AREN'T I?!
GBTrudeau

groups, a collective ideology was born.

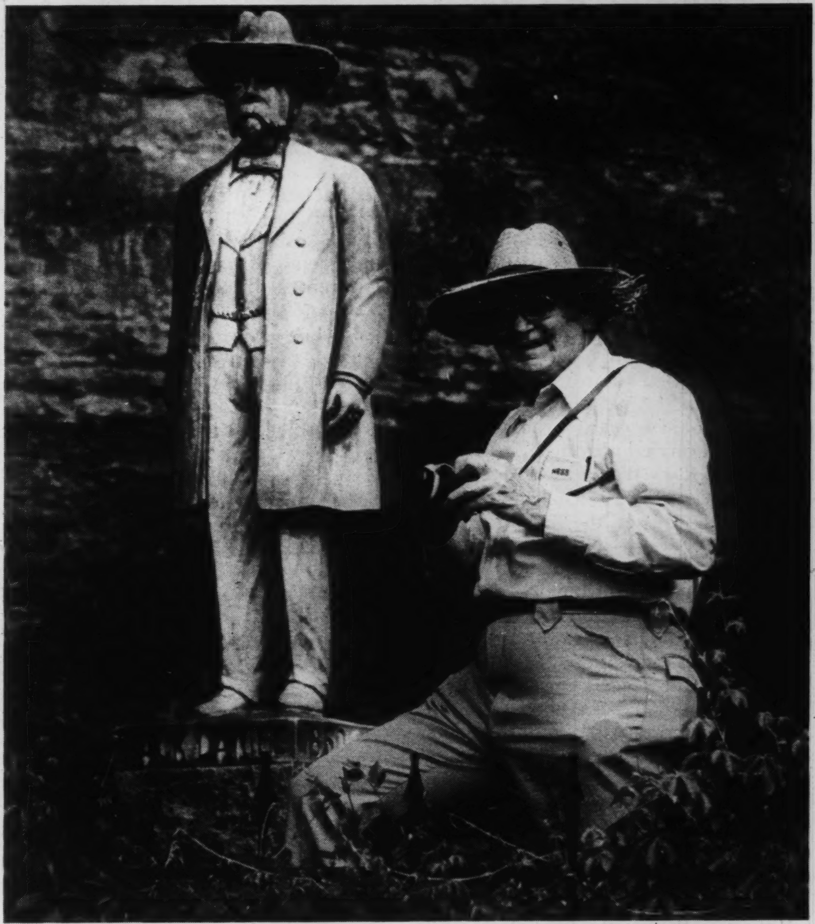
For the revolutionary participants, it was a heady time, a time of moods ranging from anguish to anger to joy. It is sometimes difficult in the somber seventies to remember just how explosive the late sixties could be. Along with the private consciousness-raising sessions came the public actions: "libbers" dumping (*not* burning) bras into a "freedom trash basket" in Atlantic City to protest the sexism of the Miss America contest; picketing the New York City Marriage License Bureau as an agency of slavery; staging heart-breaking "speakouts" to publicize the horror of illegal abortions; seizing control of an underground newspaper; staging a "witches" raid on the New York Stock Exchange. No Robert's Rules of Order governed the feminists: Leaderlessness was enforced by rotating all organization jobs. Nor did bourgeois politeness stop Catholic conservative Patricia Buckley Bozell from trying to punch Ti-Grace Atkinson, an especially fiery feminist, at a public forum in which Atkinson made insulting remarks about the Virgin Mary.

The writings of these radicals, particularly *Notes*, a collection of essays from the earliest years of the movement, appeared as outrageous as their actions. "Bitches are aggressive, assertive, domineering, overbearing, strong-minded, spiteful, hostile, direct, blunt, candid, obnoxious, thick-skinned, hard-headed, vicious, dogmatic, competent, competitive, pushy, loud-mouthed, independent, stubborn, demanding, manipulative, egoistic, driven, achieving, overwhelming, threatening, scary, ambitious, tough, brassy, masculine, boisterous and turbulent," wrote Joreen in a typically incendiary paper, ***The Bitch Manifesto.*** "A Bitch," she declared, "takes shit from no one. You may not like her, but you cannot ignore her." Any woman who had ever been called at least three of the names mentioned suddenly saw them as fighting words.

The few women who wrote, spoke or acted out liberation a decade ago were influential far beyond their immediate circles. Like pollen carried by the wind, their message was seeded throughout the country by the national media. They articulated thoughts that were already there, inside women's minds. "It was like the old cliche of the light bulb going on above my head," a lawyer recalled.

It was also terribly confusing to millions of women raised on the notion that their destiny was defined and circumscribed by men. "Overexposure to women's liberation leads, I found, to headaches, depression and a fierce case of the shakes," wrote Sara Davidson (a feminist by any standard today) in *Life* magazine in 1969.

By 1973, the energy that had fueled the radicals was getting diffuse. Egalitarian, structureless, feuding groups



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formed, joined with others, then split like so many amoebas under a microscope. Self-defense and health workshops, feminist working communes, theater and publishing ventures, all began to claim the attention of the revolutionaries, now past the initial stage of collective consciousness raising.

The moderates, in turn, were following male hierarchical patterns, forming groups like NOW and the Women's Equity Action League to petition government and the courts. Believing that they could use the system to affect change, they were winning important early battles.

They founded *Ms.* in 1972, providing the medium through which liberating thoughts could reach nonradical thinkers. They carried through the *Doe* v. *Bolton* and *Roe* v. *Wade* cases that led the Supreme Court in 1973 to legalize abortions. They pressed the Equal Employment Opportunity Commission sex discrimination in employment cases that led to a string of pro-women settlements from such corporations as American Telephone and Telegraph (the country's largest), the National Broadcasting Company and *Readers Digest* magazine. They pushed for enforcement of a federal anti-discrimination order that has forced every leading college and university to establish affirmative action programs. Through their efforts more women were admitted into male-dominated unions, legislatures and boardrooms. They got 13 states to pass state equal rights amendments, 35 to approve a federal ERA, and Congress to outlaw sex discrimination in credit.

Beyond that, they won respectability for feminism. Revolutionary ideas were hard enough for middle-American women to digest, let alone when they came out of the mouths of blue-jeaned, booted, braless young women. It remained for the Gloria Steinems, the Elizabeth Holtzmans, the Eleanor Holmes Nortons to convey similar ideas in softer, more acceptable tones.

By 1975, disputes over the editorial direction of *Ms.* and over Gloria Steinem's long-past involvement with a CIA front group, to name just two, had alienated many early activists. They had given the movement a dialectic—but revolutionary philosophers do not necessarily make good long-distance organizers.

By default, organizing fell to the reformers. Because they were not uncomfortable using male society's tools such as conventions, court challenges, press conferences and the like, their groups—NOW and the National Women's Political Caucus—stayed alive and prospered. The reformers used government, joining it through appointive posts (with each succeeding federal administration there *has* been a larger number of visible, token females), winning elective office and lobbying within its framework.

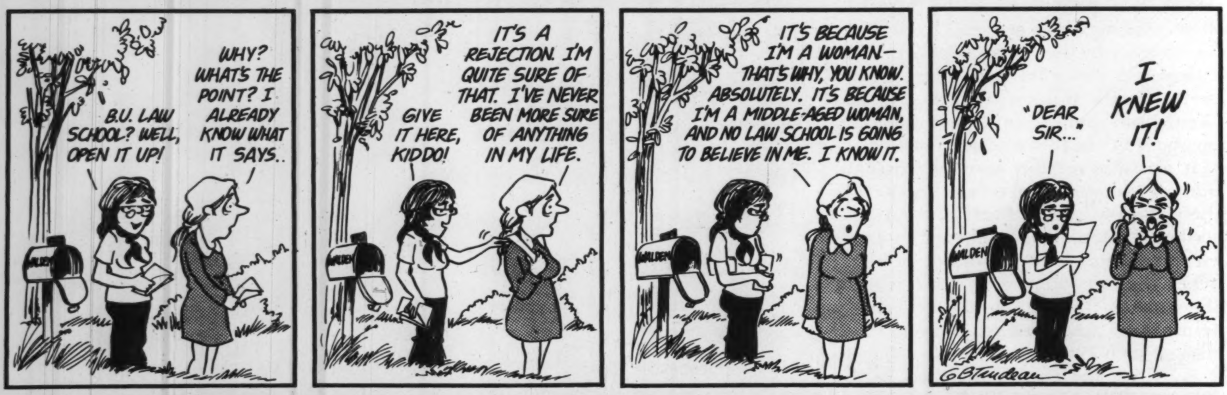
Over the years, however, many moderates sacrificed principles in favor of style. While the radicals were discussing lesbian rights and welcoming lesbian feminists into the movement as early as 1970, moderates, with Betty Friedan at the forefront, railed against the "lavender menace." NOW suffered a destructive split over lesbianism that was not truly healed until Houston, when NOW president Eleanor Smeal made a point of speaking in favor of "sexual preference" rights for all. The National Women's Political Caucus agonized through divisive arguments over race and what role it should play in feminist politics. And even now, abortion is a touchy subject among thousands of women who are the first to call themselves feminists on almost any other issue.

Today, when activists assess how they've come a long way, baby (funny that no one bothers to brand that slogan "sexist" anymore), they talk more of the soft, attitudinal gains. The reason? Consciousness raising has made truly remarkable progress. The fact is that some 140,000 women participated in state IWY meetings—despite Ku Klux Klan, Phyllis Schlafly, Right to Life, or Mormon machinations—and overwhelmingly elected feminist delegates to the national convention. Ten years ago plenty of the delegates would have been afraid to show their faces at anything more feminist than a PTA meeting.

Remarkable, too, is the fact that poor black, Hispanic, Chicano, Asian and Native American women can now align themselves with upper-middle-class white women and can identify themselves as feminists. In the early days of the movement, nonwhites were as rare as hen's teeth. "Many black women were reluctant to join the women's movement because they felt more attention was given to sex discrimination than to race discrimination," recalls Dorothy Height of the National Council of Negro Women.

Within the past few years, however, black and white women have been brought closer together by fighting parallel battles. "To the extent that the women's movement can further the development of women and black people, I have been able to join the women's movement on certain issues," Susan Perry, a black lawyer, told a 1976 conference, citing her first coalition with white women at Rutgers Law School over women's prison conditions. Last year, when federal Medicaid funding for abortions was cut off, poor nonwhite women were hurt the most. "We can no longer afford to be divided," said a Chicano leader in Houston after the conference approved a strong "minority women" plank with an emotional hand-holding "We Shall Overcome" show of unity. "We recognize," said Coretta Scott King, never before known as a feminist, "that we're all interdependent."

In the arts, in sports, in that nebulous area called "lifestyle," more soft gains can be discerned. Not just the appearance but the success of such movies as *The Turning Point, Julia, Looking for Mr. Goodbar, Antonia: A Portrait of a Woman* and others is a case in point. Billie Jean King's ascension to superstar status in pro sports is a feminist victory. The turnaround in the field of nonfiction


B.U. LAW SCHOOL? WELL, OPEN IT UP!
WHY? WHAT'S THE POINT? I ALREADY KNOW WHAT IT SAYS..
WALDEN
GIVE IT HERE, KIDDO!
IT'S A REJECTION. I'M QUITE SURE OF THAT. I'VE NEVER BEEN MORE SURE OF ANYTHING IN MY LIFE.
IT'S BECAUSE I'M A WOMAN—THAT'S WHY, YOU KNOW. ABSOLUTELY. IT'S BECAUSE I'M A MIDDLE-AGED WOMAN, AND NO LAW SCHOOL IS GOING TO BELIEVE IN ME. I KNOW IT.
"DEAR SIR..."
I KNEW IT!
GBTrudeau

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"I have my own ideas about smoking."

"I know what I like out of life. And one of the things I like is smoking. But there's no getting away from the stories I keep hearing about cigarettes and high tar.

"There's also no getting away from why I smoke. I smoke for the pleasure of it. For the taste. And for enjoying a cigarette after my long day as a teacher.

"Then at night when I work my other job—as a drummer—I enjoy lighting up between sets. It's part of the way I live.

"For me, the dilemma was how to find a cigarette that could give me taste without high tar. And that was quite a dilemma.

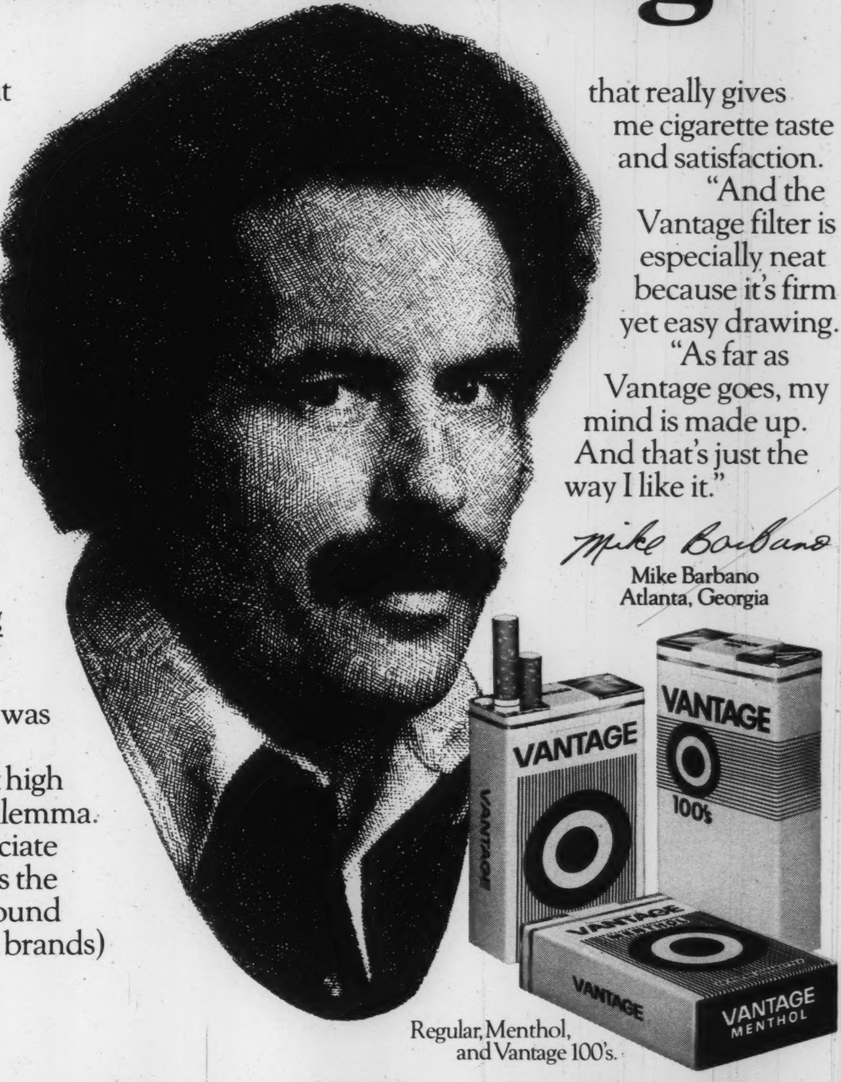
"Which is why I appreciate Vantage as much as I do. It's the only low-tar cigarette I've found (and I've tried several other brands) that really gives me cigarette taste and satisfaction.

"And the Vantage filter is especially neat because it's firm yet easy drawing.

"As far as Vantage goes, my mind is made up. And that's just the way I like it."

Mike Barbano

Mike Barbano
Atlanta, Georgia



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FILTER: 11 mg. "tar", 0.7 mg. nicotine,
MENTHOL: 11 mg. "tar", 0.8 mg. nicotine, av. per cigarette, FTC Report AUG. '77;
FILTER 100's: 11 mg. "tar", 0.9 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

bestsellers such as ***The Managerial Woman*** and ***The Woman's Dress For Success Book*** on the one side and ***Looking Good*** and ***Francesco Scavullo on Men*** on the other, suggests a fascinating trend, though not necessarily one feminists should applaud. (Must women follow the same dumb road as males on the capitalist treadmill? Do we really want female Michael Kordas? Should men imitate female narcissism?)

The Houston conference also celebrated many tenuous hard gains and emphasized the need to strive for more, a reflection of its domination by the moderate, establishment feminists who are practical doers, not cerebral philosophers. Yet the most important accomplishment was the infusion of a joyful, boisterous, combative spirit into a movement that, having lost its original radical energy, badly needed a new surge of enthusiasm. As Gloria Steinem said when the meeting was skidding toward an almost giddy high at the end of four days: "It's like Woodstock Nation, the Democratic National Convention and a consciousness-raising session all rolled into one."

But if Houston showed feminism at its middle-of-the-road best, what has happened to the original radicalism? A handful of movement revolutionaries attended the conference: Kate Millett (to lend support to lesbians), Ellen Willis (most concerned about abortion), and Alix Kates Shulman among them. Others who were once Redstockings, Witches and Bitches are writing books, raising children, teaching women's studies. Feminist writer Robin Morgan works two days a week for *Ms.* Ti-Grace Atkinson teaches at an experimental college in Washington State. Others have surfaced in streams of the movement that have recently flowed out of its 10-year well. And much of their new concern centers on what Millett calls "the violence of patriarchal society"—pornography, rape, child abuse, wife-battering.

In both New York and California, for instance, antipornography groups have organized to confront a multi-million-dollar industry that, as the New York group defines it, presents "images of brutality" against women in porn films, magazines, stores, live shows, record album covers and billboards.

To these women, pornography is not a harmless entertainment but an attitude that glorifies the degradation of women and has a strong connection to rape and child molestation. Although many of them have long fought for freedom of speech, they argue that the First Amendment was never intended to protect material promoting violence.

One side effect of this attack on pornography could be, of all things, an alliance between radical feminists and conservative middle-American antismut groups. Some activists see porn as the ideal issue to start with in winning the hearts and minds of the right-wing Schlaflyites.

It sounds farfetched. Pornography was not even on the agenda in Houston, and the one place it did crop up was in a substitute child-abuse resolution prepared by the antifeminist forces. When Schlafly was queried on porn, she seemed more concerned with "lesbian pornography" than the more prevalent *Hustler* kind. Nevertheless, she added, "I personally feel pornography is a great exploitation of women." State Senator Joan Gubbins of Indiana, leader of the antifeminist delegates, went further: "If they [feminists] have finally become concerned about this issue, we'd be happy to have them join us." Politics might indeed make strange bedsisters.

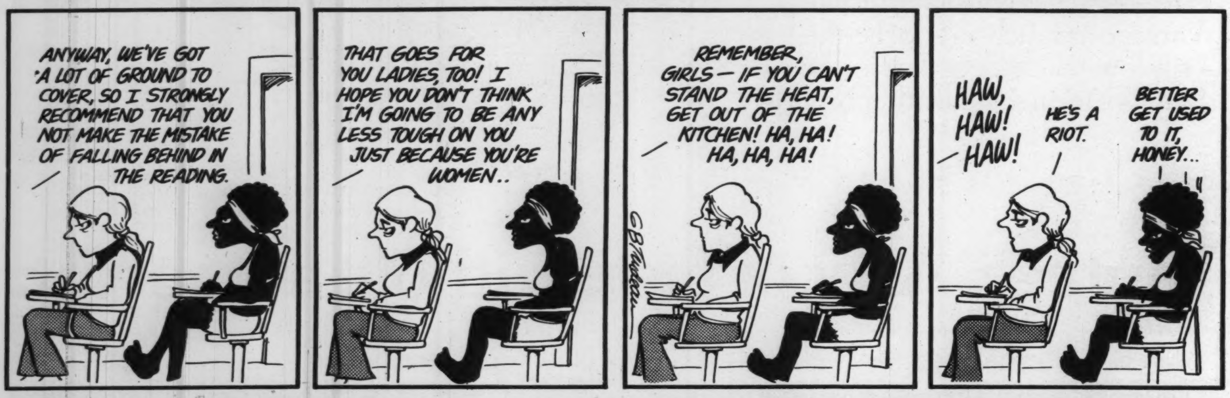
In the case of wife-battering, feminist activists are already forging links among legislators, community organizers and the poor women so often left out of the movement.

The future of the movement lies as much in these new areas of activism as it does in passage of the ERA, preservation of abortion rights or establishment of lesbian rights. Among the dangers lurking behind the success of the IWY conference is that too many observers may measure the continuing health of the women's movement solely by whether or not the ERA is passed in the needed three more states this year. If it does *not* pass, they'll have to work just as hard to keep the mass ERA coalition together. Either way, it's good to keep in mind that the first feminist movement fell apart in 1920, *after* suffrage was won, because it had become a one-issue affair.

Then there is the danger of timidity. It may be smart strategy at a convention, or in Congress, to re-label the abortion issue "reproductive freedom" and "prochoice," or to call lesbian rights "sexual preference," but those code words fool no one. Imitating "right to life" and "pro-family" semantics only muddies the waters.

Lastly, danger lies in misdirecting feminist anger—that clean, constructive anger of oppression—toward the female Fifth Columnists like Schlafly. Maybe she should get a half-hearted thanks for forcing feminists to get their act together, for welding middle-of-the-roaders and militants into temporary unity. The real enemy is the same as it has always been: the white male power structure. The National Abortion Rights Action League had the right idea when, in a recent mailing, it listed all the Roman Catholic dioceses and archdioceses that had funded an anti-abortion lobby group. NARAL also rediscovered the value of feminist anger. Since the backlash began two years ago with the Hyde amendment to limit Medicaid abortions, NARAL has quadrupled its membership to 26,000 and raised enough money for 3 million pieces of direct-mail propaganda.

Houston certified a new, mass dimension to this revolution birthed in the sixties. Whatever happens to the plan Bella handed to Jimmy in March, one thing is clear. While the women's movement is maturing into the lowered expectations of the seventies, sisterhood is still mighty powerful. As Margaret Mead said: "Women are very hard to scare." ●


ANYWAY, WE'VE GOT A LOT OF GROUND TO COVER, SO I STRONGLY RECOMMEND THAT YOU NOT MAKE THE MISTAKE OF FALLING BEHIND IN THE READING.
THAT GOES FOR YOU LADIES, TOO! I HOPE YOU DON'T THINK I'M GOING TO BE ANY LESS TOUGH ON YOU JUST BECAUSE YOU'RE WOMEN..
REMEMBER, GIRLS — IF YOU CAN'T STAND THE HEAT, GET OUT OF THE KITCHEN! HA, HA! HA, HA, HA!
G.B. Trudeau
HAW, HAW! HAW!
HE'S A RIOT.
BETTER GET USED TO IT, HONEY...

MUSIC

FROM ANGELS TO ZEVON

Old rock!

New rock!

New old jazz!

Album art!

Sweet soul Muzak!

Even opera!!!

PHOTOGRAPH BY STEVE MYERS

Singing Through the Apocalypse

Warren Zevon, the werewolf of L.A., is putting new teeth into '70s rock

by Patrick Carr

PHOTOGRAPH BY MICHAEL ABRAMSON

Here in the Apocalypse Club we hang loose, swallowing mescal and Percodans and shooting the breeze. The conversation turns on some heady matters—great crimes of the day, spectacular instances of vagabondry and general sleaze, acts of personal excess, our gun collections—but the tone is light. We are neither liberals nor true believers in the power of sweat and cordite and chest hair; rather, we are (as a Monty Python character once said of Doug and Dinsdale Piranha, vice lords of London) "violent yet cheerful." We laugh a great deal and, like Dinsdale, have been known to subject visitors to ordeal by sarcasm. We are good at jokes and puns and absurd connections.

We are not criminals or lunatics, we boys. We're not even violently cheerful all the time. We live in our homes and lead relatively thoughtful lives, and the Apocalypse Club is not so much a place as an atmosphere, a twist of mind. It can be found in drinking establishments—it is closely associated with the act of swallowing things—but it also makes house calls, either in person or through the media.

It is a giddy thing, quite wild, but it is comfortable in its way. The raw material for membership has been in us from the start, and as we get older we find the task of resisting it too demanding. It is a violent world, and we are cheerful people, and vice versa. The Club has the advantage of great pragmatism; it is well balanced on the issue of sanity and madness in both the individual and the crowd.

Mostly, the Club is visited by boys. We weren't treated to quite as many social controls in childhood as girls were, and we *are* supposed to be the warrior sex—but girls are welcome and are, in fact, in evidence.

The Club is popular, too. It has a very large membership and not a few stars. Thomas Pynchon, whose *Gravity's Rainbow* is as close to a Bible for the 20th century as is ever likely to be written, is its *eminence grise*, but it also features characters like Barth Gimble, Mr. Mike, M. Python, Richard Meltzer and maybe Randy Newman. Hunter Thompson may be too demented to qualify, but he tries hard. Whoever writes the better episodes of *M*A*S*H* and *Good Times* should also be on the list, as should various young comics and certain Hollywood screenwriters.

Now, the Club is not exactly news in itself, but it *is* news that, finally, the Club has penetrated that bastion of innocuous thought, the world of popular music. Times have changed, remember; these days, pop is usually at least one step behind television.

We define "pop" in this context as that which gets on the radio with some sort of frequency; and that's where the breakthrough has taken place. First there was Randy Newman's "Short People," a track which hovers delicately on the threshold of Club affiliation, but now there is Mr. Warren Zevon and *his* cast of contemporary mutations.

Zevon has an album, *Excitable Boy* (on, appropriately enough, Asylum Records), which not only strikes chords among we Clubbies but just about *defines* our gay, thoughtful, rancid ethos. It is funny but not cute, violent but not (as in "Sympathy For The Devil," say) mystical or theatrical. It has the balance. Between tracks like "Werewolves Of London" and "Roland The Headless Thompson Gunner" there are songs, perceptive and feeling, about relationships and suchlike; Apocalypse boys have problems and sensibilities too, and can usually be trusted to cast some fresh light thereon.

Zevon, described by a mutual acquaintance as "not quite a ghost; some sort of visionary, and a gentleman too," is 31 and a veteran of country rock, lead guitar, Los Angeles, international expedition and the art of writing songs. He is—strangely—a protege of Jackson Browne and a darling of the L.A. wimp set. *Excitable Boy* is his second *auteur* album. His first was *Warren Zevon*, and it was notable as a fertile source of Linda Ronstadt songs—"Hasten Down The Wind," "Carmelita" and the Club-like "Poor Poor Pitiful Me" ("Well I lay my head on the railroad tracks/Waiting for the Double-E") and also for its impressive though *relatively* conventional competence.

Excitable Boy is definitely an advance. Its craftsmanship is on a higher level. It is economical and rocky. It features some material like that on the first album—a song about the destruction of Veracruz in the Mexican revolution, a tingling number about a teenage girl growing up in the city and a very depressed lost-love song called "Accidentally Like A Martyr" dealing with his separation from his wife (now over). Zevon calls this last song the center of the album. It's a weeper—lots of adult loneliness in there—and it catches the sober side of Club members, which (it bears repeating) is more or less the same as most other people's. You'll be hearing it from Linda one of these days.

But you won't be hearing the other songs from Linda. Oh, no. They're the ones to which Zevon is referring when he says that the album is "a logical continuation of the way the world has changed and I have changed."

To begin with the mere starlets of the bunch, there are "Nighttime In The Switching Yard" (an atmosphere song) and a spy/sleaze number set in Honduras and called, nicely, "Lawyers, Guns And Money." Then there are the real stars.

First there's "Excitable Boy" itself. It's about a nice young chap who rapes and kills little Suzie on a Junior Prom date, gets put away in a home, comes back again, digs up her body and builds "a cage with her bones." All this time, the citizens in the chorus—with Linda on backup and lots of saxophones, rocky as they come—are of the opinion that "ooo-wa-ooo, he's just an excitable boy." Hmm. It's an upbeat song, bouncy in tempo and sung in Zevon's classic Bob Seger-with-more-baritone growl.

Then we have the wonderful "Roland The Headless Thompson Gunner," a masterpiece. In this number, delivered in the style of a jolly sing-along sea chanty with a touch of rock & roll bite, we follow the career of a mercenary who signs on for Biafra, becomes the best at what he does ("Fingers on their triggers, knee deep in gore"), is blown away by a comrade in the pay of the CIA ("That son-of-a-bitch Van Owen blew off Roland's head") and comes back in headless form to seek vengeance across the Dark Continent ("He found him in Mombassa in a barroom drinking gin"). This gay romp through the netherworlds, highly reminiscent of Slothrop's manic search for the mystical *Schwartzkommando* and *their* diabolical rocket in *Gravity's Rainbow*, ends with a conventional twist to the effect that Roland's still very much alive in places like Ireland and Lebanon. It's a bit of a letdown, this, but it doesn't detract much from the pure vision of the tale itself.

"Werewolves Of London," just released as a single, is the other truly hot track. It's another tough, snide rocker, and it is, of course, about werewolves in London: "He's the hairy-handed gent who ran amuck in Kent/Lately he's been overheard in Mayfair/Better stay away from him/He'll rip your lungs out, Jim/I'd like to meet his tailor." In this last line, as in "I saw a werewolf drinking a pina colada at Trader Vic's/His hair was *perfect*," Zevon has confused werewolves with vampires (werewolves have hairy hands and sloppy manners; vampires have impeccable taste and dress sense), but no matter: The juxtaposition of mayhem and the utterly pedestrian—Zevon's remarks on the beast's taste are delivered with simple, man-in-the-street admiration—is nothing short of genius. In this type of twist lies the true secret to Club membership.

> **"The album is funny but not cute, violent but not mystical or theatrical. It has the balance"**

In search of further details, I set up a phone chat with Mr. Zevon; and, sure enough, he calls me from Los Angeles. He is in a good mood. He is being applauded all over the place—people seem to be glad that *someone* has finally broken the ice—and he's about to go out on the road and be a star. I have a series of questions about his credentials, so we go right to it.

Does he have a gun collection? He doesn't want to reply to that one, but from his statement that he "hardly disapproves of owning guns," and the fact that the album's inner sleeve features a gorgeous .44 Smith & Wesson magnum laid across a plate of his wife's good cooking (now *there's* a Club image if ever there was one), I assume that he didn't have to travel too far to find the steel. Like maybe into the den.

Some trivia. His favorite Clint Eastwood movie is *The Outlaw Josey Wales* (a very tasteful choice). And yes, he *is* the Honorary Coroner of Pitkin County, Colorado—Phil Everly's uncle-in-law was running for sheriff, and Zevon got the post in exchange for help with the campaign—but he hasn't "been by to check on the stiffs lately." And no, he has *not* engaged in truly criminal activity, though he has been close to it at times. Lindy, a bar owner whom he knew in Spain and who was responsible for most of the "Roland" song, was a little that way. Zevon thinks that Lindy used to employ his boat for tasks like "running Pampers into Gibraltar." This has the ring of truth.

But now we get to the meat. How, I ask, does he think the world has changed since his first album?

Well, he says, it's more violent.

Doesn't he think that this is just another cycle? I ask. No, he says. He used to think that the same balance of good and evil pertained throughout history, with changes only in scale and style, but he doesn't think that any more. His paranoia, he says, is "relatively extreme," though on the other hand (a very significant Club point, this), he is less *angry* than he was. From the vestiges of liberal conscience he adds that, although he would *like* to think that *Excitable Boy* is a satiric disapproval of *Starsky & Hutch*, it may be just a violent album.

But lest we get carried away here, let us note that there are things that horrify even Zevon. He refused an interview with *Penthouse*, for instance, after picking up an issue featuring "our naughtiest 12-year-old yet." He is a family man, and *that* kind of shit turns his stomach. There is morality on essential matters there, strong and steady, and in fact you can't get into the Club without it.

We wind down with vague arrangements to swallow things together when he gets to New York, and we're about to quit when I remember to ask about works in progress. Yes, he says, he is working on a new album. It will be "less graphically violent in the manner of guns and smuggling," but otherwise pretty nasty.

Does he have song titles yet? I ask.

Just two, he says. "Last Breath Farm" and "Bad Luck Streak In Dancing School."

"Ooh," say I, "that last one sounds *mean*."

"Yeah, it's pretty violent," he replies.

"Sounds like it might be about teenagers," I remark.

Zevon seems slightly offended by this, and of course I am chastened. Both of us are 31 after all, and this *is* the new breakthrough to some kind of balanced maturity in rock & roll. Zevon ends by stating the obvious, an ideological point. "There are no teenagers in my work," he says. ●

Don't Say Nothin' Bad About Girl Groups

by Ann Marie Cunningham

Back in 1965, I knew my honey and I would never last. On Saturday night of the Big College Weekend, he wouldn't take me to the Supremes concert. He wanted to see a Buñuel film instead.

Eventually I learned to love Buñuel, but he never came naturally, the way girl groups' music had. After all, it had been written with my kind in mind—teenage girls who wanted boyfriends. They sounded worth wanting: "Though he kissed me 'bout a week ago/I ain't got over it yet,/'Cause he's the kind of boy you can't forget."

You recognize the song, but can't remember the name of the group, right? (It was the Raindrops, in 1963.) Girl group music, which percolated on the charts from roughly 1958 to 1965, was written for performers—mainly black girls—who were never slated for rock stardom. Songwriting teams like Jeff Barry and Ellie Greenwich, Gerry Goffin and Carole King, and Barry Mann and Cynthia Weil ground out most girl group material, assembly-line fashion, from windowless piano cubicles in the Brill Building on Broadway, the center of New York City's music district. Girl groups brought Phil Spector to

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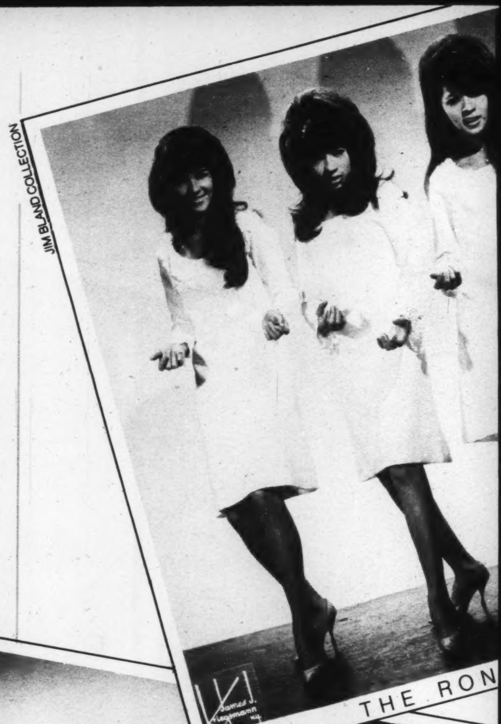
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THE RON

WIDE WORLD

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THE SHANGRI-LAS

PHOTO FILES

New York: The Crystals' "Da Doo Ron Ron" (1963) may be the zenith of his producing talent.

Most girl group singers, including Shirley Alston and Darlene Love, leads of the Shirelles and the Crystals, never did break away from their Pygmalions to become stars. LaBelle traveled a 13-year-long road to Mylar bras and "Voulez-vous coucher avec moi, ce soir" from Patty LaBelle and the Blue Belles' "I Sold My Heart to the Junkman" (1962). The extra two Supremes, on the other hand, must have had a hard time forgiving Diana Ross.

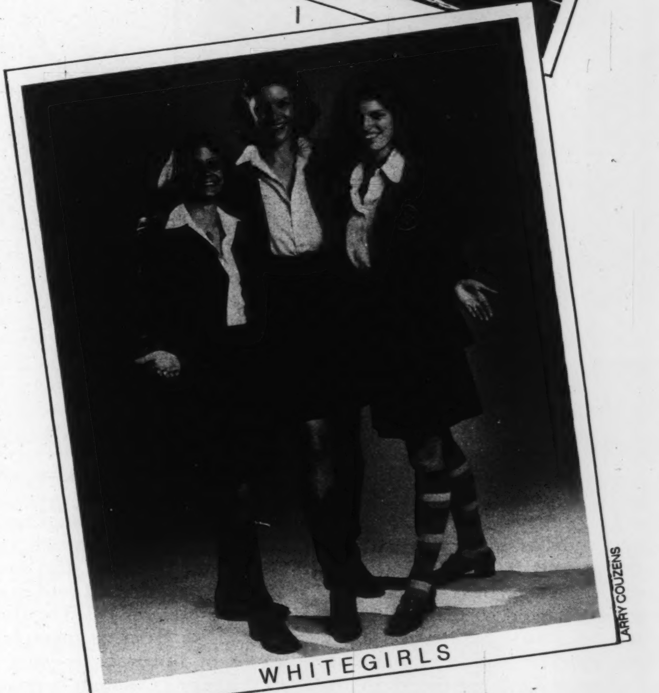
Our pictorial history of girl groups is full of Darlene Loves and missing Supremes. Even among the sister acts that made the big time in the fifties on radio, and later television, there are an amazing number of familiar faces. Jane Pickens, Rosemary Clooney, Judy Garland, even Dorothy Dandridge, all had sisters whom they once sang with, and who eventually dropped by the wayside.

Girl groups have never had anything to do with women's groups, or powerful sisterhood. The image they present is of young women having a good time together. Teenage girls enjoy themselves. They have fun making it with boys and talking about boys with their girlfriends. Nowadays, when many women's tight-lipped truism is "men may come and go, but female friends will still be having lunch," girl groups cheerfully remind us that sleeping with boys is fun.

I like to think that the Hot Box Girls from *Guys and Dolls* are foremothers of girl groups. They share the same jaunty sexiness in bushels and pecks. Even wimpier girl groups like the Andrews Sisters had plenty of foot-tapping

TES

THE RUNAWAYS



LARRY COUZENS

WHITEGIRLS

energy. These girls didn't worry that Going All The Way would give them a reputation.

"Down at Papa Joe's" (Dixiebells, 1963),where the girls hang out, they give each other sexual assertiveness training. "I know something about love/You gotta want it bad . . . Show him what the world is made of . . . Take his hand tonight/Swallow your foolish pride" ("Tell Him," the Exciters, 1962). Playing hard to get is only a waste of time: Boys are to enjoy. "Beachwood 4-5789, you can call me up and have a date/any old time" (the Marvelettes, 1962).

Phil Spitalny and His All-Girl Orchestra were one of a species that flourished in the 1940s. Evelyn had her magic violin, but Phil had the orchestra. But one of the first girl groups I remember is the Teddy Bears and "To Know Him is to Love Him" (1958). Steeleye Span, better known for olde English folk music, re-recorded it not long ago, probably because it is the same sort of hypnotic pop symphony as Pachebel's *Canon in D*, which makes classical stations' switchboards light up every time it's on the air.

I also have early memories of "Got along without ya before I met ya/Gonna get along without ya now/Gonna find somebody twice as cute/'Cause ya didn't love me anyhow" (Patience and Prudence, 1956). Patience and Prudence turned out to be two very little girls who were part of a rather bizarre collaboration: Dad wrote the music and mom wrote the grown-up lyrics they harmonized. You can't fault them for upfront come-on: They also recorded "Tonight You Belong to Me" (1956).

Girl groups encouraged eccentricity: If he was a rebel, he never ever was any good, but he was more fun: "Big broken face/to match his eyes/Dirty fingernails/Oh boy, what a prize" ("Give Him a Great Big Kiss," The Shangri-Las, 1964). They specialized in innuendo, especially the Angels' "My Boyfriend's Back" (1963): "He's kind of *big* and he's awful strong." The best we've had since that one was "Charity Ball," recorded by Fanny, an early seventies girl group successor.

No plaintive angels of the morning, girl groups sang survival music that has survived. The Bobbettes' "Mr. Lee" (1957) opens Ntozake Shange's play *For Colored Girls Who Have Considered Suicide/When the Rainbow Is Enuf*. In Agnes Varda's film *One Sings, the Other Doesn't*, the woman who sings, who is also the energetic problem-solver, quits school and gets a job in a girl back-up group, singing an awkward French version of "da doo ron ron." The British television series *Rock Follies*, about three female punk rockers, is enough to make any woman with half a voice and a whole lotta ham run away to become a Harlette or an Ikette. I'm glad punk rock women are doing well, even though most of them look like Divine. But looking good never was the point. Music you could dance to was.

You can still dance to the music of sister acts, which have been getting strong again—look at the McGarrigles. Recently, in a Greenwich Village club, I heard the Roche Sisters sing, not at all contritely, about "all that time in hell" they'd spend "for kissing the married men." I couldn't help thinking of the Cookies, back in '62, lamenting and inviting, "I wanna tell you, pretty baby, I think you're fine/I'd like to love you/But darling, I'm imprisoned by these chains. . . ."

Like *Cosmo*, girl groups taught us to be bold. Be my baby—now!—the Ronettes demanded in 1963. But at the same time, they were a Greek chorus reminding us of what has become an obsolete double standard: "Will you still love me tomorrow?" (the Shirelles, 1960). Can you imagine the Runaways singing that one? ●

Ann Marie Cunningham is one third of the group called White Girls.

Rhythm Without Blues

The new soul sounds like R&B, but it's got the heart of network TV

by Charlie Haas

A few years ago, there was a vogue among black men for big, floppy knit hats with pompoms. Correspondingly popular, among whites, was a sarcastic explanation of the hats' popularity: Blacks knew that whites would imitate any style they affected, and they wanted whites to take up these dopey hats so they could laugh at them.

The hats are gone, but the joke has a nice nasty charm in retrospect, both because of its point about the pop-cultural leadership which had been thrust upon blacks and because of the jokers' own implied disappointment at the blacks' violation of a previously perfect track record for cool. The wags who worried about such fine points of style in the 1960s were not the first generation of white Americans to presume that blacks, especially urban blacks, had a monopoly on élan and sexuality, an inherited gift for bravery and bearing, and a prolific inventiveness for dance, slang and music.

Especially music. At a time when blacks were setting standards for both political expression and personal style, black music seemed the perfect summation of the urgent impulses that were short-circuiting the social order. Jazz had followed its instincts to an often feverish atonal complexity, putting it beyond the reach of most listeners. But for the mass audience, there was R&B (rhythm and blues), at the peak of its power to excite and satisfy. In the 1950s, R&B was the jazz-and-blues-derived city music that had supplied musical basics (chord progressions, tempi, harmonies) and a strong sexual intensity to the interracial recipe called rock & roll. R&B (or black music, or soul) retained its identity through the 1960s, with soul radio stations and black record companies such as Motown and Stax serving as the centers of activity.

But black music, even when the Beatles and other British acts were at their hottest, was also a staple of white pop radio. The Supremes, the Temptations, the Four Tops, Otis Redding, Sam and Dave, Solomon Burke, Smokey Robinson and the Miracles, Marvin Gaye, Stevie Wonder, Martha and the Vandellas, made the best music in the Top 40. It wasn't only the excellence of black records that allowed them to "cross over" to white radio. In a decade of urban rioting, the longstanding liberal tradition of romanticizing poverty had expanded to include an image of blacks as consummate rebels, struggling with and enduring through lives of constant harassment and using justifiable violence to compensate for their impotence. Every kid of radio age *wanted* to set fire to some token of authority, but black people were actually *doing* it, right there on TV news. Black music transfixed Panther sycophants and Young Republicans alike. Somewhere in those strangled soul screams, white kids believed they could find the street secrets, the sex secrets, the truth that underwrote such gorgeous defiance.

In a way, it was true. The lyrics of the mid-sixties Motown hits were about love affairs, and were couched in thickly sentimental language. (It was said that Lamont Dozier and Eddie and Brian Holland, who wrote many of those hits, studied confession magazines as sources.) But if the listener took these lyrics as metaphors—conscious or unconscious—and attended to the more eloquent language of the music, then such records as Martha and the Vandellas' "Nowhere to Run," the Four Tops' "Shake Me, Wake Me" and the Temptations' "I Can't Help Myself" became riveting. The rhythm section's industrial regularity, and the almost physical isolation of an anguished lead singer like the Tops' Levi Stubbs on "Standing in the Shadows of Love"—lost in a place where the band and backup singers couldn't get near enough to rescue him—produced an overwhelmingly urban sound, a sound inseparable in the popular imagination from the street noise of Motown's hometown, Detroit, a notoriously

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Charlie Haas, a screenwriter and journalist, lives in Los Angeles with eight radios.

ILLUSTRATION BY MICHAEL TROSSMAN

tough (and then riot-prone) city. The protest *music* of the 1960s was not in the plodding tracts of white neofolksingers but in soul recorded for Stax, Motown, Atlantic and dozens of lesser labels. White and black kids were glued to AM radios, hanging on these utterly accurate three-minute bulletins on the human condition from the people who *knew*.

In the early 1970s it became clear, for one thing, that blacks who had been poor no longer had any reason to find poverty romantic. It was apparently a surprise to some white liberals and radicals that what many blacks wanted most was to participate in middle-class America, with all the attendant banality and materialism.

Blacks were not the only people engaged in assimilating, of course. Many young whites dispatched their misgivings and acquired their pieces of the rock. And where R&B once stood, there is now a fragmented field of hybrids, including black/gay music (disco), funked-up TV variety-show music (recent Earth, Wind and Fire) and cybernetic rock & roll played by ex-jazz musicians (Weather Report, Herbie Hancock). But mostly there is the new soul music, shaped by the diverse contributions of such artists as the Spinners, the Chi-Lites, the Main Ingredient, the Stylistics, Hall and Oates, the O'Jays, the Average White Band and Boz Scaggs. It is very strange music. It *sounds* like rhythm and blues—the same bass lines, the same inflections, the same subject matter—but something is crucially different. The new soul is so softened and smoothed, so lacking in urgency and anguish, that it constitutes a whole other kind of music. Where the soul of the sixties pounded and shouted, the new soul coasts and glides. Rhythm without blues.

Part of the difference is due to advanced recording technology. On a sixties Motown record, tracks leaked into each other, and singers and instruments bobbed in seas of overtones, undertones and ambient noise, all of which contributed to the feeling of street cacophony. The new soul is being produced in an era of kitchen-clean separation and distortion-free resolution.

More fundamentally, there is a difference in attitude.It is not stylish for a soul singer to sound tortured these days, even when the subject is heartbreak. The artists just mentioned maintain a kind of authoritative cool, abstain from discordant displays of emotion. The Spinners may sing, "You don't know it now/But you'll know it someday/You're throwing a good love away," and sound oddly unconcerned. Percussion is mixed in at a lower volume. There is none of the sparse arranging of the Stax studio, on which a singer might have been backed by only bass, guitar, drums and a small horn section. In the new soul, strings, horns and keyboards are layered all over the audible spectrum.

Often, the new soul is very good music, but it is worlds away from "Nowhere to Run." The new soul is about not having any *reason* to run. To many listeners, it sounds complacent and sterile. The noisy urban music variously called "punk rock" and "new wave" is in part a reaction against the incursion of calm into R&B. But punk is only finding its audience—the new soul is already a staggering success.

> **"The new soul is the sound track of upward mobility"**

The new soul caught on in the early seventies, just as the acquisitive-chic ethos that had been formalized by *New York* magazine was hitting its stride. This is not a coincidence. To young urban go-getters of whatever ethnicity, the sweaty sound of black soul (and white variants like the Young Rascals) had become a little *outré*—it sounded, after all, like people in trouble, and one thing that the emerging lifestyle was about was being well enough off to put trouble behind or beneath you. To be off the street. By the time you're buying wine with the year on the label, you want to be beyond the adolescent sexual hunger that made you like the Supremes so much. The new soul represents a nicely balanced mixture of feeling and discretion. The singers seem to understand about having a meaningful relationship without killing yourself when it's over—breaking up is hard to do, but making it takes precedence. The new soul is the sound track of upward mobility. It is all cushions and fresh air, at times as slick as a newly minted Cordoba. It is not the noise of traffic jams and conversations on city streets, but the hum of shopping centers—those fountains, those escalators.

The new soul is not easy. It is subtly devised and marketed. As has happened in each new period in pop music, a new class of entrepreneurs is being created to satisfy the public appetite. As is often the case in the popular arts, these entrepreneurs succeed not because they scrutinize the audience through market research but because, in their own backgrounds, values and aspirations, they *are* the audience.

Tommy Mottola's name sounds familiar. This is because Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band used it in "Cherchez La Femme," which was a hit in 1976: "Tommy Mottola lives on the road/He lost his lady two months ago . . . /He sleeps in the back of his gray Cadillac . . ."

Today, Mottola is in his suite at the Beverly Hills Hotel—a very good suite, between the lobby and the Polo Lounge, with a little backyard of its own. Mottola looks exhausted. He had only 90 minutes' sleep last night. Looking exhausted seems to work for him, though: It makes his dark eyes look good. These days he is dividing his time between New York, where he has an office for his managing and music publishing companies, and L.A., where he's setting up another office.

Tommy Mottola manages Daryl Hall and John Oates and, at the time of this interview, the Savannah Band—both very hot acts, with growing record sales and concert audiences. He has a few new acts—one called Network, another, Odyssey.

It has been his best year to date. His acts are making TV appearances and sold-out tours. Hall and Oates' last album sold over 500,000 copies. The Savannah Band's *first* album sold 800,000. People in the industry are speaking well of Tommy Mottola. In fact, they are saying about him one of the nicest things that can be said about anyone. They are saying that Tommy Mottola has *street sense*.

"Yeah," he says, in the voice that is standard equipment of the best hip businessmen, a perfect marriage of Laid Back and Take Charge. "What I like to do is conduct myself with that street sense of knowledge on a day-to-day basis, okay? But using the sophistication of what I've learned. The way I relate to that word 'street sense' is that it means you have a vital need to get to the heart of the problem and solve it. I don't think it relates to *gangs* or anything like that. I mean, I grew up in Westchester County, but I always seemed to be hanging around with musicians on the wrong side of the tracks."

The word "street" has a funny, almost contradictory meaning in the record business. Information telephoned across the continent is referred to as "what they're saying on the street." An executive who knows enough law to push lawyers around is called "street smart." It is as if the people who invoke the word want to appear in touch with "real life."

It ties in to the music. Rock & roll started out as bad boys' music and has never quite surrendered its urban, working-class identification, even when the listeners, promoters and/or performers were middle or upper class. In real life the street is increasingly scary and sordid. It's a place to get away from. Having enough money to get off the street is the first installment in making it. One function of rock & roll is to evoke the street from a position of safety (Bruce Springsteen and Tom Waits push this *nostalgie de la rue* about as far as it will go). Tommy Mottola's adolescence is a miniature of the modern, affluent pop listener's experience, the remote-control romance between the kids on the corner and the house on the hill.

"When I was a teenager, the music that got me excited was R&B. Later I got heavily into hard rock, acid rock. I never enjoyed music that made me feel easy and comfortable."

Mottola played guitar in New York-area bands and made a few singles as a vocalist. The singles didn't sell, but that wasn't the end of it, because one of the great things about the record business is that you can become a star without playing or singing a note. A *business* star.

"I took a job with Chappell Music [a music publishing house], and I built the whole contemporary division for them. Almost everybody we signed had gold and platinum albums." Hall and Oates brought their songs to Chappell; Mottola quit his job to manage them. "I knew that the thing that was gonna make me happiest was to be a musical entrepreneur. I saw that the only way to survive was to be totally the best at dealing with [concert] promoters, cutting good deals — the whole bit.

"I spend three or four hours a day dealing with attorneys. I've been through all the books—business law, contract law—but it always boils down to a practical knowledge of what you can do. You have to know how far you can push it. Now I feel I can eat and spit out most lawyers for breakfast."

Mottola has a deal whereby he will turn music over to a major record company for manufacture and distribution, a deal typical of the record business today.

"The conglomerates can churn it out if you give it to them," Mottola says, "but you need these creative entities that can spawn the talent, build it and develop it. Record companies don't do what they used to, there's no A&R [artist and repertoire] departments anymore to develop acts. Just take a look around you and see what guys like me are doing—there's a handful of us really controlling the business. I think that's the way it should be."

Hall and Oates are white men from Philadelphia. Their musical style is easygoing R&B, with black-influenced melodies, harmonies and singing. They are visual as well as musical stars: Both are thin, tall, pretty boys with delicate features. On the cover of one album, a couple of years ago when the bisex-glitter wave was cresting, they appear to be wearing makeup.

The Savannah Band are four men and one woman from the Bronx. They are mulatto, pointedly so; they tell interviewers that we're all going to be living in a mulatto world soon. The Band's members dress, and try to behave, like jazz types in forties movies. On their first album, the arrangements and singing are meant to evoke the atmosphere of Jazz Age bistros; the original lyrics attempt to capture the wit and intimacy of supper-club songs. But they cheat. The Band tries to play both sides of the time warp, paying lip service to the sufficiency of the past while making generous concessions to the present. The fox trot and rhumba cadences are modified to accommodate the Hustle. A disco click track, metronomic as any Donna Summer single, runs through every cut on *Dr. Buzzard's Original Savannah Band.*

If there has been an identifiable thrust to the music and carefully groomed personae of Mottola's acts, it is ambiguity or, at least, inclusiveness: Hall and Oates' toying with sexual ambivalence, the Savannah Band's temporal indecision, both acts' race-crossing or race-negating stances.

The crucial commodity of the old soul was honesty; with Otis Redding, the sense of self-exposure was sometimes painful. Mottola's acts offer a sort of safety-in-indifference. Hall and Oates' lyrics center on a romanticism tempered by grad-school archness. In "She's Gone," the singer's heart is broken, but not absolutely broken—there's the future to think about ("I'd better learn how to face it"), with its promise of numb insularity ("Think I'll spend eternity in the city/Let the carbon and monoxide choke my thoughts away"). The refrain of "Rich Girl" is "You're a rich girl,/But you've gone too far/'Cause you know it doesn't matter anyway." And it doesn't. Everything is and yet isn't; nothing lasts forever; there are no moral or social absolutes.

The heyday of Stax and Motown soul was a period when group identity (black/white, hip/straight, dove/hawk) largely constituted personal identity. Today such distinctions are almost uncouth. Accordingly, soul today is neither urban nor suburban, black nor white, working class nor leisure class. Mulatto, androgynous, it has severed itself from the urges that were its origin. That it did this in order to sell itself to a wider audience is in itself a reflection of the priorities that now influ-

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ence the music. The new soul requires less emotional investment from performer and listener. It takes much greater refuge in humor and elaborate, cushioning production than someone like Otis Redding would have considered taking. It is soul at a safe distance, if that is not a complete contradiction—and one of its essential conceits is that even complete contradictions don't much matter.

Tommy Mottola senses this pulse and plays right to it. He not only doesn't live on the road, he doesn't get *close* to the street. How can he? "I'm happiest when I'm relaxing by working . . . I don't really listen to music for fun. I listen to Daryl Hall and John Oates in concert. That is the only thing that gets me off. Maybe it's because I break my ass over them, and when you see them in concert you can see the fruits of the hard work.

"I'd like, maybe five, ten years from now, to take over a major corporation or company and run it, control it. At that point, I can really utilize everything I'm learning. The thing I want people to know is that I'm interested in being involved in really . . . artistic . . . projects. " He says these last three words slowly, giving each its own weight. "Because if what you do is great—if it's really, really *great*—you're gonna make money. I'm not coming on like I'm some sort of hippy or something. When it comes to business, it's cutthroat, like with anyone else."

What a piece of work is Seattle—what air and scenery and architecture they have up there. Standing in the middle of downtown, you can see the Pacific in one direction, the cloud-swirled mountains in another. In the business district at lunch hour, the streets are clean and comfortably crowded. The pedestrians are a demographer's dream: a perfect balance of ages and ethnicities. There's an even mix of beautiful old buildings and inspired new ones. Redwoods line the roads into town. To a visitor from L.A. it looks like heaven.

Seattle is not the first place that springs to mind when the phrase "Soul City" is mentioned. But just as Detroit was the physical and spiritual capital of soul in the sixties, Seattle is a center of the new soul. This is where Thom Bell is headquartered.

Thom Bell is a record producer and songwriter; in both roles, he is brilliantly successful. He has had as many as 14 singles on *Billboard*'s chart in one year and has been named the Number One pop singles producer in that magazine's annual awards. The artists for whom he has produced hits include: the Spinners ("One of a Kind [Love Affair]," "Games People Play," "The Rubberband Man" and "I'll Be Around"); the Stylistics ("Rockin' Roll Baby," "You Make Me Feel Brand New"); Dionne Warwick ("Then Came You," with the Spinners backing her); the O'Jays ("Backstabbers"); Johnny Mathis ("I'm Coming Home"); the Delfonics ("La-La-Means I Love You," "Didn't I Blow Your Mind This Time"); and New York City ("I'm Doing Fine Now").

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People in the industry are speaking well of Tommy Mottola . . . They are saying that Tommy Mottola has street sense

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During the early sixties, it is said, Phil Spector was the only record producer working whose sound was so distinctive that you could spot one of his records on first hearing—you might not know if it was the Crystals or the Ronettes or Darlene Love, but, from the first bars, the grouping and layering of sounds tipped you off. Today that is true of Thom Bell. Working in Philadelphia in the early 1970s, he produced a series of landmark singles that helped to establish new production standards and a new musical attitude for soul records.

Now Thom Bell is probably the one person most reponsible for the way black pop music sounds. Before the vocal begins, a new Bell single is almost always recognizable because of the unique things he does with syncopation and chord structure. His records are by far the most musically interesting product of the new soul. His trademark chord progressions—most often carried by keyboards, which he plays himself on all his records—give his rhythm tracks a physically felt, start-and-stop catchiness.

Bell is a master of commercial music-making, but there is more to it than that. At his best, he is capable of making really moving music, music that brings about a sensation of recognition, of tapped emotional resources, in which the listener feels his sense of the world being shared and confirmed. For music of any kind to do this, it must be simple enough to communicate quickly and complex enough to reach the listener's senses deeply and subtly. Classical and religious music are built around this feeling, but it is rare to see it achieved—as Spector sometimes did, as Bell sometimes does—in the three or four minutes of a pop single. Bell's music is vividly melodic, rigorously thought out (he charts out every note including drummers' parts) and meticulously recorded. In a classic Bell record, such as "Then Came You," there are intricate metric and harmonic tricks which wouldn't have been attempted at the old Motown. But throughout his productions, there is a persistent regular beat as viscerally effective as the 4/4 on a Four Tops record. And Bell's devices—off-beat singing, accent shifts—are embroidered onto this beat, emphasizing it.

Bell grew up in Philadelphia, where he met Kenny Gamble and Leon Huff; the three formed a publishing company. Their early records caused the coining of the term "The Philly Sound," though there are really at least two Philly sounds: Bell's and the Gamble-Huff team's. A few years ago, Gamble and Huff founded Philadelphia International, a record company whose product is manufactured and distributed by CBS. Bell didn't join in that successful venture; shortly after PI was formed, he moved to Seattle. He remains president of Mighty Three Music, the publishing company he formed with Gamble and Huff, and continues to produce independently.

He rents office space and the frequent use of a recording studio in a one-story building on the fringe of Seattle's business district. His private office is small and simple, with a desk, a few chairs, an electric piano and playback equipment. The walls are covered with gold records—he seems to have more than he can fit—and pictures of his three children. And he is so pleasant and modest that it seems like a put-on at first; it takes a few minutes to realize that these qualities come naturally to him. He's a handsome man, just under six feet, with a small beard that strengthens his clear-eyed face. He moves with a swift mimetic grace, and his conversation is playful, punctuated by funny voices and grand facial gestures. He dresses, as he speaks, without affectation: simple sportswear and no heavy jewelry.

Bell is not a celebrity in Seattle, by choice: "I'm one of those kind of guys who like to stay in the background. I very rarely go to clubs or parties or functions. Sometimes I go someplace, I meet some people. 'This here's Thom.' So I'm sitting there and somebody says to the guy who just met me, 'You know who you just met? That's the great Thom Bell.' 'Oh. Well, he ain't *that* great. He ain't so cool. Where's his clothes at? He ain't even *sharp*.' . . .In here, on this piano,that's where I get my kicks. I don't take dope of any kind."

Music has occupied most of his time and thinking. "I can remember as far back as when I was four years old, but I can't ever remember not being in music. My people are from the West Indies, which made them a little different from the average parent, because they feel that a child is supposed to have an art, a science and a well-rounded education. I took the piano, my brother and sister both took the piano, then another brother took up the saxophone . . . I switched from piano to drums, then Flügelhorn, then alto sax . . . " He laughs. "But I always seemed to come back to piano.

"Another tradition is working. When you start asking for things, you're old enough to work for things. When I was nine I started working at a fish store. By the time I'm 12 or 13, I'm working at the fish store, the grocery store, the drug store *and* a sandwich shop . . . and practicing piano. The rest of my time was taken up with studying really hard, but that didn't do any good 'cause I still wasn't bright in school.

"The school I went to was a little rough, but anything in Philadelphia's rough. Growing up in Philadelphia is *really* an experience." His loose, high laugh starts up again. "We had a middle-class upbringing. It wasn't the ghet-toe, but there was no such thing as a ghet-toe then. The neighborhood I came from was everything. You had Puerto Ricans, Irish, Polish, Chinese; there were a lot of Jewish people there too. I got a well-rounded education in people.

"By the time I was 13 or 14, I started listening to the radio, but I didn't like most of the music I heard. It was not quite in keeping with the classical stuff that I had learned. I didn't like the chord progressions. That's what got me into writing songs—the music on the radio would be going one way and my mind kept saying it should go another way. When I was 15 I ran into Gamble. I was playing the piano, and he said that he wrote songs too, so we started singing together. From there we met up with Huff, who was a player too. We were 17 when we made our first record, 'Someday,' by Kenny & Tommy. "It was a smash, man—smashed in the wastebaskets in the disc jockeys' studios!

"From there I started writing more, producing, arranging . . . When we were 20 we formed a band, Kenny Gamble and the Romeos, and we kept it together for four years. At the same time I had a job with Chubby Checker, as a conductor, but that got very boring after a couple of years. So I went down to a studio, and they hired me to write lead sheets. But I never did write lead sheets. They sent me to the packing room.

> **“The crucial commodity of the old soul was honesty. . . . Mottola's acts offer a sort of safety-in-indifference”**

"Then the Motown thing came into the picture, this is '64, '65, so Cameo [a Philadelphia record company that had been successful with Dee Dee Sharp, the Orlons, and Bobby Rydell] decided that any black musician could play the Motown sound. They made us [the Romeos] the house rhythm section. I was an oddity for them, because they'd never seen a black guy that could read and write music. They felt that chocolates could play it, but they didn't know what they were playing."

When Cameo folded in 1965, Gamble, Huff and Bell got together and started producing, scraping along until 1968 when they had their first big record, the Intruders' "Cowboys to Girls" by Gamble and Huff. That same year Bell came up with "La-La-Means I Love You," then Gamble and Huff's "Expressway to Your Heart," then a collaboration on "Didn't I Blow Your Mind This Time." By then the three men had successfully cultivated their own "sound."

About the distinctive sound of his records, Bell says, "Every musician has his own particular way of hearing chords and voicing chords. Some people will automatically play a C-major triad with a G on top. That's what fits their ear. Some will play it with a C on top, some with an E on top. When I voice chords, even for the vocal harmonies, they're all voiced from the piano, from the chords I hear, and I have a very strange way of voicing chords.

"I'm a firm believer in melody. I don't care how 'funky' a song is, there's got to be a melodic structure. Once I develop a melody, I can give a singer a part — in fact, I can sing a part just as good as he can, but I need his voice for the *sound*. I can change his style, but not his sound.

"I don't derive the syncopations on a record. The person who's singing derives the syncopations. When you work with a guy like Philippe in the Spinners, you cannot give him a straight up-and-down song, because he is of a Gospel background. His mind is bouncing, see, his body is bouncing, all the time. So the syncopations have to fit with what he does naturally. If you work with Bobby from the Spinners, he's a guy who rarely sings on the beat. If you listen to 'I'll Be Around,' the chords are off the beat almost all the time. What I do is fit the music to the voice, then have the rhythm section play it that way. And that's the hardest thing to do. I've had guys at sessions tell me, 'The beat doesn't fit.' But in my mind, I hear it and it *does* fit. The first song that came out of Philadelphia with a strange beat was a tune called, 'One of a Kind (Love Affair).' That's upbeat all the time." He begins conducting in his chair, singing the opening rhythm line, "Doom, doom, doom doom *dit*-ta doom." Then, in a strong tenor, "One of a kiinnnd," the lead vocal.

"You have to find out what falls naturally to an artist. Before I work with an artist, I'll sit down and talk with them. What goes with your grain? Will certain words obstruct you mentally? Do you have a physical impairment, an overbite, an underbite, a deviated septum, a back drip? Do you sing nasally, do you sing throaty, do you sing from the stomach, do you sing from the chest? Does an odd bar of music throw you, an extra beat? What sort of vibrato do you have? Someone like Smokey Robinson has a very fast vibrato." He sings a high "ooohh," a startlingly accurate copy of Robinson's voice.

While Bell admits to the possibility of a relationship between changes in music and changes in society, he subscribes to no set theories. "Boy, to really know that, you'd have to be a sociologist, an anthropologist, an economist, a political scientist, a musicologist and a *psychologist*. See, my job is to be able to say what the listener would want to say if he knew how to say it. I had a fellow in Italy—we do very well in Italy—say to me, 'Thom, you know that song "You Make Me Feel Brand New"?' I say, 'Yeah.' He says, 'Man, that's what I been wanting to say to my girlfriend for four years.'

"You have to tell people what they want to hear. I have to have the ability to make things as simple as pie."

Not everyone would buy that notion of the uses of art, but it would be hard to find a more succinct explanation of the demands of mass communication. Knowing what people want to be told, especially in music, is harder than you might think. It's not something that

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many people can do for a long time. "Being 34 years old is old for a producer," Bell says of himself. "Lasting as long as I've lasted is . . . well . . . Most producers conk out after three years. Of the Top 100 producers of 1974, only about 15 are still in the Top 100. You have to think of the next plateau.

"The next plateau for a producer is either to keep producing records or to go into motion pictures. Now, I've seen good writers and producers go into motion pictures, and without making a derogatory remark against these folks . . . "

He starts counting on his fingers. "Curtis Mayfield. Did fantastic in records. Moved to motion pictures, did fantastic in motion pictures. Then he dropped dead in records.

"Isaac Hayes. Fantastic in records. Did fantastic in motion pictures. Just went bankrupt.

"Barry White. Fantastic in records. Went to motion pictures, dropped dead in motion pictures, and now he's dropped dead in records."

He closes the three fingers. "My next plateau will be television. There is a similarity, to me, between television stuff and audio. I think I can give a good product in music on television."

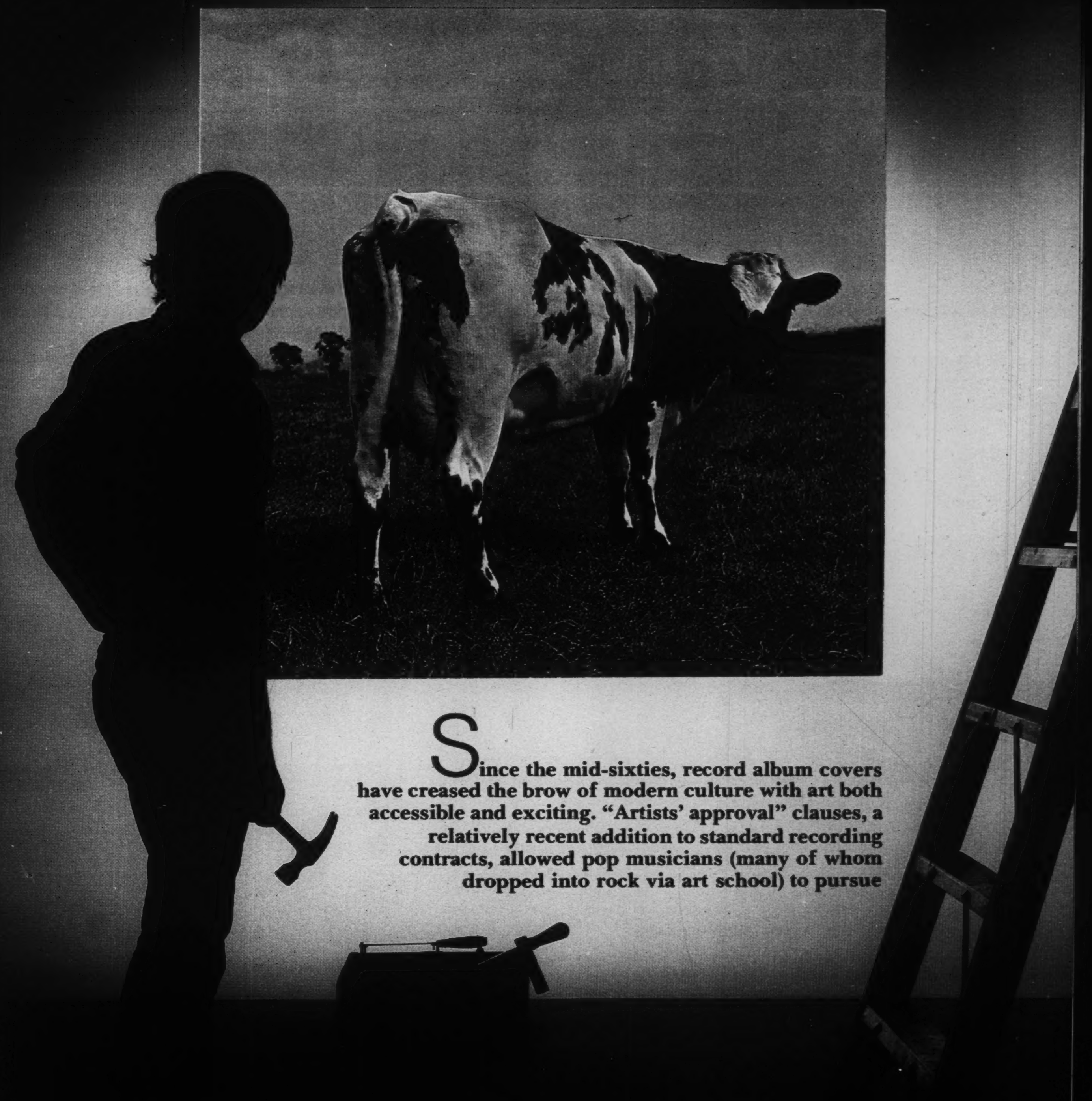
He rises, goes to the tape recorder and starts some music playing. "This is something we did," he says, "that we hope NBC is going to be using as their new network theme."

The music is pure Bell. The drum part ticks along until you think you've got it pegged, then it does a sudden pirouette, hanging in the air for a heartbeat's time before it drops. The guitars sound like funk leashed to metric subtlety. The background vocalists are coolly seductive and unobtrusive.

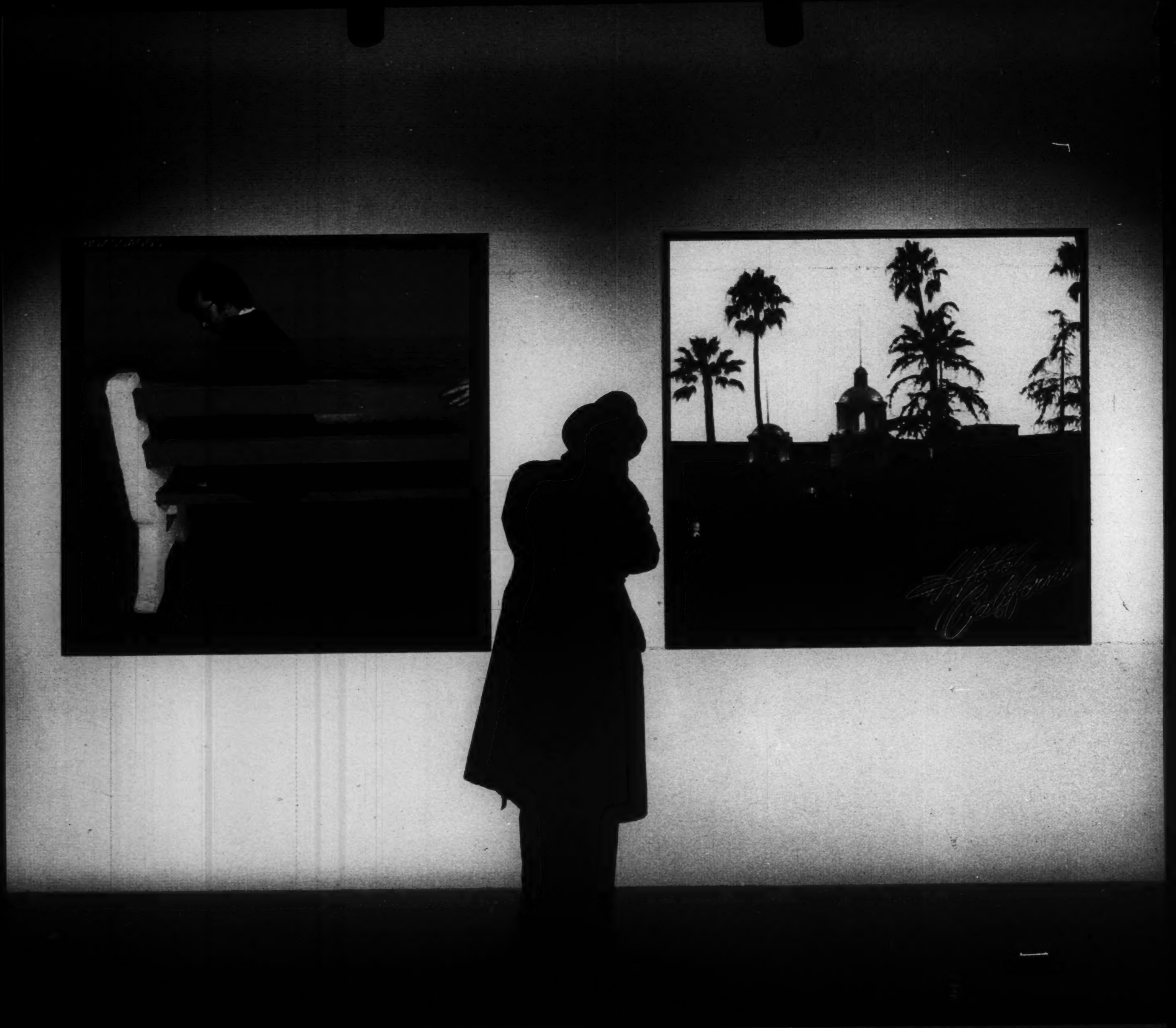
It is, exactly, the next plateau. Television is so nearly the whole of the culture now, so primary a generator of material desires, thought patterns and role models, that there could be no clearer measure of the progress soul has made than for Thom Bell to be writing network IDs. The time people used to spend on the street is now spent before the screen, and the music is following them.

There is about as much good and bad R&B as there ever was. The fact that both good and bad sounds so different these days is a consequence of much wider changes. Sometimes the music announces the changes before they take hold. More often, we can only see in retrospect where we've come to. Anyone looking for turning points should consider the day Motown Records moved to L.A., or the day *Soul Train*, the Chicago-born retread of *American Bandstand*, did likewise— or the day Thom Bell moved his soul to green Seattle. ●

Roll Over Picasso



Since the mid-sixties, record album covers have creased the brow of modern culture with art both accessible and exciting. "Artists' approval" clauses, a relatively recent addition to standard recording contracts, allowed pop musicians (many of whom dropped into rock via art school) to pursue



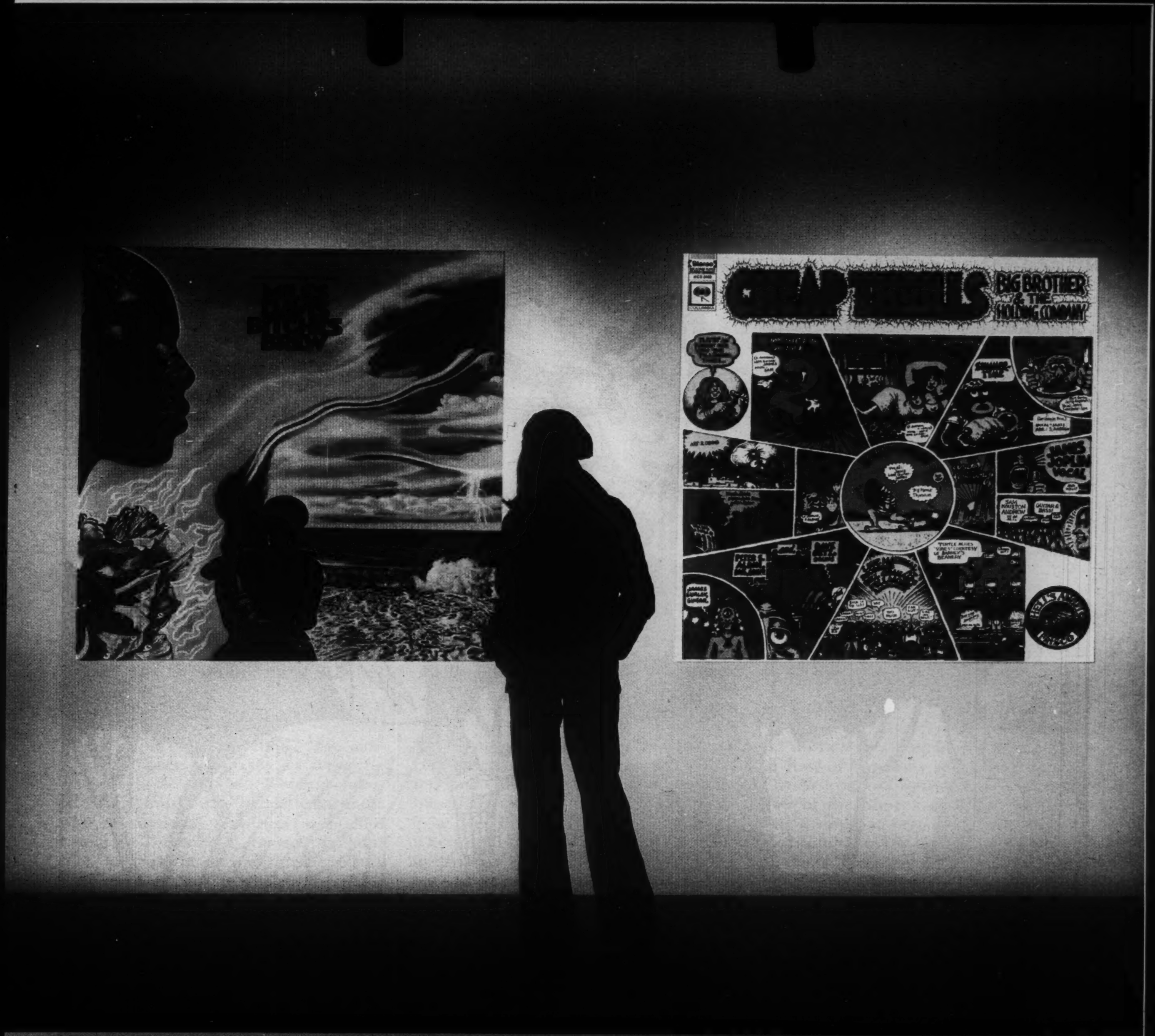
Chic Slick: Boz Scaggs' *Silk Degrees* was the logical extension of David Bailey's old Beatles covers

L.A. Transient: The Eagles' *Hotel California* looked like what happened when Art Deco tamed the Wild West

their fantasies visually as well as musically; similarly, artists and designers were given creative leeway—often in lieu of financial largesse. As a result, album covers became accurate images of our obsessions, far more tightly focused than movies, TV or the "fine" arts.

Like any other art form, album design splintered into different schools; breakthrough covers spawned a host of imitators, and album art styles filtered into fashion magazines, posters, wallpaper, etc. One crucial element of album art was that it always contained a double-edged message:

(Preceding Page) Anglo-Surrealism: Pink Floyd's *Atom Heart Mother* showed the British cornering the market on artful eccentricity


MILES DAVIS
BITCHES BREW
CHEAP THRILLS
BIG BROTHER & THE HOLDING COMPANY
JANIS JOPLIN VOCAL

Afro-Acid: Miles Davis' *Bitches Brew* took the academic psychedelia of *Sgt. Pepper* and gave it roots

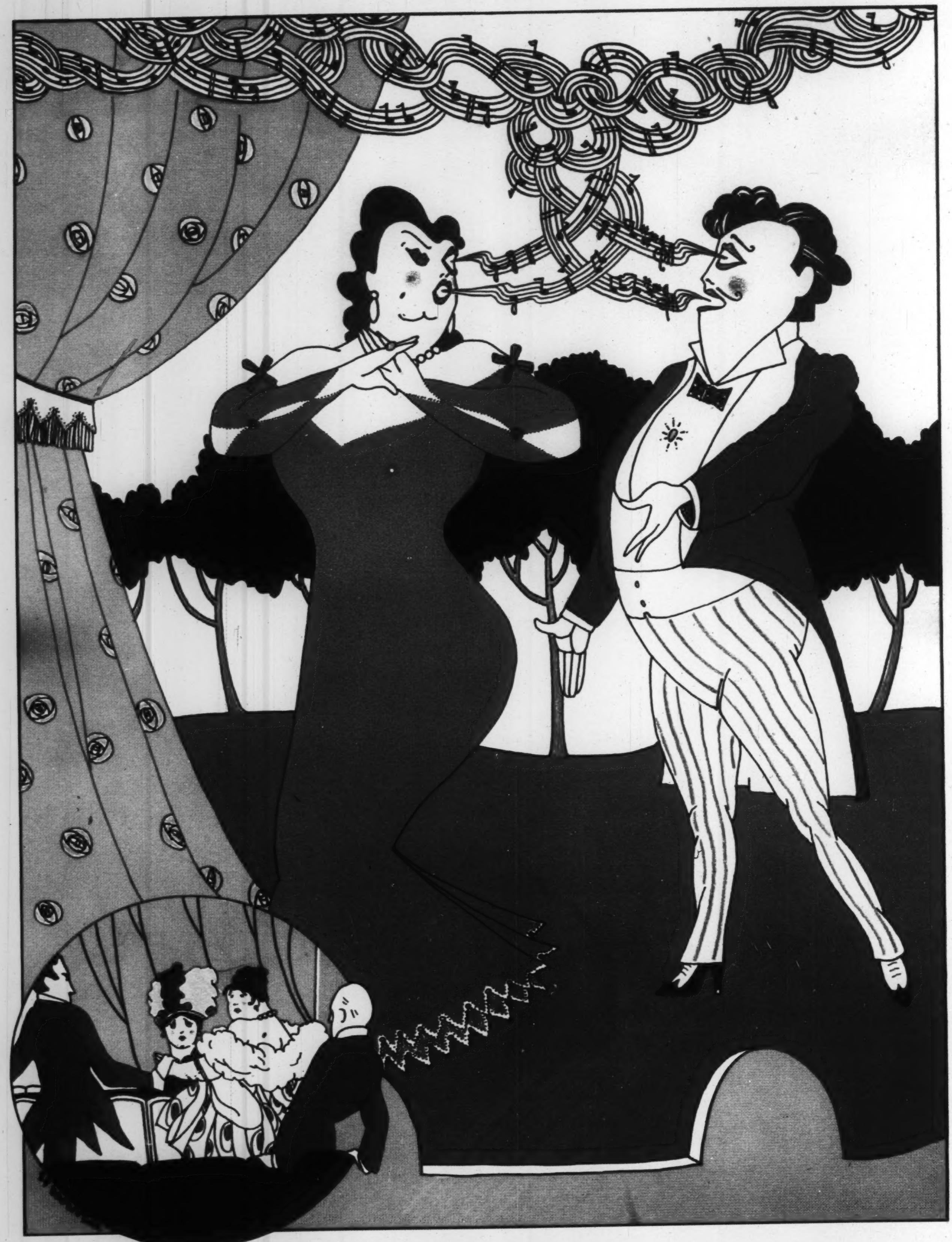
Frisco Kitsch: Big Brother's *Cheap Thrills* was designed by R. Crumb, the poet laureate of people who didn't like to read

package plus product. So while the best covers usually looked the way the best groups sounded, there was a lot of dreck rock being tarted up in good graphics.

On some level the fatal attraction of album covers is part of our growing fascination with packaging and commercial art—the ultimate triumph of style—and it finally evolved into a packaging of packages, *The Album Cover Album* (A & W Publishers), edited by Hipgnosis and Roger Dean, which inspired this layout.*

—Tracy Young

***See page 4 for credit information about the album covers reproduced in this essay**



BRAVISSIMO!!

A fanatic's nights at the opera

by James McCourt

Mae West, eternal diva, empress of hilarity, essaying the role of Cleo Borden, fabulously wealthy cattle baroness and international temptress (in the film *Going To Town*, 1934), faces a problem: How to crash the set who summer out at Southampton; how to make a big splash among the dressy old bags who drink pink tea with their pinkies crooked in the air. "I know what," Cleo/Mae decides. "I'll throw an *opra*!" So she does (or, she does so). She throws them a chamber production of *Samson and Delilah*. Mae West's thumbnail Delilah is about the greatest thing she ever put on film.

"Opra" started out as chamber entertainment in late sixteenth century Italian *palazzi*. This season at the Metropolitan Opera House, Beverly Sills, no mean comedienne herself and one of America's two top executive divas, gave a performance of the courtesan *Thais* which in many eerie ways seemed inspired by Mae West's Delilah.

What can this mean?

Singing is the ultimate expression of sexuality. This is the meaning of all mating calls in this world. True passion does not speak, it sings. A sung mass is as much a ritual display of passion as is an opera. What it is, exactly, that singing does to the nervous system has never been explained, but it is certain that the music of the spheres is not instrumental but vocal. Angels sing. (They play harps for accompaniment.) Mothers do not play toccatas and fugues to soothe their terrified children; they sing lovely lullabies. Left alone to face the void, a pilgrim will sing, or if he can not, hum. The sound the self makes in, to and for itself is the sound it most needs to "go on." In opera, this need is expressed in terms of exhilarating combat, expressed in terms of "situations" often verging on hilarity, expressed opulently, and thrillingly.

The Soprano

Balanchine says ballet is woman. So's opra. The primary iconographic image of opra, even now, is that of an opulently moulded woman, wearing a flowing gown and/or, perhaps, a helmet, carrying a fan or a spear. The ultimate operatic religious term is *diva*, which means goddess. The worship of the diva is a continuing function of operaphiles. This circumstance has come about because the diva is the anima image of the composer. All the greatest opera composers have been men. Men project their animas. The diva reigns.

Soprano is in fact a masculine word. It denotes simply one who sings *sopra*, or above the staff (that portion of the Western musical spectrum in which the regular host of humanity speaks and sings). The first *soprani* were young boys, acolytes of the Church of Rome, and *castrati*, a vanished breed. They carried on the tradition of the piping charmer-boys of classical antiquity. None too soon it became evident that a true woman could best produce the soprano thrust required to portray a true woman on the operatic stage. Thus were divas invented. Divas, like courtesans, have informed Western culture. The diva lives in a world of music, champagne and gems. The difficult part is the music.

The Mezzo Soprano

She is the other diva. Her voice is of a darker coloration. She can not sail to the very top of the female voice, but what she can accomplish in the middle and lower registers is often far more entrancing, thrilling and voluptuous than the sorts of warbles some soprani give out. She is often the heavy, the "other woman," which, as in forties movies, opens up vast possibilities to crafty females. The classic example of mezzo-soprano composition is the role of the Egyptian princess Amneris in Verdi's *Aida*. Others are the title role in Gluck's *Orfeo ed Euridice*; Bizet's *Carmen*; Fricka, in Wagner's *Die Walküre*; Saint Saens' Dalila; Santuzza, in Mascagni's *Caval-*

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ILLUSTRATION BY JOE MORROCCO

leria Rusticana. Some singers erase the distinction between soprano and mezzo-soprano by singing parts written for both, or in-between categories. (Maria Callas, Victoria De Los Angeles, Régine Crespin, Christa Ludwig, Janet Baker, Shirley Verrett and Grace Bumbry are among those who have done so in our time.)

The Tenor

"The tenor? What about him?" (An anonymous diva, thinking like Mae West . . .) The tenor is the putative peacock in the garden of opra. Tenor singing signals lust. Tenors tend to be far more comically petulant, illogical and pretentious than the divas. When they're sexy, they're very very sexy. When they're not—*Next*! Great tenors are the rarest operatic species. Thus, when they impress, they impress forever. Ask anybody to name the biggest opra star ever. Caruso, period. Ask a Wagnerian who was the great Wagnerian *heldentenor*. Melchior. The very names Björling and Di Stefano were magical in the forties and fifties, as the names Pavarotti and Domingo are today. And Vickers and McCracken and Gedda and Bergonzi. Tenors often get ideas. One current *heldentenor*, who sings Tristan, suggests that Isolde is really a figment of Tristan's febrile imagination—a projection. ("If they buy *that*, they'll buy *me*!"—one dissenting soul confessed.)

The Baritone

The baritone is the voice of the antagonist-father-brother-seducer-adviser-villain-also ran. Among the greatest baritone parts are Mozart's Don Giovanni, Verdi's Iago, Wagner's Wotan, Verdi's Falstaff, Debussy's Golaud, Mozart's Count Almaviva and Figaro, Berg's Wozzeck, Bizet's toreador, Escamillo. A good baritone voice is the most reassuring sound on the operatic stage (even, or even mainly, when portraying evil). A tenor's hysterics may arouse, or provoke. The baritone statement tends to ground proceedings. Thus baritones tend to be stable persons. It's in the nature of the job. Baritones accept defeat; tenors next to never. Tenors would rather perish. Baritones make better friends.

The Basso

He can be either *profundo* or *buffo*. The *profundi* tend to play wise old men; the *buffi*, foolish ones or younger rascals. The greatest basso buffo part is Leporello in Mozart's *Don Giovanni*; the greatest profundo, Mozart's Sarastro in *The Magic Flute*. The line between the basso and the baritone is even fuzzier than the line between the mezzo-soprano and the soprano, but the true basso sound is one of almost infernal authority. Bernard Shaw decreed the music written by Mozart for Sarastro music fit to be put into the mouth of God. Considering the God he must have had in mind . . .

Opera Stardom

True stars impel; they need never campaign. In the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries, the opera stars were what the movie stars are today. Limos and furs, caviar and champagne, affairs in the newspapers. Then movies, an equally bizarre, ferociously exigent and overwhelmingly seductive art form redefined stardom, reconstituted glamour.

The greatest opera star of all time was Maria Callas. Another great opera star is Birgit Nilsson. She possesses the biggest voice in the operatic world. Beverly Sills is a magniloquent opera star. For a time she had it all. The problem with opera stardom is that it goes when the voice does. Movie stars can last for decades; opera stars can not.

Once, years ago, a great opera diva, a Metropolitan Opera star, a mainstay, a prima donna, was set to make her entrance as Tosca. A kindly stagehand stooped to help her with the train of her elaborate Act One costume. "Don't bother," she whispered, "they also pay me here to sweep the fucking floors."

Considerations

Opera promotes seraphic absurdity. It, like toe dancing, is an outrageous enterprise. Operaphiles are dangerous. They are *echt* fanatical. (People who think that people who don't think the way they think are menaces are menaces.) Opera is a potent word. It has informed the culture. Soap opera. Rock opera. Horse opera. Space opera.

What goes on at an opera? Too much for television. (Try watching one on television. Very little emerges: all gesticulating dolls.) Tales of love and lust and death—all that—sung out (or bellowed, chirped and crooned all too often). Also very funny things—meant to be so. Almost all the greatest musical shapers of the last 400 years have grappled with the form. Beethoven wrote one single perfect opera, then stopped. Debussy also left the world one radiant masterpiece. Alban Berg left one, and two thirds of another. The other great composers left quantities of them.

What are some of the greatest operas? Forty examples follow.

Orfeo, Claudio Monteverdi
Orfeo ed Eurydice, Christoph Gluck
Dido and Aeneas, Henry Purcell
Le Nozze de Figaro, Wolfgang Mozart
Don Giovanni, Wolfgang Mozart
Cosí Fan Tutte, Wolfgang Mozart
Die Zauberflöte, Wolfgang Mozart
Fidelio, Ludwig van Beethoven
Norma, Vincenzo Bellini
Il Barbiere di Siviglia, Gioacchino Rossini
L'Elisir d'amore, Gaetano Donizetti
Das Rheingold, Richard Wagner
Die Walküre, Richard Wagner
Tristan und Isolde, Richard Wagner
Die Meistersinger, Richard Wagner
Les Troyens, Hector Berlioz
La Traviata, Giuseppe Verdi
Il Trovatore, Giuseppe Verdi
Rigoletto, Giuseppe Verdi
Don Carlos, Giuseppe Verdi
Aida, Giuseppe Verdi
Othello, Giuseppe Verdi
Falstaff, Giuseppe Verdi
Carmen, Georges Bizet
Manon, Jules Massenet
Boris Godunov, Modest Mussorgsky
Eugene Onegin, Peter Tchaikovsky
Elektra, Richard Strauss
Der Rosenkavalier, Richard Strauss
Die Frau ohne Schatten, Richard Strauss
Pelléas et Mélisande, Claude Debussy
La Bohème, Giacomo Puccini
Madama Butterfly, Giacomo Puccini
La Fanciulla del West, Giacomo Puccini
I Pagliacci, Ruggiero Leoncavallo
Wozzeck, Alban Berg
Lulu, Alban Berg
Jenufa, Leos Janacek
Cavalleria Rusticana, Pietro Mascagni
Peter Grimes, Benjamin Britten

American Operas

There are very few American operas considered worthy of revival. There is, principally, *Porgy and Bess*. There is Virgil Thomson's *Four Saints in Three Acts*. There is Douglas Moore's *The Ballad of Baby Doe*, made famous by the New York City Opera by Beverly Sills in the late 1950s. There is Carlyle Floyd's *Susannah*. There is Marc Blitzstein's *Regina*. There is Samuel Barber's *Vanessa*, in which Eleanor Steber scored a personal triumph at the old Met. There is the same composer's *Antony and Cleopatra*, which opened the new Met, and in which Leontyne Price had the misfortune to sail down the Nile and be torpedoed. There are GianCarlo Menotti's Pulitzer Prize winning *The Consul*, and his lachrymose *The Saint of Bleecker Street*. But America has produced no operatic composer who has succeeded in the manner in which Benjamin Britten has done in England. Many of those who consider Igor Stravinsky an honorary American would include his *The Rake's Progress* as a major opera. The dearth of American operas is generally put down to the proposition that the American musical—comical and serious—is the form which has enlisted the talents of the best theatrical composers. Perhaps.

In America, the highest achievements

of sung passion have not been operas but musical dramas like *Show Boat,Carousel, Annie Get Your Gun* and *West Side Story*. The impacts of singers such as Helen Morgan and Ethel Merman have been as great, as top voltage, as those of Rosa Ponselle and Maria Callas.

There is one unwritten American opera which was for years the subject of outdoor parlor games on the old Met's standing-room line: *Gone With The Wind*. Fantasy casts were regularly proposed. It was conceived as *the* American grand opera, a national epic music drama. There were as many partisan proposals for the role of the operatic Scarlett as there ever had been for the cinematic hellion. Many composers were "considered." Leonard Bernstein seemed to be the front runner. People would gabble and argue and say things like, "Can't you already *hear* Steber singing 'I'll never be hungry again!'" and "There's no one for Belle Watling but Milanov!" And on, and on. *Gone With the Wind* never got composed.

The Composer

The composer is simultaneously everywhere and nowhere. Of all the rubric pieties of the operatic enterprise, the one most bruited is "the composer's intention." The composer's intention is impossible to fulfill. This is what makes opera a religion. The attempts to realize the composer's intention. (Religion is kinetic bondage.)

There are certain definitions. There is a Mozart style, a Wagner style, a *verismo* style, a French style, a *bel canto* style, a "contemporary" style. Singers become specialists. Leontyne Price avows her best vocal pals are Mozart and Verdi. Her most conspicuous successes have been in Mozart and Verdi roles. Tito Gobbi is thought of almost exclusively in terms of Verdi villains (and the Verdi comic villain Falstaff). Birgit Nilsson is the greatest Wagnerian singer of our time; Leonie Rysanek, the greatest exponent of the vocal style of Strauss.

The Conductor

The conductor is the composer born again—for a given performance. He must forge his intentions into congruency with the composer's intention. Such as Toscanini did. Such as Wilhelm Furtwangler and Thomas Beecham did. Such as Karl Böhm, Carlo Maria Giulini, Pierre Boulez and Georg Solti do. Conductors may also become flamboyant stars, as did Toscanini and Leonard Bernstein and Herbert von Karajan, and as James Levine is in the strenuous process of doing just now. In America, where stardom is the established religion, "charismatic" behavior wins converts to opra. ("Yes, well, be that as it may . . ."—a dissenter.)

Attendant Priests

Opra is religion-circus-theater-spectacle. Stage directors, set designers, lighting designers, costume designers, publicity folk and collateral noisemakers, and even critics make crucial contributions. This, as a circumstance, is not news; yet it provokes controversy.

Over a decade ago, a (then) youngish hot-shot stage director was given the job of mounting a contemporary opera's premier. He cheerfully announced to a group of his minions one afternoon that of course he hadn't bothered with the music; he'd staged the play. Let the rest of them worry about the music. That venture sank like a cement block—containing the composer's intention. Moral: Don't hire a tin-eared hot-shot. An opposing argument: Too many singers, even still, have truculent manners in the matter of positioning themselves to make their noises. One remembers fondly that Callas could sing while waltzing (and even facing upstage). Somewhere the truth reposes. Scratch the tip of the iceberg on this question and the volcano explodes, mixing metaphor, fire, brimstone, ice and the composer's intention.

This season, the astonishing beauty of the lighting plans for *Tannhäuser* and *Pelléas et Mélisande* proved what an enhancement such a contemporarily achieved "addition" can be. In each instance, the lighting partnered the music, telling all. This can have been no fortunate accident. The lighting designer tended to the music.

Operatic publicity folk are a valiant breed. In the clashing temperaments department, opra is as *crowded* as the movies, and the publicity staff must mediate day and night. They are performers, unsinging, if not unsung.

Opra is exactly like the atom bomb. No use asking where it came from. Much less ask why. It is what it is; it is.

The Metropolitan Opera

The building in which opera is housed so far as most Americans are concerned is still the Metropolitan Opera House in New York City, a hideous blanched pile decorated in the tackiest decor imaginable, with Chagall's cluttered whimsies pasted up on the walls, and formica panels in the auditorium. It is a chilling theater to enter. It is, however, acoustically almost entirely satisfactory. Which means that when the lights go down the auditor has a fair chance of getting through the evening without falling asleep and having a nightmare and waking up screaming and causing some excitement. (Falling asleep is an old comic tradition at the opera. Oftentimes it is justified. In fact there are times when a body, if roused, is more than entitled to beg, "Please don't wake me." Opera can be killing. Let's not name names.)

The Line, the Claque and Backstage

In the old days (the good ones), the line flourished. "The line" is the standing-room line at the Metropolitan Opera House. In those days it would form in the late afternoon. It was composed of a few hundred regulars—stalwarts—who formed alliances, friendships and marriages, who argued, who agreed, who fought the chill winters by attendance at operatic spectacle. Nowadays the line is an exigent assemblage of folks who wrangle. They buy tickets in the same way, but that is all. The differences between the old line and the new line are many and various and irksome.

The procedural rigors of standing on the line as it exists at the new Met—the constricted ambience, the self-appointed "placers" (one might as well be on line at the bank, or waiting for welfare)—induce the kind of torpor that finds expression in the generally insipid quality of the conversation carried on. The conversation on the line in our time bears the same relation to the conversation on the line at the old Met as Muzak does to bel canto music. There is no scintillation. It is impossible to believe that anyone could be inspired to depict situations on the line in our time in any poetic or fictive way, that the line could nourish imaginations as it once did. What line folk are up to nowadays is ranting a lot, buying, selling and trading tapes, observing a bizarre pecking order and cruising.

The claque has gone out of fashion. At the old Met, groups of seedy gnomes would regularly organize claques for both the greats and the second-rates. Students were recruited in hushed tones by the gnomes, who would stand in the shadows near the arcade of shops and public telephones that ran along Broadway between Thirty-ninth and Fortieth streets. The approach was very much the same as "Wanna buy filthy pictures?" was in those days, and like peddling joints and poppers and angel dust is in our time. The going rate was two bucks, which meant that if a client went up to the Family Circle standing perches at the very top of the theater, for $1.25 he could make enough on the deal for a snack. Plus he heard the performance for free. This was a way to sop up a little musical culture of an evening and get a few psychic rocks off in the bargain, yelping into the void, making like an opera singer. One was generally solicited for pro-screaming, for bravos; but in the seasons in which Maria Callas redefined operatic performance in New York, many were bribed to shout boos. (Students from the better schools never stooped to join this enterprise.) Debut claques were the most amusing. Occasionally one's conscience so pricked one that, rather than cooperate in a scandal such as Charles Foster Kane might have created, one refunded the money and skulked away. The practice of claquing is generally regarded in our time as, well, tacky. The gnomes seem to have died out.

Going backstage was gorgeous in bygone days. Each diva had what was termed "the list." To be put on the list—by one of the captains in charge of the diva's fan club—was a very big deal. Sometimes one's virtue lay on the line. Making the list was like making the fraternity/sorority. The only open list in the old days was Zinka Milanov's. Everybody in New York seemed to be on it, and the diva would stay on in the dressing rooms until the wee smalls as hundreds filed in for signatures and open house. All one had to do was wait a half-hour in the freezing cold after a performance for whichever star to take off the makeup, have a belt of something and open the doors. Among the greatest backstage divas were Milanov, Eleanor Steber, Licia Albanese, Renata Tebaldi, Leontyne Price, Birgit Nilsson, Eileen Farrell, Risë Stevens, Régine Crespin and Victoria De Los Angeles.

At the Lincoln Center establishment, select groups of the chosen are ushered into a waiting parlor backstage that looks like a seedier version of one of the rooms at Frank Campbell's funeral parlor, there to congregate and/or suffocate until the diva of the evening appears. Going backstage is an ordeal these days. The knowing seldom bother.

The Metropolitan Opera is said—proclaimed, really—to be in the best shape it has been since the early 1950s. Whether or not this vaunted circumstance can be correlated to the surprising trend the Gallup poll recently reported—that more Americans are content with their lives in these United States than were in 1974—is worth considering. (Perhaps while listening to a Saturday broadcast or two this season. For opera foists illusion.) The one thing that is certain is that there are two distinct schools of thought and thinkers (neither of them being bribed by gnomes) on the merits of the Met's artistic director and principal conductor, James Levine. Virtually the entire New York musi-critical fraternity (plus Harriet Johnson) considers him the cat's couture *complet.* To many another seasoned listener, especially those who tend to spend summers at Glyndebourne, Bayreuth, Edinburgh and Avignon, and autumns in Vienna, at La Scala and at Covent Garden, he is the emperor's new clothes—an overbearing bruiser, whose interpretative notions tend to the bizarre, orotund and shoddy. Plus he conducts everything, this minority complains. To them, he is the keeper of the whited sepulcher. The controversy is keen; the invective fulminous. This is New York.

If James Levine conducts everything, Andrew Porter attends everything. He then reviews, in swooping, darting, urgent prose in the *New Yorker,* where he can go on at great length, display his scholarly strength, become excited and, in a word, *perform.* What he hears, or thinks he hears, or thinks about what he hears, is less important than the impact he delivers. One regularly overhears: "Is Andrew Porter insane!?" Nobody ever asks if Harold Schonberg is, or if Harriet Johnson is, or if Speight Jenkins is, or any of the rest. But Andrew Porter's operatic pronouncements on opera excite the oprapopulace. There ought to be another of him so that serious slugfests might be promoted.

Opreligion

Opra is a religion, with particular iconography, rituals, mitzvahs and shrines.

The iconography includes such items as portraiture, painterly and photographic, of the great composers and performers of the past. Busts of Mozart, Wagner, Verdi; likenesses of Enrico Caruso as Canio in *I Pagliacci,* of Maria Callas as Norma, of Lotte Lehmann as the Marschallin in *Der Rosenkavalier,* of Feodor Chaliapin in the title role of *Boris Godunov.* Thousands of these reproductions, often autographed, may be purchased and framed and taken home to become the *lares* and *penates* of an operaphile household. Similarly, personal letters from the great become talismans, over which incantations may be whispered while records and tapes spin, palliating sorrow for a time. For it is the essential function of opra to comfort, to console, to kindle hope. Other iconographic items may range from autographed programs of great performances through remnants of costumes and bits of oprafringe shut away in glass cases and, in New York, remnants of brick and plaster from the brutally and senselessly demolished Metropolitan Opera House that was. (There are people in New York who keep in their parlors great chunks of the interior of the lamented theater, and the Metropolitan Opera Association itself caused the old gold curtain to be cut into thousands of swatches and given out attached to record albums of the closing gala—these to pass presumably through the ages, like splinters of the true cross.

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Some sacred operatic precincts to which operaphiles make pilgrimages are the Mozarteum in Salzburg, Mozart's birthplace; the Bayreuth Festspielhaus, Wagner's self-constructed sacred grove; the Teatro alla Scala in Milan—which by its very name summons up notions, visions, both of holy stairs and of a showbiz stairway to paradise; the Opéra in Paris, a hysterically monumental edifice erected to glorify the essentially imperial nature of the art form; the Vienna Statsoper; the Royal Opera House in London's Covent Garden; and Mozart's unmarked grave.

Close Encounters With Divas

Interviewing Leonie Rysanek, one of the two female stars of the current big Met hit *Tannhäuser*, is a grand experience. Sitting high over Central Park, pouring out strong coffee and slicing hefty wedges out of a big Viennese cake, offering the visitor a healthy belt of *schnapps*, she lounges, refusing all refreshment, and lights into a vividly detailed analysis of her role—the saintly Elisabeth, whose inner fire, flaring up and all over the turbulent music drama, leads the hero to a mystical salvation.

Miss Rysanek leaped to New York operatic fame in 1959 when she replaced Maria Callas in a new production of Verdi's *Macbeth*. She was made to face booing claquers from the start, and she routed them all like a real warrior. She became famous right away for "the Rysanek dimension"—which detractors would describe as the notion of playing all her roles the same way, as bonkers. The truth is she found in each of her impersonations a vein of melancholy, fatalistic, introspective truth, and mined it in startling ways. Her Desdemona, for example, became an eerily precognitive collaborator in doom, rather than the more usual hapless sacrificial victim. Her Sieglinde in *Die Walküre* seemed consumed in exalted terror, even as she discovered and succumbed to passion. Her characterizations are relentless, and are all tinged with this arresting, often unsettling, quality. Rysanek cheerfully pours the visitor more coffee, stops, stands, paces about the room, looks over at her husband, who has been gently steering the interview in the most interesting directions, and flatly states that that is the way it must always be for her because of her Czech ancestry. Everything becomes clearer. She jokes, and chats about her famous friendship with Birgit Nilsson (who has publicly credited Rysanek with instructing her in some of the emotional demands of the parts she [Nilsson] had already made famous, and consequently of having helped her deepen her interpretations). She talks enthusiastically, approvingly, of James Levine. She paces, mentioning a persistent back problem, and offers more schnapps. She makes the visitor feel he is welcome to stay all afternoon. Her husband calls and postpones an appointment, and the diva talks on at such a pace that ambitions of complete recall on the interviewer's part go right out the window—where they belong, as it turns out. The *gestalt* of Rysanek is immediate, and energizing. She says in as many words exactly what Maria Callas used to say—often sadly: "You see I know what I do."

Encountering Grace Bumbry at a dinner party given by a madcap operaphiliac swell from Kentucky, and having been apprised ahead of time that the diva had asked that the assembly not talk all night about opera, this guest was fortunate and most agreeably surprised at being seated to Miss Bumbry's right at table, and treated to a delightful, nonstop, extremely animated outpouring all through the many-coursed meal. Exhilarated by her recent success as the second of the two women in *Tannhäuser* (the goddess Venus), she seemed delighted to hold both regal court and the floor, giving out bits of inside dope here and there concerning the progress of operatic affairs of state.

Grace Bumbry, an American and pupil of the late great Lotte Lehmann, made her first big splash in Europe and became famous in an extra-musical way for being the first black singer to appear at the Bayreuth festival (as Venus in *Tannhäuser*, in 1962). Her career as a mezzo-soprano was going full tilt when she decided (not capriciously she will have you know) to switch over and up to soprano category. (Venus as it happens is one of those strange roles which can be sung by either mezzo-sopranos or sopranos.) She was full of gusto in anticipation of her *Norma*, which she plans for Covent Garden in June, and full of elegant mischief, telling tales out of the operatic arena. "And then she said to me, 'Grace . . .' "

She delighted the entire company, dwelling in relaxed conversation on the sillier side of the profession, while at the same time brimming over with good will and serious appraisals of her many distinguished colleagues, present and former. She spoke particularly of Leonie Rysanek, of Birgit Nilsson, of her reverence for the late Maria Callas, of her affection for Victoria De Los Angeles (her colleague in Bayreuth in that earlier *Tannhäuser*), and now and again this guest will avow, so as not to suggest we spent the evening in the company of an operatic Mary Tyler Moore, with a calculated degree of acid wit on this one, and that one, who, would you believe . . . At a sensible hour, Grace Bumbry departed, escorted by the madcap. She had proven enchanting.

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Encore!

Some of the best jazz releases of the past year were originally recorded decades ago

by Jim Miller

Reissues continue to offer consumers their best buy on records—and also a marvelous chance to hear outstanding musicians in their prime. As in previous years, jazz dominates the market. What follows is a quick survey of the records that have become available since *New Times*' last reissues wrap-up (February 18, 1977).

The most active label reissuing jazz is still Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone; and the most important reissue of the past year is *The Duke Ellington Carnegie Hall Concerts*, released by Prestige in four volumes (January 1943; December 1944; January 1946; December 1947). Throughout the late thirties, Ellington had sought a suitable forum for the performance of longer compositions. Dissatisfied by the constraints imposed by 78s and dance-hall shows, he wanted to develop thematic materials at length in a setting that would facilitate serious listening. His first major opportunity came in January 1943, when his band became the first jazz group to play Carnegie Hall since Benny Goodman's appearance in 1938. Ellington picked the occasion for the debut of his most famous extended composition, *Black, Brown and Beige*.

Ironically, the complete composition was rarely performed thereafter. Many reviewers panned Ellington's foray into "serious" music, some even suggesting that he should stick to pop and swing. The concert occurred in the midst of the war-time recording ban, so the piece remained unrecorded until 1944. By then, Ellington, stung by the critics, had jettisoned large segments of the original composition. The appearance of the January 1943 concert, complete on a three-record set, is thus an event of the first importance.

Intended by Ellington as "A Tone Parallel to the History of the American Negro" in three movements, *Black* echoes some of the stiffness which that subtitle implies. But the richness of Ellington's themes, and the superb playing of the soloists, more than compensates: When alto saxophonist Johnny Hodges slides into the "Come Sunday" theme, the effect is spellbinding. The rest of the concert is also notable. One of Ellington's greatest bands (Ben Webster was still on hand) performs a representative sampling of short Ellington masterpieces, many of them from the early forties. Since RCA Victor has made it difficult to obtain the original studio versions of classics like "Ko-Ko," the January 1943 concert album serves as the best available introduction to the Ellington band near the peak of its powers.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Duke: Black, brown and beige bargain

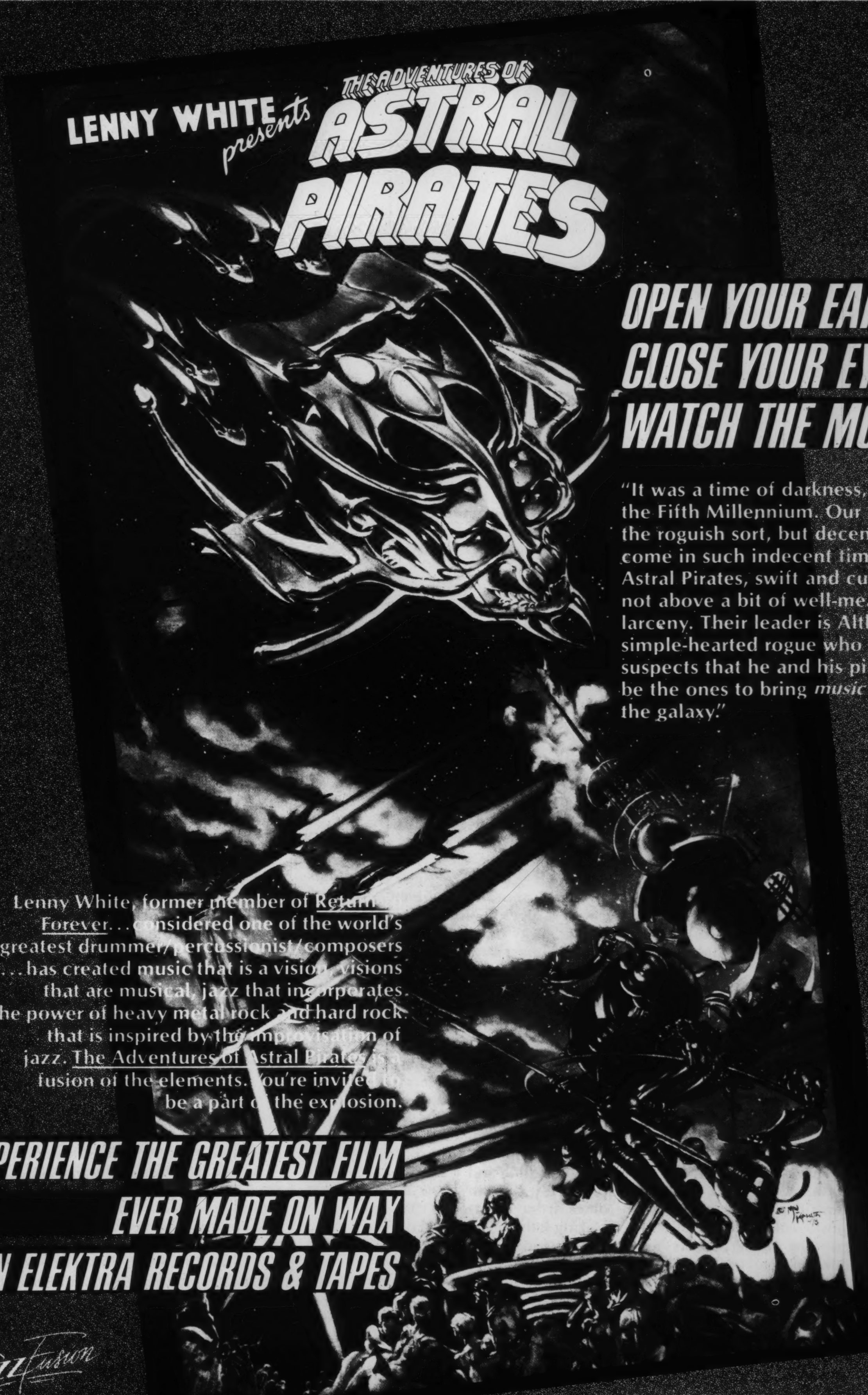
The first Carnegie concert proved to be a turning point for Ellington. During the next 25 years of his career, he was preoccupied with extended programmatic compositions, a genre he explored further in *The Perfume Suite* (the December 1944 concert) and the *Liberian Suite* (December 1947). Although none of the other albums in this Prestige series can match the excitement and importance of the first Carnegie Hall performance, each two-record set does offer further evidence of Duke Ellington's art.

There are many other Fantasy/Prestige/Milestone "two-fers" of note from the past year. They include a couple of Miles Davis collections: *Tune Up*, a mixed bag of sides from the early fifties, featuring such memorable performances as "Solar" and "Walkin'"; and *Green Haze*, which pairs two quintet sessions from 1955 and features the debut of the great John Coltrane-Red Garland-Paul Chambers-Philly Joe Jones unit.

Other F/P/M two-fers focus on pianists. The most consistently satisfying is Bill Evans' *The Second Trio*, a collection of material from 1962 featuring bassist Chuck Israels and drummer Paul Motian. The pianist explores a number of ballads with sensitivity, but the real treat is his playing on the up-tempo tunes, which affords an all-too-rare glimpse at the art of swing, Bill Evans-style. Randy Weston and Red Garland, two other gifted pianists, are represented by *Zulu* and *Rediscovered Masters* respectively. The Weston anthology gathers early sides, from 1954 and 1956, before his mature style had quite jelled; Garland's *Masters* , on the other hand, includes a rather disappointing and misguided foray into "latin" music. More revealing is Elmo Hope's *The All-Star Sessions*. A luckless pianist initially cast in the mold of Bud Powell, Hope in later years developed a uniquely Monk-ish brand of bop, captured on a 1961 date reissued here. (A 1956 jam session, also included, is more conventional.)

Aficionados of the alto saxophone will want *Coast to Coast*, which features two of Cannonball Adderley's best live albums, including the famous Jazz Workshop set in 1959 that yielded the funk hit "This Here." Tenor saxophonist Gene Ammons is well served by two anthologies, *Organ Combos* and *Gentle Jug*; the former includes a stunning "Angel Eyes," while the latter shows off Ammons' special way with a ballad. Finally, *Fats Navarro*, featuring the bop trumpeter with the Tadd Dameron band, is of considerable musical as well as historical interest, capturing a spirited performance at the Royal Roost in 1948.

Columbia Records has recently embarked on an ambitious new reissue



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program, aimed largely at collectors and students of jazz history. Miles Davis and Tadd Dameron lead a quintet on *The Paris Festival International*, accompanied by saxophonist James Moody and drummer Kenny Clarke; it is an interesting document, although Davis' style was still a little raw. Baritone saxophonist Gerry Mulligan is featured with Gene Krupa, as well as his own big band of 1957, on *The Arranger*. While the Krupa sides are slight, the 1957 session shows off Mulligan's considerable skills as a composer and arranger; soloists include Lee Konitz and Zoot Sims.

The major project at Columbia is *The Lester Young Story*, a comprehensive series of two-fers now up to three volumes. Superbly compiled and annotated, this project is a critical contribution to jazz scholarship as well as a goldmine of music. For casual listeners, unfortunately, the extensive use of alternate takes and the strict chronological format make appreciation difficult. Volume two, *A Musical Romance*, features the tenor saxophonist on a number of Billie Holiday sessions from 1937 and 1938, while volume three, *Enter the Count*, finds Young in the good company of the Count Basie band. The third volume includes such stunning Basie/Young masterpieces as "Taxi War Dance" and "Pound Cake," but both volumes also include a number of lesser performances as well.

Columbia has also reissued a trio of live Charlie Parker tapes from the early fifties: *Bird With Strings*, *Summit Meeting at Birdland* (featuring Dizzy Gillespie and Bud Powell) and *One Night in Birdland* (featuring Fats Navarro and Bud Powell). The gem among these is *One Night*, which captures an inspired Parker, as well as top-drawer Powell and Navarro. *Summit Meeting* has its moments, too, with Powell, Gillespie and drummer Roy Haynes gobbling up such bop classics as "Anthropology" and "Night in Tunisia," between atmospheric chatter from emcee Symphony Sid. Of more academic interest is *Bird With Strings*, which documents Parker's love affair with violins (he felt they lent his music dignity—as if it needed any help).

Parker is also featured on several recent Verve reissues, all of them two-fers. *The Verve Years (1952-54)*, which concludes a three-volume survey of Parker's studio work for Norman Granz, presents the great saxophonist in decline, pushed along by dismal studio settings. The string charts arranged by Joe Lippman are appalling, the latin session featuring "La Cucuracha" often sounds like a bad joke, and Bird is even saddled with voices and oboes for a "chamber chorale" session. Yet he manages, miraculously, to rise above the occasion at several points, offering, for example, a memorable solo filled with pathos on the otherwise merely pathetic "Old Folks." In addition, the album includes two superior quartet dates from 1952 and 1954.

THE BETTMANN ARCHIVE

Parker: The Bird is back

Parker also appears on *Bird and Pres: the '46 Concerts*, jam sessions with Lester Young, Dizzy Gillespie and Coleman Hawkins, among others; and *Afro-Cuban Jazz*, a compilation as striking for the light it sheds on early latin jazz as it is for the soloing of Parker and Dizzy Gillespie with the bands of Machito and Chico O'Farrill.

There are several other Verve reissues of note. *Sixteen Men Swinging* gathers superior Count Basie sides from 1953-54, with charts by Neal Hefti and Ernie Wilkins. In tackling *The Rodgers and Hart Songbook*, Ella Fitzgerald sounds a little wooden sometimes, but she serviceably renders a wide range of show tunes from one of Broadway's greatest teams. And on *Tenor Giants*, saxophonists Ben Webster and Coleman Hawkins join forces for two satisfying dates from 1957 and 1959; Webster's solo on "Time after Time" is a lesson in the fine points of balladry.

Dizzy Gillespie, like Charlie Parker, is well represented on recent reissues. On *Diz and Roy*, which includes a couple of convivial sessions from 1954 and 1955, Gillespie matches wits with the swing trumpeter Roy Eldridge, his one-time idol and sometime jousting partner; by contrast, *Diz and Getz*, two dates from 1953 and 1956, features blazing hard bop, well played by a cast that includes alto saxophonist Sonny Stitt as well as Stan Getz.

Gillespie is also the featured soloist on *Composer's Concepts*, one of four recent two-fers in "The EmArcy Jazz Series." A rather motley set of sides from the early sixties, it includes *The New Continent*, a bombastic big band suite by Lalo Schifrin, and *The Cool World*, a movie soundtrack by Mal Waldron performed by Gillespie's quintet. The other EmArcy reissues include classic Clifford Brown on *The Quintet Vol. 2*; decent Sarah Vaughn *Recorded Live* in 1957, 1958 and 1963; and brilliant Roland Kirk on *Kirk's Works*, an indispensable compilation of the reedman at the peak of his considerable powers.

A 20-year-old Kirk also shines on *Early Roots*, a reissue on Bethlehem Records of Kirk's first recording in 1956. Indeed, there are a number of fine reissues on Bethlehem, all of them single albums. While these records are no bargain, they do preserve some ageless music. *Herbie Nichols*, a pianist distinctively influenced by Monk and Powell, presents a memorable performance from 1957. *The Finest of Oscar Pettiford* finds the great bassist fronting a band including Donald Byrd and Bob Brookmeyer, playing such Pettiford originals as "Bohemia After Dark." Booker Little's *Victory and Sorrow*, recorded in 1961, several months before his death at the age of 23, is a fascinating example of the trumpeter's idiosyncratic modernism. *Down Home* by Zoot Sims finds the tenor saxophonist in the company of pianist Dave McKenna and drummer Danny Richmond, swinging like a born Basie-ite through "Jive at Five" and "Doggin' Around." Finally, on *Twilight of the Idols*, the trombonist Jimmy Knepper, a one-time cohort of Charles Mingus, fronts a rare 1957 date with Bill Evans on piano.

Mingus himself presides over *Jazz Workshop* (Savoy), a curiously "cool" session from 1954, early in his career. Another noteworthy single-album set on Savoy is *Kenny Clarke Meets the Detroit Jazzmen*, a first-rate blowing date from 1956 featuring baritone saxophonist Pepper Adams, pianist Tommy Flanagan and guitarist Kenny Burrell.

But the high points of Savoy's recent jazz reissues are a couple of vintage bop albums from the late forties. *Fat Girl* features prime Fats Navarro, often in the company of Tadd Dameron. *The Hunt*, by contrast, is a bebop donnybrook presided over by tenor saxophonists Wardell Gray and Dexter Gordon; listening to this music, you can almost re-live the cross-country craziness Jack Kerouac wrote about in *On the Road*, a book for which "The Hunt" provides a soundtrack.

Savoy has also been one of the few labels to bother reissuing rhythm and blues, including two superb two-fers, *The Roots of Rock and Roll* and *Have No Fear, Big Joe Turner is Here*. For the time being, though, it is jazz fans who have the pick of the reissues field. And they are discovering a lot of great music the second time around. ●

Movies / by Richard Corliss

THE BIG SNOOZE

A few months ago I looked in the top right-hand drawer of my dresser—a sturdy mahogany job out of the 1927 Monkey Ward catalog, cracked and careworn like my face, but otherwise unmarked except for the panel just under the mirror where Moose Malloy had once carved the name Velma with the point of his head—and noticed that my best socks were missing. They're the black wool ones with the dark blue clocks on them, the ones I wear when calling on prospective clients with too much spare cash and not enough common sense. I casually cross my legs, the client sees my socks, and he thinks I'm the best private detective money can buy. Sometimes, when they learn I can't be bought, only rented ($25 a day, plus expenses), they express displeasure; one of those expressions changed the part in my hair. But for a sleuth, anger is a dangerous luxury. I decided a long time ago to leave luxury to the pimps and tycoons' wives. So I never get angry—except when somebody steals my best socks. My name is Philip Marlowe.

Last night I finally chased down those socks. Usually, when I write about one of my cases, I don't tell you who the bad guy was until the final chapter. But the socks case was different. Solving it didn't take any of the famous Marlowe smarts or the wooing of a sultry black widow or even a couple of fast kicks in the glutes. All I had to do was walk into a movie theater. And there were my socks, warming the ankles of an actor named Mitchum. He was walking around in a haze of what he must have thought was chivalric cynicism. Bullets, dames, moral dilemmas all came his way, and still he looked as if the only thing that could keep him awake was to be sodomized by Idi Amin. I wondered how this guy could invest the energy needed to keep his pulse beating, let alone break into my apartment to heist some hosiery. But as the evidence piled up on the big screen, I realized this Mitchum character was just a patsy—all he wanted was a few bucks and his name in lights. The mastermind behind this harebrained caper was an oxymoron named Michael Winner. And he wasn't only after my socks. In this movie of his, **The Big Sleep**, he was trying to steal *me*.

In the credits (the wrong word for this movie: it ought to be debits), Winner is listed as the director and adaptor of my first big case, which unraveled its guts almost 40 years ago in and around the (equally misnamed) City of the Angels. Well, Winner abducted my case and transported it, not just across state lines, but to London, England. I guess you know that my friend Raymond Chandler—I gave him my stories, he gave me his byline—was raised in England and carried a lifelong torch for the place that I could never share: too much chlorophyll and phony good manners. So maybe Winner thought he was doing Chandler and me a favor by retelling my tale with an Oxford accent. It's just one more proof that the colonies were right to secede. My stories weren't just about people who got themselves in trouble, they were a personal history of that crazy town—"two stories high and eighty miles wide," as a sharp lady friend of mine once said. You need the smog and the asphalt and the transplanted palm trees to make sense of my cases, my people. These rats have their own special holes, and they don't travel.

I'll give some advice to people who want to put my stories on screen. First: forget it—they're books, not movies

If you want to photograph rats and rat holes, smog and asphalt, you don't use Winner's glorious Technicolor. My old world was black-and-white and gray all over. I know that readers' memories of my stories are colored with occasional peanut-butter-and-jelly stains of mud and blood, or splotches of red oozing out of somebody's breast pocket or forehead. But that's just seasoning, ketchup. The real suffering goes on at the corners of a man's mouth, in his pinpoint pupils, or down in what's left of his stomach. All the Technicolor special effects won't help you dramatize what goes on in the dark night of a three-time loser's soul.

As I settled down in the Alhambra II loge, trying to concentrate on the screen while the couple next to me entered the terminal throes of ecstacy and a bunch of kids in the front row set fire to a wino's cardboard shoes, I still held the hope that any movie with Mitchum, Sarah Miles, Richard Boone, Candy Clark, Joan Collins, Edward Fox, John Mills, Jimmy Stewart, Oliver Reed, Harry Andrews and Colin Blakely would keep my legs from going to sleep on me. My hope died about five minutes into the movie when I saw that, to express carnal interest, the Misses Miles and Clark were doing more acting with their tongues than the bass guitarist of Kiss. The rest of the cast should be somewhere else—in rep, or taking the cure, or counting their money, or reading an Olive Higgins Prouty novel. And Winner should go back to the movie Howard Hawks made of *The Big Sleep* in the forties, and see how to direct actors so they look as if they're having fun without slumming.

Instead, Winner goes on a Great Homes of Hertford tour and decides to photograph his interiors in rooms about the size of Chavez Ravine. Intimate dialogue is shouted down the corridors of power. Didn't Winner ever read my stories? Doesn't he know that the people I deal with stand squat up against each other, exchanging schoolyard insults and counterfeit endearments? It's only up close that you can see whether the scar on a man's lip is from a bar brawl or just where he smoked a Camel down too far. Up close is where you can read the fear in his eyes, where you can stop a punch or throw one, where you can smell yesterday's breakfast in the vapors of a halitosis as pungent as my prose style.

Okay, I know Winner has read my stuff—at least *The Big Sleep*. Just about every word spoken in the movie is as I wrote it down. Again, I suppose he means to be faithful to my story. But it's a strange kind of fidelity. He's like a woman who never cheats on her husband, but every Saturday night, when he makes love to her, she holds him tight and whispers the nine-times table in his ear. Winner has the words right, but there's no music: the sudden break in the voice of a guy who's taking a shower in his own flopsweat, the syncopation of footsteps following you down a deserted street, the cool-jazz wail of a police siren in the small of the night.

I never said that the dialogue my clients and enemies spoke would sound natural in a movie. Sure it sounds as flat as Eisenhower reading *The Waste Land* from a cue card—because it was written to be read and not to be spoken. It reminds me of Ray Chandler's experience adapting James Cain's *Double Indemnity* for the movies. Chandler's employer, Billy Wilder, wanted to use Cain's dialogue in the film. He even hired some actors to recite from the book. It sounded false and awkward. "I could have told you," Chandler said to Wilder, "that Cain's dialogue, in his fiction, is written to the eye. Now that we've got that out of the way, let's dialogue it in the same spirit as he has in the book, but not the identically same words." Wilder then brought Cain in, thinking the author would contradict Chandler. But Cain agreed that his characters would come alive only if they weren't pinned to the page and his prose. If Winner had asked me, I'd have told him the same thing. A lot of good it would've done. As read by his cast, the lines would still be flat; and as directed by him, there'd be nothing between them but dead space. Some people you just can't help—not even at $25 a day, plus expenses.

Art Abducted: Marlowe amidst much chlorophyll and phony manners

But now, for free, I'll give some advice to people who want to put my stories on the screen. First: forget it—they're books, not movies. Second, after the first is ignored: make your own movie, your own Marlowe. Any original idea, no matter how radical, is better than none. For his version of *The Big Sleep*, Howard Hawks had the idea to make fun of all the story's early murders—it became a Keystone Corpse comedy, with Bogart as the only sane lawman on the block. As Chandler said once, "Bogart was an actor who can be tough without a gun." Even when romancing a dame, he had a way of saying "sweetheart" so it came out "schweinhund." And Hawks had a way of satisfying the Hays Office without ever going simple. He could say "kitsch" without "kitchy-koo."

And then, a few years ago, a big shambling Yogi Bear named Robert Altman made a movie out of the Terry Lennox case, *The Long Goodbye*. Altman didn't like me, didn't like my world, thought I was obsolete, the Studebaker of private eyes. (Maybe if I'd kept publishing the records of my cases. . . .) Through those dark sunglasses, and whatever filters he's got in his head, Altman saw me about 20/200. But at least it was a vision. I'd much rather be shot at by a cold-blooded marksman than anesthetized by a pea-shooter with a small bore—Mr. Michael Winner. I guess I shouldn't expect a provocative point of view from a guy whose idea of "porno" is a sedate snapshot of cute, scrawny Candy Clark that could safely run as the centerfold in *Our Sunday Visitor*; or misses the point (Hawks did too) that Mona Mars, not Vivian Sternwood, was the dame I could have pined for in this case; or demonstrates a new kind of six-shooter—the kind that fires seven shots.

I know I'm getting old. Maybe I'm getting tired. My apartment (it used to belong to Joe Brody, the fellow Geiger's gunsel turned into a sieve back in *Big Sleep* days) is starting to mold. The ghosts of guys who were alive until they met me, and of women who were too rich or too bad for my blood, are forming cobwebs on my davenport and in the empty chambers of my .38-caliber mind. When your memories become realer than the furniture, it's time to check into the Old Detectives Home. They have a game room where I could play chess with Nero Wolfe. In the trophy room there's a display case that might have room for a certain cigarette case, a lady's right shoe, an old photo of a man falling out a window, and a few checks I was proud never to cash. (Now if I can just get those socks back. . . .) Best of all, they never show old movies—or new ones. The only reruns are projected inside the detectives' softening heads.

You know what Chandler said about me? "If I ever had the opportunity of selecting the movie actor who could best represent him to my mind, I think it would have been Cary Grant." A tough, good man, Chandler. He's been sleeping the big sleep for almost 20 years now. I guess a part of me went with him—the part you can't duplicate on a movie screen, or pay for with $25 a day, plus expenses.

The Fury. A masterpiece—not Brian De Palma's "experience in terror and suspense," but Pauline Kael's rave *New Yorker* review, which is playing in full in your local newspaper (courtesy the 20th Century-Fox publicity department), and which *is* everything Miss Kael claims for De Palma's Petit Guignol. "There's an ecstatic element" in her writing; she "seems to extend the effects [she's] playing with about as far as [she] can without losing control"; the hype "is presented in such a stylized, anesthetized way that it transcends" hype. One can imagine Agee, Bazin, Ferguson and Farber still stunned, bowing to the ground, choking with laughter. One can imagine the same response from moviegoers who pay to see this eviscerated turkey on Miss Kael's sayso.

Dona Flor and Her Two Husbands. Or: How a Mediocre Brazilian Movie Can Contain a Great Performance. It helps if your star is a beautiful young woman (Sonia Braga) who may be a great acresss. Only her smile, her carriage, the look in her eyes can make comprehensible the love Dona Flor feels for the two men in her life: a handsome hellrake who's returned from the dead, and a sweet, boring bourgeois. The movie is little more than an extended anecdote; Jose Wilker (the hellrake) is one of the most annoying actors on either side of the Panama Canal; and Bruno Barreto (the director) has little sense of style, pace or mood. No matter. Miss Braga atones for, obliviates, enriches all. Wearing your heart on your sleeve has gone out of fashion, so I'll settle for embroidering it on *New Times*' glossy paper. Miss Braga, continue to be as you are. ●

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MERIT
Kings & 100's

Television / by Richard M. Levine

THE CORE OF THE VAST WASTELAND

David Baltimore owns WBRE-TV, the NBC affiliate in Wilkes-Barre, Pennsylvania, and operates it with the aid of two sons on the payroll and plenty of free advice from his wife, Muriel. Part of the area in northeast Pennsylvania that WBRE services is coal mining country, hilly and chronically depressed. These basic topographic and economic facts lead directly to Baltimore's two pet obsessions: cable television companies, which prosper in the hilly terrain, and what he calls the "demographically dead," those members of his older-than-average audience who lie outside the 18–49-year range that advertisers consider their prime target.

By offering a dozen or more alternatives from as far away as New York and Philadelphia, cable companies drastically cut into WBRE's potential audience, just as advertisers discount his actual audience because it "skews old." This means that while Wilkes-Barre/Scranton is within the top 50 television markets in the country in terms of the number of households using television sets, it is 70th in terms of gross advertising revenue. Moreover, WBRE, which has generally been the leading station in the market, has slipped behind the local ABC affiliate in the ratings for the past two seasons, just as NBC has fallen behind ABC nationally. That's Baltimore's bad news. The good news is that WBRE—again like the NBC network—may still make more money in 1978 than in any year in its history. Unlike coal mining, the television industry doesn't know the meaning of the word depression.

A few weeks ago, at the National Association of Television Program Executives convention, Baltimore was doing his best to emphasize the bad news. The annual five-day NATPE convention is the place where television station owners and their programming executives sample and buy syndicated shows—those TV programs that are sold on a station-by-station basis and generally run in the "fringe" time periods before and after prime time, when the networks shut down their cables. Among his peers Baltimore, a handsome, silver-haired man with an almost military bearing, has a reputation for being just as tight-fisted with his money as he is outspoken in his opinions. "When you're selling advertising time on WBRE," a distributor told him at the convention, "you claim to reach half the country. When you're buying our shows, you don't even reach all of Wilkes-Barre—just the Barre part."

This year the NATPE convention was held at the Bonaventure Hotel in downtown Los Angeles, an impossibly modernistic affair of five intersecting towers that from the inside resembles nothing so much as a final exam for a class of laboratory rats. To the harried delegates scuttling between dozens of distributors' "hospitality suites," the cheese at the end of this maze of corridors was the chance to make a better deal than the competition in their local markets on a syndicated show. (The booby prize in nearly every suite seemed to be the right to eat one's weight in Swedish meatballs.)

In past years Muriel Baltimore, who is as pretty and vivacious as David is proper and dignified, accompanied her husband as he filled out his shopping list of programs, but this year that function was taken over by WBRE's vice-president for sales, 32-year-old Terry Baltimore. Muriel had to content herself with various "spouse events" (lunch with Dinah Shore, a beauty lesson from the head of make-up at NBC) as well as collecting the door prizes at the hospitality suites, sampling the gourmet delights the larger exhibitors offered and indulging in her passion for contests. (A friend of Muriel's had won a baby grand piano at the Mike Douglas luncheon two years ago in San Francisco, but the only prize Muriel had ever taken home was 50 pounds of sardines she won last year in Miami at the *Let's Make a Deal* suite.)

Many of the delegates at the NATPE convention, those from independent stations, owe their entire livelihood to syndicated programs. But even a network affiliate owner like Baltimore receives much of his total revenue—about 40 percent, in the case of WBRE—from the prime syndication hours between 4:30 and 8 p.m. The reason has to do with the economics of network television. In return for carrying NBC's schedule, the network pays Baltimore a small percentage of his market's share of its advertising revenue, which amounts to about $250 per prime-time hour in his case, and gives him two or three 30-second spots each hour to sell on his own. By contrast, Baltimore receives all the advertising revenue from his syndicated shows, so he has to take special care to choose them effectively.

ILLUSTRATION BY DAVE CALVER

Compared to the orderly supermarkets run by television networks, which "clear" nearly all of their schedules to affiliate stations with the flick of an electronic switch, syndicated television is an Oriental bazaar, where all manner of strange fare is available at prices that fluctuate wildly, depending on the size of the market and the skill of the bargainers. What does not fluctuate much is the quality of syndicated programming, which ranges from the simply tired (old series that have finished their long network runs and are being repeated in "off-network" syndication) to the truly wretched (most original, or "first-run," syndicated shows). If television is indeed a vast wasteland, 4:30 in the afternoon is its geographical epicenter, a cultural time capsule where religious revivals segue into women's roller derby, grade B movies have their last picture showing and everybody loves Lucy for ever and ever.

Because the networks are ordering up fewer episodes of each TV series than in the past and then canceling them at the drop of a rating point, only a very select number of hit shows ever gather enough "negatives" to make syndication feasible, and those that do are, in a seller's market, exorbitantly expensive. *Happy Days*, which was being sold at this year's NATPE with a 1979 release date, is going for $35,000 an episode in major markets like Los Angeles or New York; *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* for $20,000.

Fortunately for David Baltimore's pocketbook, off-network series were not on his immediate shopping list. Last year he had bought *The Mary Tyler Moore Show* at $750 an episode—the most he had ever spent for an off-network series—and ran an episode every weekday at 5:30 p.m. (a procedure called stripping), preceded by *Hogan's Heroes*, *Adam-12* and *The Brady Bunch*. He knew that *Happy Days* would be an enormous hit in syndication, but he also knew that the price in his market would likely be more than double what he had paid for *The Mary Tyler Moore Show*. He doubted that he could boost his local advertising rates sufficiently to justify the added expense.

Part of the problem is that FCC regulations prohibit Baltimore from scheduling off-network series in his most lucrative time period for syndicated shows, the hour preceding the start of prime time at 8p.m. (7 p.m. on Sundays). The 1971 regulation, called the prime-time access rule, had been designed to encourage local stations in the top 50 markets to develop their own shows, but since that proved to be a very expensive proposition, syndicators stepped in to fill the gap with first-run programs. Because sales and distribution costs for syndicated shows are very high—they must be sent, or "bicycled," from station-to-station by mail or other non-electronic means—syndicators tend to shave production costs as much as possible. Thus, the two most popular prime-time access genres are game shows, which can be turned out five-a-day in a studio, and animal shows, where the acting talent is just as good and the residuals much lower. In the access time period, WBRE had been running a strip game show during the week at 7 p.m. and alternating several similar programs at 7:30, one or two of which were showing signs of slipping in the ratings. Baltimore was definitely interested in the new crop of game shows.

If there is a new wrinkle in the 100 percent polyester look of game shows, it is that several new ones that gently spoof the genre are on the market this year. The fact that Mort Rosenthal, the program manager for Wilkes-Barre's CBS affiliate, was stalking the NATPE corridors looking for new access shows added a certain quickness to Baltimore's step. But by the time he got to the hospitality suite showing *The Cheap Show*, one of the new game-show spoofs, the salesman told him:"Mort's already been here and bought it."

"That guy's buying everything in sight," Baltimore mumbled on his way to *The $1.98 Beauty Contest*, where Muriel, armed with Muppet puppets and news of the strawberries dipped in hot fudge at the Time-Life suite, joined him. The show proved to be a parody of beauty contests nearly identical in format to *The Gong Show*, a spoof of talent shows that was made, not coincidentally, by the same producer, Chuck Barris. "Barris is the only producer who knows how to skew to 18–49," the saleswoman said before slipping in the video cassette. "Women at home 18–34 will be able to identify with our contestants because they can perform and model bathing suits just as well." She was right there. The first contestant in the pilot wanted to be an actress, but if all else failed, as it no doubt would, said she'd settle for dental hygiene. The second and third were a pair of six-foot-plus twins who hoped to attend college on volleyball scholarships.

"It's just awful enough to do well," Baltimore said when it was over.

"Chuck says it'll do a 40 share," the saleswoman said brightly. "Want to buy it?"

"For $1.98," Baltimore said, hedging his bets for the moment.

He and Terry saw several other game shows in different suites, none much better, and then walked in to see the distributor selling *The Match Game*. It was the Wilkes-Barre CBS affiliate's best show in the access time period. "I don't want to do anything to Mort I wouldn't want him to do to me," David told the salesman. "But if he doesn't renew, you know where to come."

Later, Muriel rejoined the Baltimores at the *Hee Haw* suite, raving about the blini and caviar at Paramount. The Baltimores watched the pilot for a spinoff of the country and western show, called *Hee Haw Honeys*, during which guest star Billy Carter read his jokes, syllable by painful syllable, from the Telepromter. David thought the program might work if he paired it with *Hee Haw*, which is one of the top-rated shows on WBRE, but he also knew that the company would want to trade him *Hee Haw Honeys* in return for a stipulated amount of advertising time—a common arrangement known as barter syndication—and he was reluctant to give up any revenue from commercials during the only part of the day he owned outright.

"Will you take straight cash instead of time?" he asked the salesman.

"Can't do," the salesman said. "You know we just barter."

"What terms?"

"Four minutes for you, two for us."

"Will you take five and one?"

"Can't do either."

Besides access shows, the only other kind of programming that really interested Baltimore was feature films, which he needed for his Sunday afternoon movie. The major studios sell packages of films to TV stations after their theatrical and network showings, under the same terms as any other syndicated show, so many runs of each film over so many years. With some misgiving, David and Terry headed for Paramount, which had a new film package that they realized would probably be as expensive per title as *Happy Days*, another Paramount property.

"Shall we roll 'em," David said, pointing to the videotape presentation. "Who's kidding who, David," said Lou Israel, the head of Paramount's distribution department. "You haven't let us roll you in years."

The presentation did its best to feature the few recent hits in the 37-film package, without mentioning that they could not be shown for several years.

"When will *Duddy Kravitz* be available?" Terry asked, spotting the weakness.

"Not until 1981," Israel admitted.

"Dreyfuss is hot now," David said. "Who knows where he'll be in 1981."

"Let's cut the bullshit," Israel said. "We both know all the moves—I knew you when your hair was black. We have a $2,500 price tag per film in your market. Five runs in five years."

David and Terry looked at one another with mock incredulity.

"You know our cable problem," David said. "You can't treat us like Harrisburg or Syracuse."

"I realize it's a soft market," Israel said. "So we'll take a little less than $2,500."

"I wouldn't give you $1,000 a film," David said.

"Bludhorn says sugar is down, so we can't give away movies," Israel countered, referring to Charles Bludhorn, the chairman of Gulf & Western, Paramount's parent company. "C'mon, spend some money, David. You must still have your first nickel."

"What else can you do for us?" David asked. "*Happy Days*?"

"I'm not ready to talk about *Happy Days*," Israel said. "Let's do some business with the films first."

The negotiations went downhill from there. It had been a long and not very rewarding day for the Baltimores, and David was beginning to feel even more contentious than usual.

"Brown," he said, getting up to leave.

"What, brown?" Israel said.

"My hair used to be brown." ●

Books/ by Geoffrey Wolff

BANALITY WITH CONSEQUENCE

Airships
by Barry Hannah.
Knopf
(209 pp., $8.95).

To enter any one of these twenty stories, these twenty astonishments, is to fall through a trap door: ***What's this, what happened, where am I?*** "Ozville," one of Barry Hannah's characters calls the general location. As you fall through tunnels, waiting to hit bottom, bouncing against soft, damp, furry things, picking up speed, you hear snatches of talk from the straight world up there, especially that part of the world under God's blind eye that people call the New South. You hear a man explain why he let Uncle send him to Vietnam: "I joined. I wasn't getting anything done but being in love with my wife. That wasn't doing America any good." Then you hear a guy with much time on his hands, who is hanging around his house waiting for a visit from a black man he managed to insult, a black man who eats bananas suggestively and lives with his sister in an air-conditioned Chrysler: "The rest of the day I just lay around and swore. I didn't even get a beer out of the fridge. After you've drunk a hundred fifty thousand Falstaffs, the taste goes on you."

I'd like to make it clear that Hannah's short stories are apart from the general run of things. Not merely in their weirdness, which is only interesting if it is earned, but in their quality. This, as the billboarders like to shout, is a New Voice. Listen to this voice for a few pages and you know you have never heard another like it. This in itself means nothing much; the random squawks of the mad may be each alone unique. What matters is that *this* strange new voice gives an illusion of the familiar, that such dislocated objects and people as Hannah assembles give an illusion of the world's customary deployments.

As with anything authentically new, the architecture of these stories is difficult to fix in reference to the designs of other fabulists. Certain odd juxtapositions of banalities suggest sometimes the precedence of Donald Barthelme, but for me there is a quantum distinction between Hannah's fictions and Barthelme's exercises; it's a matter of consequence, the difference between laboratory research and applied engineering. Barthelme (and Robert Coover, when he's fiddling with his retorts and beakers, his fictional concoctions) seems preoccupied with questions of narrative process, with memory as it alters narrative perception, with technique. Hannah (and the Robert Coover of "The Babysitter" and "The Magic Poker") cares about objects and events, people and their histories, and fiction is the instrument with which he locates them.

He has been identified, by prepublication readers of *Airships*, with Flannery O'Connor. Their common southerness suggests the parallel, but even more does their manipulation of the grotesque as though it were commonplace, their mordant humor, all the moves and fixations that together make that catchall ersatz genre, the Southern Gothic. O'Connor turned her Catholicism inside out, and more than one critic has suggested that the Devil hisself—one of her characters—speaks through her fancy. Hannah, too, needles Christianity. But perhaps Hannah's purpose can best be described by Jonathan Baumbach's description of Flannery O'Connor's purpose, "to create [her fiction's] own claustrophobic reality."

Here are some situations and episodes that Hannah's fictions propose: A man is twice married and twice divorced, to and from the same woman, who flies over his house every day, upside down. Two teenagers fight, to the death, for the right to lay a teenaged slut. This transpires in a cemetery, where the girl is later murdered, her skull crushed by the narrator (using a tombstone), whose laconic utterance closes down the tale ("Coming Close to Donna"): "Some of us are made to live for a long time. Others for a short time. Donna wanted what she wanted. I gave it to her." (What she wanted was to be laid by the narrator, who wanted something else.) In two stories men drown, but don't really; one of these resembles Jesus the Waterwalker, and the other does not. The hero of one Civil War story never seems to run out of bullets, or conundrums. The hero of another, a homosexual aid to Jeb Stuart ("Knowing He Was Not My Kind Yet I Followed"), rides a horse named Pardon Me. He comes upon Stuart asleep over a letter home to his wife. The letter says: "The only thing that keeps me going on my mission is the sacred inalienable right of the Confederacy to be the Confederacy, Christ Our Lord, and the memory of your hot hairy jumping nexus when I return." In "Mother Rooney Unscrolls the Hurt" there is a lucid description of some Dali-work: "The brooch was standing up like the handle of a dagger. It had unclasped. The pin of it was sunk three inches in her bosom. Where it went into her was purple and mouth-looking."

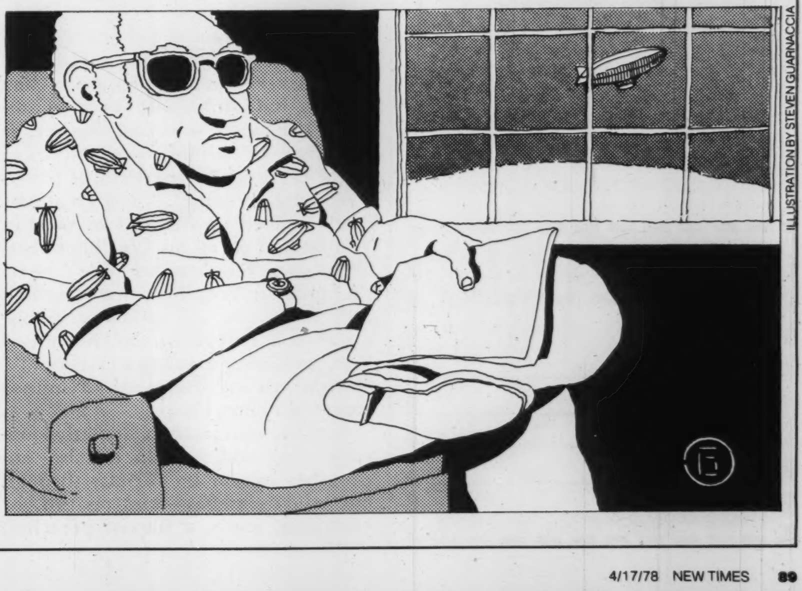
ILLUSTRATION BY STEVEN GUARNACCIA

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But this, you say, is silly, merely. *Anyone can daub . . . a kindergartner can . . . blah blah blah . . .* This, in the experience of it, is astounding. Because it all seems right, true; the random has been brought to its rightful perfection, the cogs mesh after all. Only the experience of these stories can enact for you an invented reality, and I'm not at all certain I understand just how Hannah has managed his stunts. But I have a hunch or two. Fourteen of these twenty stories are first-person narratives, so that the teller, however bent he reveals himself to be, enters the tale with an assumption of his sensible place in the world's design. A typical Hannah narrator assumes himself to be a normal, and moreover to be a little guy, no one in the least out-of-the-way. (In this, Hannah's characters resemble the characters in the short fictions of Raymond Carver, another young master, dropped full-grown into our literature a couple of years ago.

Listen to the banal musings of the narrator of "Love Too Long" as he opens his story: "My head's burning off and I got a heart about to bust out of my ribs. All I can do is move from chair to chair with my cigarette. I wear shades. I can't read a magazine. Some days I take my binoculars and look out in the air. They laid me off. I can't find work. My wife's got a job and she takes flying lessons. When she comes over the house in her airplane, I'm afraid she'll screw up and crash. I got to get back to work and get dulled out again."

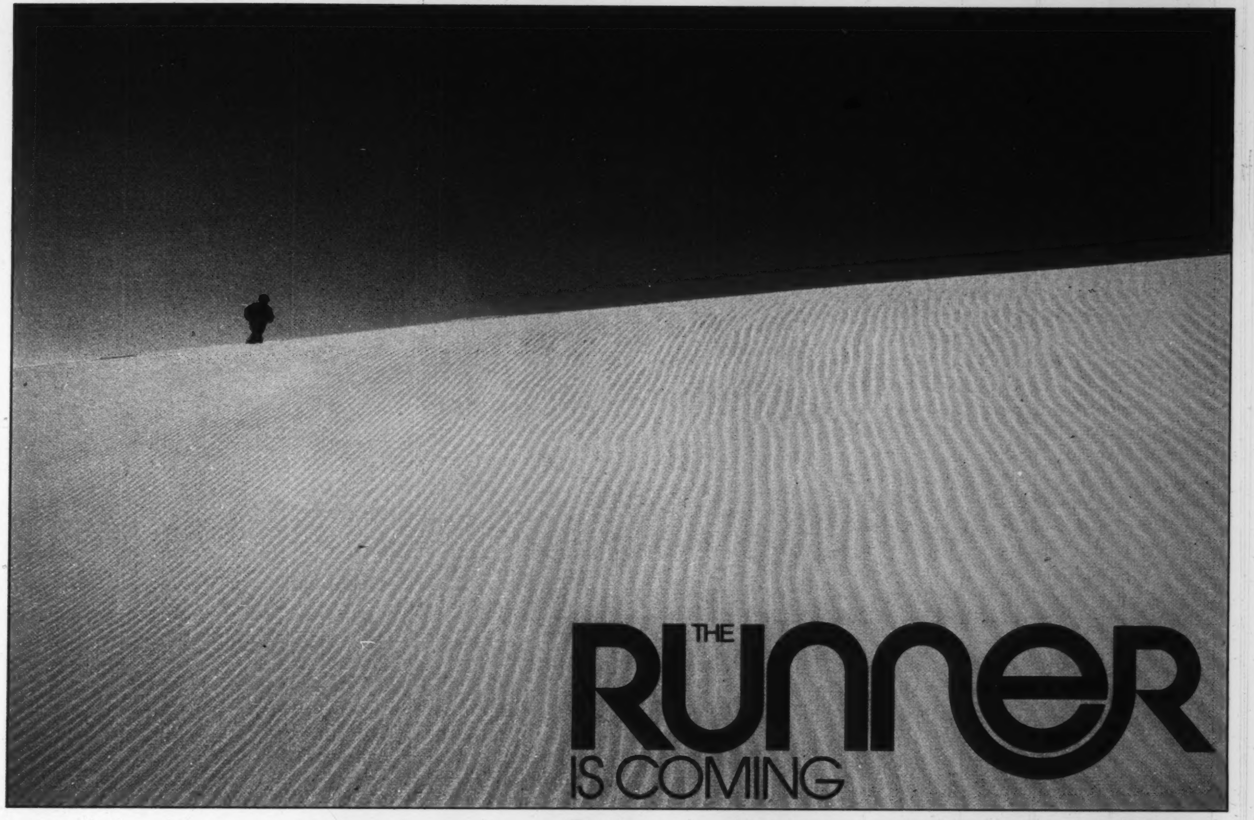
Such an easy noise, so smooth. Yet there are little bombs all through these few sentences, like Jeb Stuart's locution: "nexus." The speaker wears shades, *so* he cannot read his magazine, *but* he fails to make this connection. Finally he is provoked to an outburst against the Father of Jesus. (Several others of Hannah's characters also rail against God, grabbing at His sloppiness as the reason things are as they are.) He has lost his wife for good and wants her again, someone like her, at least that, in the life to come (fiction might be thought one kind of life to come, already come): "'You great bastard!' I yelled up there. 'I believed in You on and off all my life! There better be something up there like Jane or I'll humiliate You! I'll swine myself all over this town. I'll appear in public places and embarrass the shit out of You, screaming that I'm a Christian!'" (Amen! shouts Flannery O'Connor from Up There, I hope . . .)

Another character, at similarly loose ends, also odd as odd can be, approaches one of the Trinity through one of His ambassadors on this, or Hannah's, earth, a Baptist preacher. Ellsworth says he'd like to surrender his heart to Jesus. The preacher considers this offer: "I've got to this position, Ellsworth. I don't think Jesus wants you. He's too dead to want. He was a hell of a sweet genius guy, but he's dead. The only thing left is humanism. Are you humanistic?" Ellsworth says he is: "Right on." "'Precious are the hours we touch one another,' the son of a bitch said."

There are other consolations, and the principal among them is truth. The truth costs, and that is the burden of this precious book's opening story. Like another collected here, "Water Liars" concerns a bunch of old geezers who hang out at the end of a decrepit dock jutting into a murky river and bullshit each other. Their lies grease their way toward easeful death; they can do their fictions in their sleep; their fictions are predictable, graceful, and they don't matter a nickelsworth. A stranger comes among them and tells them a yarn. One day he was fishing with another guy and they heard awful, ghostly noises in the brush. They were frightened almost to death by the sound they heard. But they overcame their fear, and cast a beam of light on the scene of the noise. There the old man uncovered his own daughter, doing it with a guy with a moustache. That's his story, beginning to end. The other old fictioneers are outraged. One of them shouts down this alien: "'This ain't the place!' he said. 'Tell your kind of story somewhere else.'"

The narrator tells what happened then: "The old man who'd told his story was calm and fixed to his place. He'd told the truth. The crowd on the pier was outraged and discomfited. He wasn't one of them. But he stood his place. He had a distressed pride. You could see he had never recovered from the thing he'd told about . . . . And we were kindred. We were both crucified by the truth."

There is no story called "Airships" in this collection. The out-of-work-man's ex-wife likes to fly, upside down, true. And another narrator dies on an airplane, with his FM earphones in place, hearing the cosmic static as he checks out. And another story ends as the polo player Carlos, his wife and some chums, bound for outer space aboard a rocket ship short of fuel, crash into a swamp near Newark. And much action passes within the floating islands of automobiles. But the real stuff, what makes Hannah matter, is what goes on out there at the fragile end of Liars' Dock, where one man has a grip on the truth, and will tell it. "And we were kindred." Nothing I have read on the peculiar subject of truth-telling has so moved me. ●



Every once in a blue moon, a new phenomenon gives birth to an exceptional magazine. In the late 50s, early 60s, the explosion of spectator sports created a need and a market for *Sports Illustrated.* In the late 60s, it was rock music... and *Rolling Stone.* Now it's the end of the 70s, a time that has seen an entire nation take to its feet. More than 20 million Americans (according to the latest Gallup Poll) are off and running, and we, the editors of *New Times* (and last year's *Official New York City Marathon Program)* are creating a new magazine for those who share in this, the fastest growing of participant sports.

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A Delicate Balance/by John Culhane

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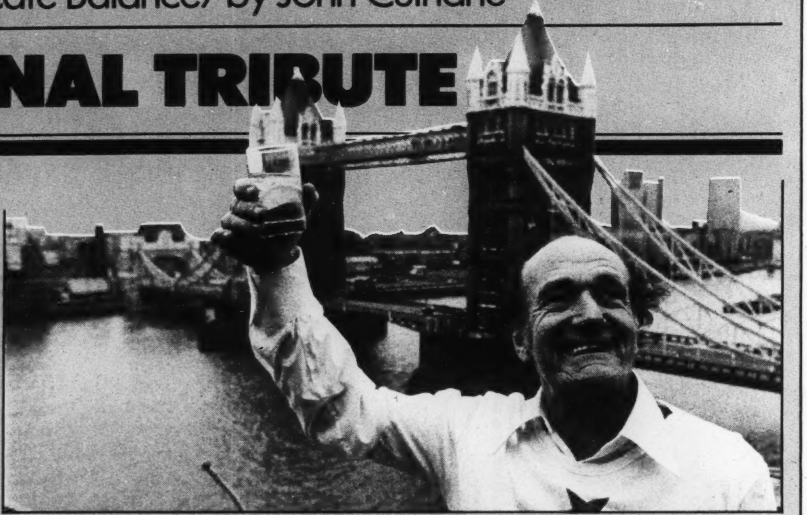

According to the *Guinness Book of World Records*, the seven-person pyramid is the greatest of all high-wire feats. It was accomplished by the Wallendas, the world-famous family of high-wire artists of which patriarch Karl was the founder and star.

Contemplate the scene: four men, linked to one another by two shoulder bars, standing on a cable high above the arena and holding balancing poles. Above them, standing on the shoulder bars of the first tier, are two more men, linked to each other by one shoulder bar and also holding poles. On the shoulder bar borne by the middlemen is a white chair. Standing on that chair is the third tier—a spangled lady holding a balancing pole of her own.

Legendary circus performers tend to embody qualities that are prized by the generations that turn them from center-ring attractions into stars of the global arena. Tito Gaona, the trapeze artist who is currently attempting to be the first human being to accomplish the quadruple somersault off the flying trapeze, embodies the grace under pressure that was Hemingway's famous definition of courage. Karl Wallenda embodied balance—and the concept of "balance" has obsessed twentieth-century man. While Wallenda walked and rode bicycles on high wires around the world, the nineteenth-century "Balance of Power" was destroyed by world war and replaced by a "Balance of Terror" among nations with nuclear weapons.

The Wallendas achieved the seven-person pyramid about the time that the U.S. realized it would have to share the atom bomb with the U.S.S.R. Sixty or seventy feet below their cable, a strand only five-eighths of an inch thick, we in the crowd looked up fearfully as it slowly sank in: There was no safety net. And when this moving human pyramid had made it across the abyss, we cheered with a depth of relief that only comes when one is secretly cheering oneself.

In 1934, Karl was performing in a four-man pyramid on a high wire under the Big Top of the Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus. His brothers, Herman and Joseph, each rode a bicycle across the wire. Between them, braced across their shoulders, was the bar on which Karl stood. On Karl's shoulders was his wife, Helen. There was, of course, no net.

Suddenly, all four Wallendas began to fall. The muddy ground of that rainy day had given way: The weight sustaining the wire had shifted; the wire had trembled so violently that it bucked off its flesh-and-blood cargo. Karl grabbed the wire with both hands. As Helen fell past him, he thrust out his legs and caught her head with his ankles. So tight was his hold that she lost consciousness. As quickly, Herman had caught the wire with his hands and Joseph with his legs. Suspending his brother beneath him, Herman went hand-over-hand to the platform. But not even Karl Wallenda could carry another person with an ankle-scissors hold. They dangled there until a net could be spread below. Karl dropped his wife to safety, then followed her down.

Catastrophe was averted, but Karl was only 29 that year; in addition to his extraordinary sense of balance, he then had the strength and reflexes of the young.

At 17 he had rigged a bicycle with cupped rims to overlap a tightwire stretched between two church steeples at the 60-foot level—then crossed with his brother Herman on his shoulders. At 18 he bicycled across the Oder River at Breslau, Germany, on a wire stretched 85 feet above the water. On the muggy afternoon of July 6, 1944, the Wallendas were in the midst of their act at the top of the tent in Hartford, Connecticut, when fire broke out in the Ringling Brothers menagerie. They made it down to earth and out of the tent just before flames engulfed the Big Top and 168 people died in the worst circus tragedy in history.

But in 1962, when Karl was 57, the human pyramid collapsed during a performance at the Detroit Coliseum and two members of the family—a son-in-law and a nephew of Karl's—fell to their deaths on a concrete floor 40 feet below. The nephew, Dieter Schepp, who was making his first appearance with the troupe, had cried out, "I can't hold on any longer." Karl Wallenda still thought and moved quickly enough to save himself and Schepp's sister Christiana by clinging to the wire with his legs and holding her in his arms.

Death seemed to have no designs on Karl Wallenda: In 1970 he walked 1,000 feet across the Tallulah Gorge in Tallulah Falls, Georgia, in just 17 minutes. He collected $10,000 and a triple martini on the other side.

But last month, in Puerto Rico, Karl was thrown off-balance by a gust of wind as he walked a wire above a San Juan street. If he had let go of his balancing pole and grabbed at the cable with both hands, he might have caught it and made it hand-over-hand to safety, as Herman had done so many years before. He had walked through stronger winds in the past without incident. But Karl was now 73; the greatest high-wire artist in the history of the world fell 100 feet to his death.

The day the greatest Wallenda died, the 108th edition of Ringling Brothers and Barnum & Bailey Circus opened in Madison Square Garden. Fifty years before, the Great Wallendas had been the sensation of the opening of the 58th edition of the Greatest Show on Earth. "He did what he did every day of his life, and he finally had a bad day," said Kenneth Feld, co-producer of the circus, in discussing Wallenda's death. "It could happen to you or me, except in his business if you have a bad day it's the end of your life." ●

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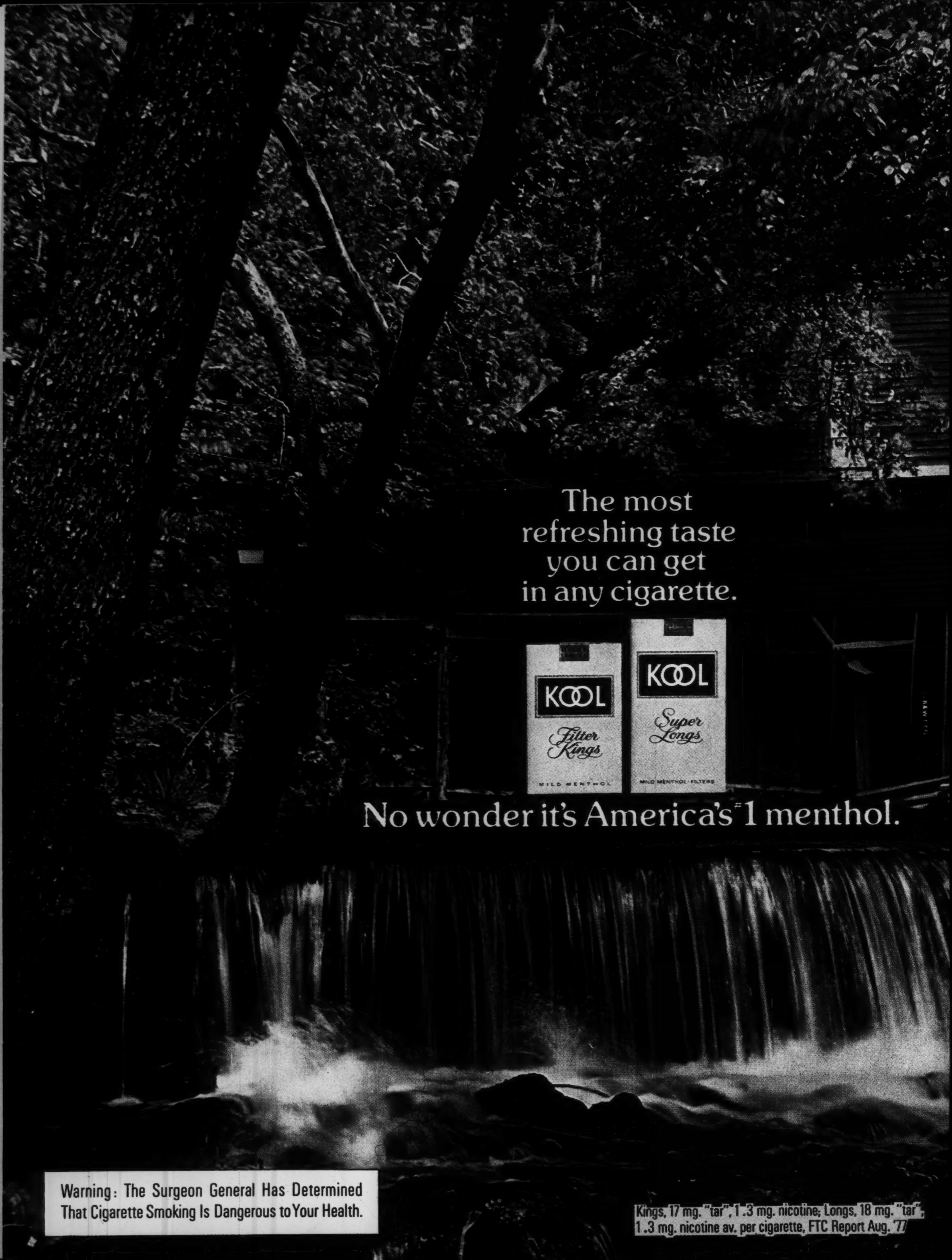
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